
ANTI-LUCRETIVS.

Quis credit ex Atomorum concursione fortuitâ hujus mundi pulcherrimum ornatum esse perfectum? An cum machinatione quâdam aliquid moveri videmus, ut spheram, ut horas, ut alia permulta, non dubitamus quin sint opera illâ Rationis? Cum autem impetum cœli cum admirabili celeritate moveri, vertique videamus, constantissimè conficientem vicissitudines anniverfarias cum summâ salute et conservatione rerum omnium, dubitamus quin ea non solum Ratione fiant, sed etiam excellenti quâdam divinâque Ratione?

CICERO.

Polignac (M. de) Cardinal &
K

ANTILUCRETIVS
ANTILUCRETIVS

THIS BOOK IS NOT TO BE LOANED OUT OF THE MUSEUM

omnem esse perfectum? An cum machinatione quidam elipso movet

videtur, ut ipse in hoc, ut ait, non debet esse.

Das Gesetz über die Nationalität

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studios anniversarios con lumen de luz y aires vividos

doublet in the K^+ region of the spectrum.

Cicero.

divinâque Rationes?

And sold by J. Dodgson, T. Hanson, W. Nelson, the Richardson and G. Hart.

NOV 1971

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A

TRANSLATION
OF
QUEEN CHARLOTTE,
ANTI-LUCRETIVS.

By GEORGE CANNING of the Middle Temple Esq;

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
Interpres.

Hor.

Malheur aux faiseurs de traductions literales, qui traduisant chaque parole enervent
le sens !

VOLTAIRE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the A U T H O R ;

And sold by J. DODSLEY, J. ALMON, T. DAVIES, T. BECKET, J. WILLIAMS,
W. FLEXNEY, G. KEARSLEY, W. NICOLL, and RICHARDSON and URQUHART.

M DCC LXVI.

TRANSLATION
OF

QUEEN CHARLOTTE
ANTI-ULCERATIVE
THIS TRANSLATION OF A FORM

DECLARED TO PROMOTE THE CAUSE OF
BY GEORGE CAMPING OF the Middle Temple
RELIGION AND VIRTUE



EX-OVERTURNING THE BARRIERS OF
IMMORALITY AND A THEATRE

IS MOST HUMILY REQUESTED

L O N D O N
By HER MAJESTY'S SOLE AGENTS the Royal Society
And sold by J. DODD, T. BARNARD, J. WILKINSON,
W. BARNARD, G. BARNARD, W. BARNARD, and R. BARNARD and U.S. Agent
M. DCC. LXXV.

T O
H E R M A J E S T Y
Q U E E N C H A R L O T T E ,

THIS TRANSLATION OF A POEM,
CALCULATED TO PROMOTE THE CAUSE OF
R E L I G I O N , A N D V I R T U E ,
BY OVERTURNING THE PILLARS OF
I M M O R A L I T Y , A N D A T H E I S M ,
IS MOST HUMBL Y I N S C R I B E D ,

By H E R M A J E S T Y ' s m o s t d u t i f u l a n d l o y a l S e r v a n t ,

J. Canning

P R R E T O A C H E

T H E M A J E S T Y

QUEEN CHARLOTTE

THIS TRANSLATION OF A FORM

RELIGION AND VIRTUE

IMMORALITY AND ATHEISM

IS MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED

By Mrs. Maynard's most dutiful and loyal servant

During the time of his exile, and the night before
a Church, which has been the scene of his
prayer. If I have been able to do any thing

P R E F A C E.

*T*H E following Philosophical Poem was written originally in Latin by the CARDINAL DE POLIGNAC, and published after his death, in the year 1747. I shall say nothing of it's merit, as that, I believe, is universally acknowledged. It has been my endeavour to transfuse into the Translation, not the sense only, but the spirit of the Original; in pursuance of which view, I have regarded the Precept of HORACE, not as a matter of indulgence, but of duty: How I have succeeded, the Publick will best judge. In certain points of Natural Philosophy, which perhaps are problematical, though I am inclined to think the CARDINAL's opinions erroneous, yet I have not presumed to deviate from his paths: These are, however, by no means fatal, I may say, not even injurious, to the main scope of his argument. But where I have found him bear hard upon the general-idea of LIBERTY, the universal Birth-right of all Mankind, I confess I have not been altogether so delicate; for I thought it incumbent on me, as a faithful Translator, to make HIS EMINENCE, to the best of my ability, an ENGLISHMAN, as well in point of Sentiment, as of Language. I must, nevertheless, do him the justice to allow that I have not had such frequent occasion for exercising a licence in this particular, as I had reason to expect, considering the place of his birth, and the high Rank he bore in a Church, which has ever been the Nurse of arbitrary principles. If I have taken some latitude in other places, I

P R E F A C E.

hope it will be pardoned, as always meant to enforce, or illustrate, the reasoning of my Author.

It has very much surprized me that no English Translation of a Work so celebrated has hitherto appeared; for, upon the most accurate Enquiry, I could not find that any further Step had ever been taken towards it, than by the publication of about fourscore lines, as a specimen of an intended Poetical Version, several Years since; and, some time later, of a single Book, done into that species of metre, which is called Blank Verse.

I have but a word more to say in respect to the Translation which I now offer to the Publick; and that is barely on the score of it's length. It will be found, in number of lines, to stretch out a third part beyond the Original. I know it to be the received opinion, that the Latin Language is more comprehensive than the English; it is not mine. How much soever the English Language must yield to the Latin in perfection of Harmony, in energy of Expression I take it to be at least it's equal. The plain, and simple Reason why a faithful English Translation, in Heroick measure, must ever contain more lines, by one third, than the Original, if composed of Latin Hexameters, is, because the Latin Line exceeds the English exactly in that proportion. A Latin Hexameter may consist of seventeen syllables, must of thirteen; the medium is fifteen: An English Heroick line is limited to ten. In Elision the two languages have equal licence.

Middle Temple,
November 1, 1766.

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illustrate, the reasoning of my future

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time later, of a single Book, done into that species of metre,

which is called Blank Verse.

I have now a more correct and elegant Edition of the

same which I now offer to the Publick; and that is barely on

the foot of its length. It will be found, in number of lines,

to stretch out a third part beyond the Original. I know

it to be the received opinion, that the Latin Language is

more concise than the English; it is not more. How

much faster the English Language will yield to the Latin

in perfection of Harmony, in energy of Expression I take to

be at least it is equal. The plain, and simple Reason why

a faithful English Translation, in heroic measure, will

not contain more lines, by one third, than the Original, if

composed of Latin Hexameters, is because the Latin line

exceeds the English exactly in that proportion. A Latin

Hexameter may consist of fourteen syllables, most of this

sort; the medium is fifteen. An English Heroic line is

limited to ten. In English the two languages have equal licence.

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ANTI-CHURCH

ANTI-PURITAN

ANTI-BOOK

ANTI-LUCRETIUS.

BOOK I.

ARDUOUS the task, on mortal wing to rise,
Spurn native earth, and cleave th' empyreal skies,
Through boundless space pursue th' immortal theme,
And, greatly daring, scan the Power Supreme.
For what, my friend, can worlds on worlds afford,
Above their Maker? greater than their Lord?
Source of existence, all-sufficient cause,
Whose breath is life, whose words eternal laws,
Self-centred Being, on whom all depend,
Who was, and is, and shall be without end!

B

His

AT THE CHANCELLERY

AMT-PRGRTUS

AND THE COURT

IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE CHAMBERS

ON THE 10TH DAY OF JANUARY

1880

REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE

IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION

PASSED BY THE SENATE

ON THE 10TH DAY OF JANUARY

1880

ANTI-LUCRETIUS.

B O O K I.

ARDUOUS the task, on mortal wing to rise,
 Spurn native earth, and cleave th' empyreal skies,
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B

His

His wonderous works th' almighty hand reveal,
 The hand that wrought them, yet in part conceal;
 While mysteries dark the bright effulgence shroud,
 They shew the Sun obscur'd behind a cloud.

Hence torturing doubts, unsolv'd, distract mankind,
 Who yield up all to fate, FATE fix'd, and blind,
 Or think a firm, establish'd law bears sway,
 Great NATURE'S LAW, which all things must obey.
 Hence some will doubt, and yet they know not why;
 But, black with guilt, they dread th' all-seeing eye,
 The Judge tremendous scares them from his throne,
 They wish no God, then half-believe there's none.
 Others more bold, from EPICURUS' school,
 Depose those Gods, who once held sovereign rule,
 Submit the universe to FORTUNA'S pow'r,
 Nor hope, nor fear, beyond the present hour,
 Their slothful slumbers no rude cares invade——
 Such monstrous ills can lawless lust persuade!

With these I war; and dare the poor remains,
 Of that proud SECT, to meet me on the plains,
 There, arm'd by reason, equal combat try,
 Though, vain pretence! they fight for Liberty.

Presum-

Prefumptuous rebels ! falsely thus to claim,
The honour'd sanction of so fair a name !
Truth, piercing truth, shall all their wiles confound,
And HE, their boasted CHAMPION, bite the ground :
How droops the laurel, blasted on his brow !
The Muse no longer fights for fiction now.

But why the Muse ?—On Thee alone I call,
Prime cause, and guide omnipotent of all !
Eternal wisdom ! virtue ! reason ! mind !
Staff of the lame ! and light to lead the blind !
Supreme director ! breather of the soul !
Who didst create, and must support the whole !
Thou, only thou, canst give the bard to see,
The beauteous order, first compos'd by thee !
Through darkest gloom conduct the visual ray,
And nature's hidden harmony display !
In thee is fed th' insatiate, fierce desire,
Of searching truth, which thou didst first inspire !
Deign thou my words to strengthen and refine !
Avenge the cause ! the glorious cause !—'Tis thine !

But, QUINTIUS, you, whom Pleasure, link'd with youth,
Has snatch'd, incautious, from the paths of truth ;

Or pride of genius, scorning vulgar ties,
 (Pride, that pays court to man, and God defies!)
 Has rashly driv'n th' unequal chance to lay,
 Stake life with death, an age against a day;
 Hold, 'ere too late!—Your eyes no longer close,
 Nor thus, perverse, th' allbrightening beams oppose.
 Assuage th' indocile mind's tumultuous swell,
 Where pert conceit 'gainst knowledge dares rebel:
 Exert your reason: far let passion fly,
 And base-born prejudice, with jaundic'd eye;
 Inquire, examine, lend a patient ear;
 Decide the cause, but first the parties hear:
 With arm uplifted fairly poise the scale,
 Then boldly judge, as truth and sense prevail.

O! that, while, led by Reason's sacred ray,
 Wide to thy view her realms I dare display,
 CASTALIAN founts might spring beneath my toil,
 And scatter verdure o'er the burning foil,
 To shrubs and flowers the horrid brambles turn,
 And AGANIPPE pour her copious urn!
 I want, alas! Your FAVOURITE POET's charms,
 The sweet that softens, the sublime that warms;

While

While fiction's lore, and fickle GREECE's dreams,
To bright-ey'd fancy open'd ample themes,
Smooth flow'd his graces through a channel known,
A tongue harmonious, and that tongue his own.
Pleasures, and Loves, and all the sportive throng,
The train of VENUS, revel in his song :
But Truth's harsh maxims, Reason's rigid law,
Inspire my hearers with religious awe ;
No trembling string is tun'd to soft desire,
But grave, and solemn, sounds the sacred lyre.
Rich nature's charms are all at his command,
For him her flowers she strews with lavish hand ;
His magick touch enchants the fairy ground,
Soft breathes the air, and all's elysium round :
Rude Boreas hush'd, no wind but Zephyr blows,
Each murmuring rill in wild meanders flows ;
Rivers of milk through fertile meadows rove,
Kind invitation nods from every grove ;
From earth to heav'n the sounds re-echoing fly,
And brighter radiance gleams through all the sky.
Sweet sing the painted birds ; the fruitful plains
Teem with abundance for the happy swains ;
Light bound the flocks and herds ; the shepherds join,
While jovial measures dance in every line ;

The

The **QUEEN** of **LOVE** o'er earth and heav'n bears sway,
And her soft mandates boundless worlds obey.

Thus fables, ting'd with fiction's beauteous dye,
With borrow'd lustre cheat the ravish'd eye;
From **ATHENS'** fount the shining colours flow,
The muse's pencil heightens all their glow.
Such were the charms of **CIRCE's** poison'd bowl,
That lull'd each sense, and brutaliz'd the soul;
Such charms insidious, O my friend! despise,
Firm as **ULYSSES**, as **ULYSSES** wife:
Break from thy chains; take Reason's wings, and fly
The dangerous wiles of false philosophy:
Think for thyself: the fair **ENCHANTRESS** shun,
Though proud she boast her lineage from the Sun;
Left, taught like swine to grunt, or owls to scream,
Thy light be darkness, and thy life a dream.
Here shines the **GODHEAD**! Here each sacred line
O'erflows with praises, praises all divine!
Scar'd at the awful theme, the wanton muse
May coyly start, and her kind aid refuse;
We need no trumpet to spread wide alarms,
Strength bears our standard, victory waits our arms.

But while the sacred numbers pour along,
Do thou, attentive, listen to my song.

The MAN, who first dar'd hardily to feign,
Gods scarce existing, lazy, dull, and vain;
Who fram'd eternal Atoms at his will,
By casual concourse empty Space to fill;
Who doom'd to death, man's noblest part, the soul,
And gave blind chance the conduct of the whole;
With shameless confidence, himself proclaims,
(Herald of pleasure!) all his guilty aims:
For, at his birth, he found mankind enslav'd,
Nor, yet, with impious front, heav'n's vengeance brav'd;
Then did RELIGION's awful fears prevail,
At her alarms each human face turn'd pale,
From angry Gods lest quick destruction hurl'd,
Should crush to ruins this devoted World.
No sensual joys those harrowing thoughts exclude,
On festal days th' unwelcome guests intrude;
While fears forbid, though strong desires incline,
The wretch stands trembling, ev'n at pleasure's shrine.
'Twas then th' indignant EPICURUS rose,
Mankind his friends, the Gods alone his foes;

To

To shake their power he dares invade the sky,
Pointless, and vain, APOLLO's arrows fly,
JOVE's thunder drops from his unnerved hands,
O'er vanquish'd deities the conqueror stands,
Proud from his throne sends forth the wish'd decree,
And sets the world from death's grim terrors free.

Triumphant thus, yet still remain'd behind
One deadly care, which rankled in his mind;
Religion banish'd, Sin must also fall;
But now, since all things were allow'd to all,
Crimes, horrid crimes, might blast his new-born fame,
And endless ages execrate his name.
He sought some means the passions to restrain,
And nature's limit serv'd for pleasure's chain:
Not scorn of vice, not love of virtue's charms,
Urg'd him to clasp the fair one in his arms;
Virtue and vice, to him, were idle dreams,
But he lov'd quiet, and he fear'd extremes;
Pain menac'd vengeance, on the least excess,
Dire foe to him, whom indolence could bless!
Rage, lust, ambition, interrupt repose,
Drawn into acts, the laws will punish those;

Or, should they sleep, stern conscience soon destroys
All peace of mind, and poisons guilty joys.

But when he once had dropp'd the loosen'd rein,
All struggles to recover it were vain;
Passion permitted to a vicious age,
Vain were all efforts to repress their rage.
The Pilot thus, when blustering north winds blow,
Should he, neglectful, let the rudder go—
What though he hear the crew, and loudly cry,
“ Quick furl the sails, and every cable ply !”
Idly he calls, and impotently raves,
Toss'd is his ship, the sport of winds and waves;
Vainly he now laments his lost command,
And mourns, too late, the error of his hand.
Or as some strong, and well-compacted mole,
Rais'd by vast labour, firmly to controul
The foaming torrent's rage—break down the bar,
Out gush th' imprison'd waters, wide and far
They spread destruction, furious from their chains,
And, mad with freedom, deluge all the plains.
Heav'n's rule rejected, fruitless was the plan,
By human laws, to govern stubborn man.

Deluded sect! in search of liberty,
 You chang'd your masters, but became not free;
 For savage Lust, unbridled, seiz'd the throne,
 Which Right, and Reason, gave to God alone.

What room for Justice? Where can morals shine,
 If Power Supreme should cease to draw the line?
 To teach mankind, by inward light, to know,
 Where lies their safety, and where lurks the foe?
 Or, by th' inspired Legislator's tongue,
 Shew freedom's bounds, and separate right from wrong?
 Else Good, and Ill, in blind confusion lie,
 Opinion vague the only rule to try!
 Man's best, and worst acts, weigh'd in Wisdom's scale,
 Would poise the beam, nor either side prevail:
 To snatch a father from the jaws of death,
 And thus repay the boon of borrow'd breath,
 Would seem no better, fairer, nobler part,
 Than to embrace, and stab him to the heart.
 That Nature's light cannot instruct mankind,
 You must acknowledge, for you paint her blind.
 Hence hidden crimes, and virtuous deeds, unknown,
 Bear the same price, th' intrinsic value shewn;

For undistinguish'd, but by common fame,
Their difference can be but an empty name.

By nature fierce, and stung by strong desire,
Prone of himself to ill, with blood on fire,
Some youth, who draughts from your black fountain drains,
And feels the potent poison in his veins,
Spurning religion, loos'd from every fear,
Who thinks, to live, is to indulge good cheer,
To feast, to revel, every wish to cloy,
And fix no bound, but impotence, to joy;
Who death, and future judgement laughs to scorn,
Thinks man shall be as though he 'ad ne'er been born,
That chance on all a being did bestow,
That death to chance pays back the debt we owe,
That nought is dreadful here, but grief and pain,
All other ills, chimeras of the brain——
Say, what can curb him, should he hope to shroud
His flagrant crimes in secrecy's dark cloud?
Can robbery, rape, or murder shake his soul,
Hid from men's eyes, his sole confess'd controul?
Ardent to follow, panting to obey,
Where'er his Goddess, PLEASURE, points the way,

In vain you caution, chide, remonstrate, rail;
 Why should he listen to an idle tale?
 The Gods dethron'd, you've cur'd his chilling fears,
 Joy swells his sails, impetuous passion steers;
 Can cold advice, or prudent counsel turn,
 Winds when they rage, or hinder fires to burn?
 Shall the hot youth, reliev'd from every care,
 No hopes to tempt him, no alarms to scare,
 Forego the joys, that court his keen desires,
 And, unrewarded, waste with inward fires?

Can Shame, or Conscience seize the slacken'd rein?—
 Sin not existing, why should these restrain?
 Conscience can only rack the guilty breast,
 But guilt you've banish'd; thus the mind's at rest:
 Licence for pleasure, ample, and secure,
 'Gainst fell Remorse has shut the mental door;
 No doubt, nor scruple, can the mind confess,
 When system gravely justifies excess.
 Seek not to veil your artifice, but own,
 This was your end, your impious end alone,
 To free mankind from all internal awe,
 Conscience to choke, and silence Nature's law:

Left

Left cares, intrusive, should repose invade,
 And poisonous adders lurk in pleasure's shade;
 Left sharp repentance, led by Reason's ray,
 Should pierce the clouds, in which thou 'adst wrapp'd the day,
 And thy deluded sons, with dread surprize,
 View the deep gulph, thou 'adst hidden from their eyes.
 If the keen senses urge the mad career,
 With mightier strength than shame restrains, or fear;
 And only fear, or shame, can have the force,
 To curb the libertine, and check his course;
 Those bars o'erleap'd, he swiftly scours the plain,
 Law's feeble arm opposes him in vain,
 Soon crush'd, and trampled; for at such a time,
 Crimes become Duties, Innocence a Crime.

Perhaps unjust you'll these reproaches call,
 And say, they but on ARISTIPPUS fall.
 Poor subterfuge! though thou dost not proclaim
 Mischief, like him, thy doctrine is the same;
 With open boldness, honest, and sincere,
 He is, in truth, the man he would appear;
 In this unlike DEMOCRITUS, and thee,
 His manners with his principles agree.

Pleasure

Pleasure the end, and sum of all our joys,
Who'd entertain a guest which that destroys?
To bind our passions down by reason's chain,
Must be false wisdom, for it gives us pain;
Spurn all restraint; let lust, and rapine sway,
Treachery, and fraud their sable flags display,
To night's black shades be envious reason hurl'd,
And mad intemperance rule the subject world.
Indulge your genius, flattering Pleasure cries,
Who can be blest'd, while disappointment sighs?
Robb'd of your wishes, grief, and pain ensue,
Who can be griev'd, and pain'd, and happy too?
What are man's laws? And what the love of fame?
Shall I forego my transports for a name?
Shall ills of chance my wandering thoughts engage?
Disease precarious, or long lingering age?
Shall I regard the jealous Cenfor's frown,
Who envies me those joys he dares not own?
Whose awkward stiffness, and dogmatick pride,
The young, the gay, the happy, all deride?—
Curse the mean thought!—If fires my cares beguile,
I'll light my native country's funeral pile,
Shout with loud joy to see the flames arise,
And with a feast NERONIAN glut my eyes.

Where

(Where boundless Pleasure bears supreme command,
Her sister, Tyranny, walks hand in hand.)
Death should pursue the traitor, who withdraws
His firm allegiance from the glorious cause;
Foe to himself, who all his bliss destroys,
And wages war against his proper joys;
Who, self-tormenting, flies imagin'd sin,
Sees Misery's gulph, and, seeing, plunges in.

Hence wonder not your docile sect withdrew,
To where CYRENE's banners charm'd their view;
Your impious precepts they receiv'd too well,
Those very precepts taught them to rebel:
For madly crediting whate'er you told,
How could they from forbidden things withhold?
You preach'd up patience! you advis'd t'appease
Unruly passions, and to live at ease! —
You did, I grant it: to the well dispos'd
Your care, superfluous, needless truths disclos'd;
Those cast in different mold, should they abstain
From things prohibited, must live in pain;
But thou hadst also order'd them to live,
In all the happiness that life could give;

Dost

Dost thou not see then, labouring to be blest'd,
 If thy harsh rules bestow'd not wish'd-for rest,
 Joy, by thine own strict maxim, must be sought,
 And, ev'n at price of virtue, pleasure bought,
 Long since thou 'adst mov'd all obstacles away,
 And taught, as bodies waste, so souls decay;
 Hadst stripp'd, whate'er could threaten, or entice,
 Reward from Virtue, Punishment from Vice.

Sometimes a truce with fierce Desire you make,
 And pass by pleasure, ev'n for pleasure's sake—
 Yes, I confess it: Yet ev'n here you act,
 Quite inconsistent; precept combats fact:
 For you, and all your followers, cry amain,
 "PLEASURE'S THE BEST OF THINGS; THE WORST IS PAIN!"
 On this grand maxim every truth you found,
 And VENUS' gardens echo with the sound:
 Does pain not follow from the loss of joy?
 Then to preserve it all your powers employ:
 Right, reason, justice, honour, all oppose,
 But victory's easy over-naked foes;
 Urg'd on by ruin, Pleasure drives her car,
 And smiles 'midst all the horrors of the war.
 Should.

ANTI-LUCRETIUS.

17

Should you confess, that abstinence may be
Sometimes a good, and there we both agree;
Why call me wretched, if religious awe
Prescribe to me, though not to you, the law?
Know then, that all the happiness is mine;
Should victory crown thee, thou must still repine,
Conquest, to thee, brings tortures from the fight,
To me, joy, glory, and supreme delight:
Say, EPICURUS, wouldst thou rather yield,
Than bear such trophies from the hard-fought field?—
'Tis then confess'd: the gate thrown open wide,
Vices, and crimes, gush out in full spring-tide.

Still you contend, and fain would have it prov'd,
That every bar to ill is not remov'd;
You urge the dread of punishment, and fear
Of vengeance, to restrain the wild career.
Freed from religion's sacred, stern controul,
Shall trivial terrors shake the guilty soul?
Shall I Heav'n's law, and Lord supreme defy,
Yet mortal judges view with trembling eye?
Or if the horror of a moment's pain,
Can each impetuous, rude desire restrain;

D

Alas!

Alas! I fall again into the snare,
 I hop'd t'have scap'd, by your officious care;
 To torments, still, my anxious mind's a prey,
 And far unworthier terrors now bear sway:
 Self-torturing wretch! Religion's fetters gone,
 More grievous chains are by myself put on;
 Rebel, not free, philosopher unwise,
 I crouch to tyrants, whom I must despise.
 Avert the curse, kind heav'n! the awful shrine,
 Where pleasure falls a victim, should be thine!
 Ne'er let me tremble at the Tyrant's nod;
 But yield the noble sacrifice to God!
 All joys that perish equal merit claim,
 All temporal blessings nearly are the same:
 If all our earth-born pleasures must decay,
 Then why prefer tomorrow to to-day?
 Why quit possession, present in your pow'r,
 For fleeting transports of a future hour?
 Man's swelling mind, from raptures self-debar'd,
 Seeks a far ampler, more secure reward;
 Not here by moments, moments to redeem,
 Such paltry barter sinks in his esteem,
 But up to Heav'n he turns his ardor's eyes,
 A Moment lost, Eternity the prize.

The

The prudent Hind, who ploughs the stubborn soil,
 Expects large interest for his painful toil;
 Should niggard Earth to all his labours yield,
 No grains but those, he 'ad scatter'd o'er the field,
 Soon would he cease, nor till th' ungrateful plain,
 With wearied limbs, unrecompens'd by gain;
 'Tis Hope that prompts him, Hope that urges still,
 With some few seeds his groaning barns to fill;
 He mocks fatigue, and every hardship braves,
 While, in his mind, the golden harvest waves.

What though this servile, mean, despotick fear
 Should keep some men from vicious actions clear?
 Prevent, 'mongst mortals, here and there, a crime,
 And drive it's slaves from pleasures for a time?
 Yet Love of Virtue springs not from it's pains,
 Still unextinguish'd; Vice triumphant reigns:
 Far other tribute Virtue's edicts claim,
 Than dread of dungeons, and a blasted name;
 She wars not, merely, with attendant woe,
 But Vice, itself, is her eternal foe:
 Could she, unhurt, escape the guilty snare,
 Hatred, and Scorn, would urge her to forbear.

He, to her brightness, who due homage pays;
 In the same balance, acts, and wishes weighs;
 Frowns not alone, on deeds of darkness wrought,
 But shakes with horror, even at the thought.
 What profit reaps he, simply who abstains,
 While lawless Passion holds his mind in chains?

Besides, you sure must own that crimes abound,
 For which the laws no punishment have found:
 Such crimes as deeply stain the human mind,
 Yet human justice still to these is blind;
 Dauntless the Mercant may his guilt avow,
 Nor dread the frown of a stern Judge's brow.
 As when th' ungrateful Wretch, unwhipp'd, repays
 Evil for good, and foul reproach for praise;
 When scouling Envy lours, and deems it hard,
 That, the unnotic'd, Virtue meets reward;
 Who falsely promise, secrets who reveal,
 Who grasp at riches, merely to conceal,
 Who dare to violate the bonds of Truth,
 Who give bad counsel to incautious youth,
 Who, to their fond, believing friends unjust,
 No witness present, break their sacred trust,

Who

Who drive Ambition's mad career to Fame,
Or basely seek to blast a spotless name,
Who wish for famine, to increase their store,
Or, pleas'd, would see their Country drench'd in gore,
Who long their Parents' funerals to attend,
Hear Sorrow's sighs, yet aid refuse to lend,
Who proudly grind the faces of the Poor,
And chase the weeping Widow from their door,
The Judge corrupt, who holds the partial scale,
Makes Virtue light, and ponderous Vice prevail,
While yet, vile Hypocrite! to hide his snares,
The specious garb of Honesty he wears;
All these may safely Pleasure's laws obey,
And act their favourite sins without dismay;
The God of Vengeance robb'd of all his Fires,
What can be sacred, but their own desires?

'Mongst all thy followers, should ev'n one be found,
Whose moderate passions decent limits bound,
Whom Pleasure, though his Goddess, cannot draw
To mad extremes, and breach of every law;
Thank not your Doctrine, Foe to all the ties,
Or fram'd on Earth, or handed from the Skies,

Whose

Whose favourite precept is to grasp at joy,
 Though that fell grasp should Earth, and Heav'n destroy!
 Thank only Fortune, thank the temper mild,
 Art never form'd, but Nature gave the child;
 From various points while jussling Atoms flew,
 Chance fix'd the stamp, and so the Infant grew.
 On the high mountain's brow, or in the shade,
 The gentle Sheep thus crops the tender blade,
 Her cares though nought but Innocence engage,
 Shall she reproach the Lion's furious rage?
 Or the fierce Wolf's carnivorous fangs condemn?
 Nature has made her placid, savage them.
 I grant from Mildness nothing can be fear'd,
 But how shall Passion's helmless bark be steer'd?
 Her rudder lost, by Reason unconfin'd,
 Toss'd up and down, the sport of every wind?
 The helpless Wretch, with feverish rage accurs'd,
 Parch'd up with flames unquench'd of burning thirst,
 In vain from Patience seeks the wish'd-for ease,
 Fresh streams alone his inward fires appease.

No peace can **TIBULLUS** taste, while **PHÆDRA**'s charms
 Call him to incest, from her sister's arms;
 No

No rest can calm him, till he quits his bride,
And breaks those bands, so late by Hymen tied.
Loft ARIADNE ! nought avails the clue,
That faithful guide, to which his life is due ;
Ungrateful Husband ! though Love fail thee now,
Canst thou forget the Labyrinth, and thy vow ?
Ah ! what are vows ! and what vain honour's claim
Poor is their force to check the rising flame.
Meanwhile with doubts the tortur'd Hero burns,
And feels each struggling passion strong by turns ;
What should he do ? his pleasing hopes destroy ?
Quench a bright flame that lights him on to joy ?
Conscious of guilty fires, too well he knows,
Desire oppos'd with fiercer fury glows :
But if, despairing victory, he should yield,
And to the haughty Conqueror quit the field,
Calm Peace returns, to soothe his troubled mind ;
That Peace is pleasure, bliss of human kind !
Thus, EPICURUS, 'ere thy name was known,
Ripe, in some hearts, thy principles were grown !—
All ties dissolv'd, the Traytor leaves the shore,
And his fond wife, ah ! now his wife no more !
She, madly raving, while her false-one steers,
Rends heav'n with shrieks, and swells the sea with tears,

With

With hair dishevell'd, on the margin stands,
And toward him spreads her unavailing hands.

No peace can PHÆDRA taste, since wild desires
Have plung'd her soul in Love's incestuous fires:
How shall she cold HIPOLYTUS persuade,
Impious his father's chamber to invade?
Such raging flames, as hopeless thus consume
PASIPHAE's daughter, urge her to her doom.
And must Contempt, and Violence close her eyes?
They must: but yet, not unreveng'd, she dies;
Her dreadful fate the virtuous youth enthralls,
Victim to Lust, and Rage, her stepson falls.
What numerous crimes one single crime contains!
In one bad heart what various mischief reigns!

The haughty MACEDONIAN, born to arms,
Fills the wide world with wasteful war's alarms;
Mad for more worlds his mandates to obey,
One is too poor to quench his thirst of sway:
If Peace, to thee, appear a greater good,
Than Glory's crown, the price of so much blood;
Go, bid the Conqueror curb his strong desire,
To humble PELLA's narrow walls retire,

Of ease, and quiet, reap the calm reward,
And leave DARIUS Asia's peaceful Lord.
So madly hot was CÆSAR's thirst of rule,
Rivers of blood it's rage could never cool;
Aspiring cities, at his nod, bow'd down,
And mighty nations sunk beneath his frown:
Till he, triumphant from an impious war,
O'er slaughter'd Romans drove his bloodstain'd car,
And basely fetter'd, by his stern command,
The antient freedom of his native land.
Does horror shade such dismal scenes to thee?
Go, bid the Tyrant leave his country free:
Urge him on RUBICON's green bank to stay;
Or, if to Rome he must direct his way,
Urge him to enter private, and alone,
Nor, on her rights, erect his hated throne.
They answer both: "If Peace for thee has charms,
" Rest on her bosom; our delight's in arms."

It serves no purpose then, estrang'd from ill,
That moderate limits, QUINTIUS, bound your will;
That you ne'er trouble other men's repose,
Left violence force you to partake their woes;

E

That

That you fine arts to sensual joys prefer,
 Love Virtue's beauty, and are blest'd in her;
 Nor that, to sum up all, you proudly say,
 "Such was the MAN, who pointed out my way."
 These facts 'tis not material to contend,
 But say, do all men's passions thither bend?
 While various mortals various cares employ,
 Each seeks his own, and not another's joy;
 And if, from misery, each, without remorse,
 Is bound to steer to happiness his course,
 Freed from the Gods, and every anxious awe,
 Then each man's pleasure is his only law:
 The self-same cause, that your chaste mind impell'd,
 To every good, from every ill withheld—
 The general mother's chancing, at your birth,
 To fill your mold, with softer, kindlier earth—
 That very cause, inverted, shall impell,
 My coarser frame, to deeds that merit hell:
 Neither, from this, superior praise can claim,
 Differing in acts, our principle's the same.
 Talk not of Virtue, Justice, Right, to me,
 While nothing good, but Pleasure's boons, I see;
 Unless, reform'd, your doctrine can propose,
 Rewards hereafter, greater still than those.

Experience

Experience teaches, that the sense can know
No joys, but what desires indulg'd bestow;
Desires, in us, from temperaments arise,
As certain plants thrive under certain skies:
Thus your own law compells me to believe,
My sense, not your's; mine cannot me deceive.

Driv'n from your forts, yet one remains behind,
For Pleasure, still, a last resource you find:
" Though rash," you say, " and uncontroll'd by fear,
" Reason her helm can safe through quicksands steer:
" Let prudent Reason firmly hold the rein,
" And guide her calmly through the golden mean,
" That short-liv'd mortals may her sweets enjoy,
" In moderate measure, such as ne'er can cloy;
" So, at this day," you add, " by fears unaw'd,
" Whole nations live, thus bless'd, without a God."
But where's that Reason, which you vaunt so high?
Point out some rule, her rectitude to try.
Our minds you've made th' ignoble work of Chance,
Compos'd by Atoms, in their casual dance;
Then each effusion, beaming from the mind,
Must be, like Chance, capricious, vague, and blind:

Where things are govern'd by some certain law,
Reason may see th' unerring line to draw;
But where mere hazard jumbles things to light,
Nothing is certain, nothing can be right.
Ne'er let the slave, who Nature's law denies,
And thinks himself from accident did rise,
With heavenly Reason's sacred name make bold;
Reason, with him, can no communion hold:
FORTUNE's his goddess: arbiter of all,
Supreme disposer of this earthly ball,
In other moulds her creatures had she fram'd,
They'd blame what's prais'd, and only praise what's blam'd;
Take but an Atom off, or add one more,
Truth becomes Falsehood, three and three make four.
Why boast, on Pleasure, to have fix'd a chain,
Which you yourself have render'd weak and vain?

Far in the East, whence first, at early morn;
Darts the bright radiance of the Sun new-born,
As Fame reports, a virtuous people dwell,
Who hope no heaven, and who fear no hell:
Skill'd in the laws, for studious toils renown'd,
Virtue, 'mongst them, without reward is crown'd;

Not fear'd, but hated, Vice is forc'd to fly,
 And shelter seek beneath some gloomier sky.
 This specious rule, this Stoick law so pure,
 Religion's bonds do, in some sort, secure;
 Howe'er they boast t'have banish'd hope, and fear,
 Tear off the mask, you'll find them both ev'n here.
 Do they not own a fix'd, eternal law,
 From which the lines of Truth and Right they draw?
 Have they not plac'd an order to controul,
 A sovereign Reason to direct the whole?
 From whose unerring maxims to depart,
 Whose precepts not to treasure in the heart,
 The wise CHINESE a horrid crime declare,
 And such a loss as time cannot repair.
 But your vague sect, no law, nor order binds,
 But those of Chance, or chance-created minds:
 No solid, firm, substantial good you own,
 Except what springs from sensual joys alone:
 To Sense alone it therefore must belong,
 To rule the mind, and mark out right and wrong:
 Hence savage Lust comes flying all abroad,
 On wings of winds, the universal God.
 Thus your curs'd tenets to mankind restore
 Those fabled Gods, they worshipp'd heretofore;

Genii,

Genii, and dæmons, satyrs, fauns, and elves,
 Frail Fortune's offspring, casual like themselves:
 Whate'er from each his natural bent requires,
 Becomes his VENUS, queen of his desires;
 O'er every law her power must be maintain'd,
 The more it burns, the less to be restrain'd.
 So, should fierce NEPTUNE's trident burst the mound,
 That guards his waters from BATAVIAN ground;
 With sudden swell th' impetuous torrent pours,
 And, widely raging, all the plain devours:
 Th' astonish'd HOLLANDER, with wild surprize,
 By Earth abandon'd, sees but seas, and skies;
 To curb the fury of th' audacious waves,
 In vain laborious, every toil he braves;
 Still they rush on, each obstacle o'erthrow,
 Till fated rage exhaust the copious flow;
 Then slow retiring, leave to prudent care,
 The hideous ruins calmly to repair.

Should I admit right REASON as the guide,
 Which o'er your acts, and thoughts, you make preside;
 Own that you court her pure, and sacred ray,
 Through life's dark shades to light you on your way;
 You

You in your turn, confess'd, must likewise own,
Another guide, beside rude Sense alone;
An innate principle, sublime, and free,
Which but directs, not fetters Liberty;
No longer Pleasure then, can be esteem'd,
First in command, and Life's chief ruler deem'd;
Unsceptred now, her ill-got power resign'd,
She seems the scourge, the pest of human kind;
Fraught with some gifts, howe'er, which Nature gave,
The barbarous Tyrant makes an useful Slave,
Subdued by Reason; Reason has the skill,
Health to extract from poison, good from ill.
So Fire, destructive Fire, can yet produce
Grateful effects, and apt for human use;
Cold from our shivering limbs it drives away,
At midnight gloom renews extinguish'd day,
Hard iron tames, and bends the stubborn mass,
Melts down the solid rock to liquid glass,
Prepares man's food; makes every plant unfold
It's various virtues, ev'n can soften gold:
But when, with sparks, the child incautious plays,
And, madly sporting, scatters round the blaze,
A board is caught, the crackling rafters fly,
Down fall the beams, thick smoke involves the sky,

The flames ascending adverse winds engage,
 By conflict dire provoke their furious rage,
 Till burning streams from every roof run down,
 And liquid fire ingulphs the sinking town:
 The trembling townsmen fly the wasteful flame,
 Which copious fountains vainly strive to tame;
 Loud shrieks of horror, sent by wild despair
 To heav'n's high concave, rend the glowing air;
 Low in the dust pride's loftiest palace lies,
 O'er fallen temples heaps of ashes rise
 Thus feverish Pleasure, urg'd by mad Desire,
 With crimes, and vices, sets the world on fire:
 To Reason's galling yoke once fix her bound,
 Your air-built castle tumbles to the ground;
 Yet, in so doing, you have done no more,
 Than every school of wisdom did before:
 From godlike SOCRATES the mandate came,
 And deep-mouth'd PLATO thunder'd forth the same;
 Harmonious XENOPHON such accents sung,
 With such the PORCH, and the LYCEUM rung.
 'Tis vain to place the Rivals hand in hand,
 For one must serve, the other must command:
 So, if to Pleasure, still, you yield the sway,
 We've nought to do, but worship, and obey;

Reason,

Reason, the nurse of Virtue, droops her mien,
The slave of Pleasure, and no more her queen,
Hence, Sophist, hence: keen Truth your art displays;
Go now, wrap up rank Vice in modest phrase!

Led by GASSENDI, some would fain defend
Their favourite SAGE's doctrine, and pretend,
That no vain pleasures EPICURUS sought,
But priz'd alone the joys, which Virtue brought:
Such men, deceiv'd by specious sounds, applaud
Th' Impostor's semblance, nor detect his fraud:
VIRTUE's his constant theme; but, all the time,
Virtue's a cloke, to cover every crime.
For how is Virtue painted in the page,
Which marks the morals of the GRECIAN SAGE?
Whom, caught by words, so lavishly they praise,
And, in their songs, to heavenly honours raise!
Is Virtue, there, a constant, firm desire
To do whate'er the rules of right require?
Despising dangers, spurning all the wiles,
That lurk in ill-persuading Pleasure's smiles?
Fix'd in her purpose, can she, calm, look down,
And laugh to scorn the threatening Tyrant's frown?

F

No:

Not
Reason

No: quite a different being, still possess'd
Of Sense's joys, or not completely bless'd;
In drowsy indolence she holds her reign,
Happy, if free from terror, care, and pain:
Let rigid Virtue, thron'd on CATO's brow,
Proudly to Life's delights disdain to bow;
A softer goddess, EPICURUS, thine,
Who loves those joys, and can their sweets refine.
What's right, and honest, equal, just, and fair,
Were such, fond man, the objects of thy care,
Thou'dst be what antient sages were before,
And ev'n severe Religion asks no more.
But whatsoe'er affords your senses joy,
Unmix'd with anxious fear, and care's alloy,
With every excellence is straight endued,
Is virtuous, honest, decent, just, and good.
Pleasure, by you, is not in Virtue plac'd,
But in her, Virtue; Virtue's but a taste,
For nice enjoyment of the various sweets,
With which our appetites kind nature greets;
Not the great art, which lines of justice draws,
And checks wild Nature's flights by Reason's laws,
Such impious tenets, such pernicious dreams,
Drive your deluded sect to worst extremes.

For

For Virtue's nought, unless the bridled Will
Submit her curb'd career to Reason's skill;
And each rough passion, raging in the breast,
By her melodious notes be lull'd to rest;
Powerful to tame their mad, tumultuous swell,
Able to conquer, if they dare rebel.
Fierce though the fight, the stubborn conflict hard,
Yet Victory crowns it with a sure reward;
With brighter radiance Virtue's glories shine,
Sublime, illustrious, and almost divine.

Why boasts the vain PHILOSOPHER his praise,
For pointing out the best, and safest ways?
For teaching ATHENS life's most wholesome rule,
And mending morals in his sober school?
Why vaunt himself the chief of Virtue's friends,
If his hand stabs her, while his tongue commends?
All curbs, and bridles, first he takes away,
Then bids th' unruly colt his voice obey;
All ties to bind the senses he destroys,
Then bids mankind be moderate in their joys.
Vice he detests not, but abhors the pain,
And anxious cares, that mark her ghastly train:

Nay Vice he loves, and ev'n her praises sings,
 Fond of her sweets, but fearful of her stings.
 Precepts, like his, add spurs to loose desire,
 And heap on fuel, when the soul's on fire.
 Is Art requir'd man's sleeping sense to stir?
 Is Lust grown tame? Does Passion want a spur?
 But if, by precepts, thou wouldst fain assuage,
 The wild excess, that springs from Passion's rage,
 Why pull down barriers, stronger far than thine?
 Why change to human, what you found divine?
 If, while we fear the Gods, and trembling fly,
 When Heav'n's loud vengeance thundering shakes the sky;
 If, while we shrink from horror's hideous yell,
 And dread the fires, th' eternal fires of hell,
 Still we sin on, and, wide through all her climes,
 The groaning earth is delug'd o'er with crimes;
 Banish those fears, what ties can then be found
 Triumphant Vice's ravages to bound?
 Amidst flagitious millions, should ev'n one
 Have strength to stem the boisterous tide alone,
 Upborne by Reason, following Virtue's plan,
 He then would blush to own himself a man.

Zealous

Zealous for Virtue, champion of the just,
 How could Religion move your cold disgust?
 Stern though her aspect, awful, and severe,
 The Virtuous love her, but the Vicious fear:
 For them alone you've rack'd your studious mind,
 And toil'd to serve the refuse of mankind:
 Traytors, and murderers claim your choicest care,
 No crime but finds a sure asylum there.
 Patron of Evil! humbled be thy pride,
 Though to thy shrine guilt crowds on every side,
 Thee their Deliverer all the wretches call,
 And at thy feet in prostrate homage fall;
 Yet thy broad sun of all his beams is shorn,
 For Virtue views thee with the eyes of Scorn.
 Think not the good man thanks thee for thy pains,
 No harrowing horrors tear his desperate brains;
 He fears not Death, whose life fair Virtue sways,
 And Hell may burn, with unextinguish'd blaze.
 Let impious miscreants crouch to servile fear,
 And feel the torments of the damn'd, ev'n here;
 While to the pious, just, and good is giv'n,
 On earth, a foretaste of the joys of heav'n!

QUINTIUS, perhaps, you'll tell me I declaim,
 And cast foul slander on your LEADER's fame;

Because

Because that, Right, and Justice torn away,
 His savage system, naked, I display;
 And to the sensual Sect my leave refuse,
 The sacred name of Virtue to abuse——
 He, on his fame, himself impress'd the brand,
 When first he rais'd his sacrilegious hand,
 To plunder heav'n; and from the world withdraw,
 The law itself, and power that fram'd the law;
 And to our minds no better source allow'd,
 Than casual Atoms, jumbled in a crowd.
 For what is right? That which some rule explains;
 And what is just? That which some law ordains:
 So law once banish'd, justice takes to flight;
 And, where no rule is, nothing can be right.
 Law to the giver must it's sanction owe,
 A rule from some great principle must flow;
 The Legislator, at whose awful nod
 All Nature bows, the principle is God;
 His power denied, nor law, nor rule you spare,
 So RIGHT, and JUSTICE, vanish into air:
 REASON, and VIRTUE, perish, thus beguil'd,
 Virtue's a phantom, Reason Fortune's child.
 Now, EPICURUS, bare thy subtle heart,
 And shew the world, thou 'ast cheated, what thou art!

Worn much too long, be mine, though late, the task,
From thy false face to tear the specious mask.

One more pernicious consequence attend;
With falling Justice, Truth is at an end:
Reason from Morals when you once proscribe,
Truth too must fly, for Truth is of her tribe.
Reason not only rules the inmost soul,
To prompt good acts, and base desires controul;
But, robb'd of her, we should be thoughtless, blind,
Her piercing eye illuminates the mind;
Firmly intuitive, with caution due,
What she reports, we must believe it true:
In doubts she's silent, till the gloomy shade
Enlivening beams of radiant light pervade;
Clearness, with certainty, her judgement guides,
And then her voice, oracular, decides.
If things are different from what she believes,
A glaring meteor all mankind deceives;
In darkness plung'd, or grossly led astray,
By wandering vapours, can we look for day?
The mind's whole force by one fell blast o'erthrown,
No certain truth could then be ever known;

And

And those fine words, in which her friends abound,
 Stripp'd of all thought, would prove an empty sound;
 Therefore whate'er by Reason's light we see,
 Clear, and distinct, a certainty must be:
 But if our minds, which all this clearness shew,
 To jostling Atoms, and blind Chance we owe;
 That, which most certain may appear to you,
 How to another, can you prove it true?
 You think by hazard: nay, the seeds combin'd,
 Th' assembled Atoms, which compose your mind,
 In knots uncouth may so perversely cling,
 As quite to change the face of every thing;
 And when ideas, manifest, and clear,
 In mid-day brightness all array'd appear,
 Perhaps the more conviction they impress,
 The real truth they represent the less:
 If this be so, we talk at random all,
 Acknowledg'd truths to doubtful problems fall:
 See what uncertainties your system breeds;
 We now believe the whole it's part exceeds,
 Perhaps 'tis smaller; adding four to four,
 We reckon eight, perhaps the totall's more:
 Conscious of thought, no man in question calls
 His own existence; may not that be false?

Reason extinguish'd, you've extinguish'd light,
And all the world involv'd in blackest night:
Should your vile doctrine still maintain it's ground,
Truth, fled with Justice, could no more be found.
Vainly, 'gainst PYRRHO, you have rais'd your arm,
And, 'mongst the SCEPTICKS, spread the loud alarm;
By the same spear, that drinks his blood, you die,
Your sects in one promiscuous ruin lie.

But, lo! a new defender spreads his shield,
And MALMSBURY sends her champion to the field;
See HOBBS his sword for EPICURUS draw,
Boldly denying every natural law.
With him no native stamps impress the heart;
Just, and unjust, are merely terms of art,
To man's appointment all their sanction owe,
Children of Strife, and from convenience grow.
When first mankind sprung up from parent clay,
SELF-LOVE, he says, bore universal sway;
Earth's fruits, and treasures, then were free to all,
And one great common overspread the ball;
The hungry savage prowl'd alone for spoils,
Thus, from self-interest, rose contentious broils;

To rage, and rapine, yet, was fix'd no bar,
 THE STATE OF NATURE WAS A STATE OF WAR,
 Then, lest rude Violence should destroy the whole;
 Prudence suggested wholesome Law's controul;
 For general good these institutes were fram'd,
 From common usage all their force they claim'd
 Publick utility, while free the choice,
 Secur'd the suffrage of the general voice,
 Zealous experienc'd evils to prevent;
 And Fear compell'd the rest to give consent.
 Such HOBBS's doctrine, such the seeds, on earth,
 That gave both Justice, and Religion, birth.

Who thus, unauthoriz'd, profanely frants,
 A forg'd hypothesis to blast their claims,
 Betrays, indeed, himself their bitter foe;
 But there stops short, his proofs no farther go:
 And shall th' Impostor, undetected, feign
 Fables like these, to render Virtue vain?
 No genuine Virtue poor Self-love persuades,
 Her pride so mean a parentage degrades.
 Yet ev'n this base hypothesis affords
 Omens of triumph, and adorns our swords:

For 'tis confess'd, Religion's sacred law,
 Combin'd with Justice, first had power to draw
 Man from his savage fierceness, to reclaim
 The human brute, and make the monster tame:
 Then burst those barriers, which alone restrain:
 Rapine, and rage, o'erwhelm the world again.

Here could I shew, did order not protest,
 A law ingrav'd within each human breast,
 Prior to every ordinance of man,
 Defining Right, on Reason's equal plan;
 Prove that, already, in our earliest youth,
 Nature has taught us Justice, taught us Truth:
 This, to avoid digression, I postpone,
 To time more apt, a season mark'd it's own.
 Thus much I'll only say: If human still
 Could not, by nature, separate good from ill,
 Their essence, still, must lie involv'd in night,
 Right can have nothing, but the name of Right,
 On frail Caprice each institution stands,
 And Law must fluctuate, founded on the sands:
 To serve a law, vague, impotent, and blind,
 Is worse than death, is slavery thrice refin'd:

For, Right being arbitrary, statutes may
 Command tomorrow, what's condemn'd to day;
 And what, to day, laws positive command,
 Condemn, tomorrow, to the hangman's hand.
 Besides, the principle of general good,
 On which so long, unshaken, he has stood,
 Fails him at last, o'erturns his weak disputes,
 And, self-convictive, all his scheme confutes;
 For if from general good the laws arose,
 Then something good, confess'd, preceded those;
 That good from some distinction surely springs,
 Nature has stamp'd a difference then on things.
 Behold the rash PHILOSOPHER, how far
 Error has dragg'd him in her devious car!
 If just, and unjust, were at first unknown,
 And owe their origin to laws alone,
 Then were it less a crime, to plunge a sword
 In your friend's breast, than simply break your word;
 Because ev'n murder never was a crime,
 Till first, by law, ordain'd so, at the time,
 When men, uniting, freely did engage
 Their mutual words, to curb unbridled rage.

Thus

Thus granting compacts, firm, establish'd laws,
 Needful to mankind, they desert their cause;
 Owing the danger, when corruption, hurl'd
 By mad Self-love, o'erspread the guilty world,
 Left, all infected by the tainted gale,
 And self-destroy'd, man's impious race should fail:
 By such concessions do they not declare,
 How dire, how fatal, Pleasure's lust-fraught snare!
 And what, O QUINTIUS, has been my design?
 What have I sought to prove in every line?
 That your LUCRETIVS no restriction knows,
 But headlong passion every bound o'erflows.
 As when imperial ÆOLUS unbinds,
 And from their prison frees the struggling winds:
 With sudden gusts o'er earth, and seas, they rage,
 In furious conflict blasts with blasts engage,
 Tear up old Ocean from his deepest bed,
 Dread, ruin, night, and thunders, widely spread;
 The mingling elements in battle rise,
 Earth strives with clouds, and fire with seas, and skies.
 So crimes, unchain'd, the subject world invade,
 While Pleasure reigns, of heav'n, nor hell, afraid.

Searching,

: the labouring earth:

Searching, with curious eye, the globe around,
 Should, to thy wish, some pleasing spot be found,
 Without all counsel, government, or law,
 Free, as thyself, from stern Religion's awe,
 Where virtuous deeds no recompence attends,
 Fearless of pains, where guilt attains its ends,
 Where Vice, and Virtue, ev'n are names unknown,
 And Self, to all, is God, and King, alone;
 Tell me, sincerely, could thy quiet breast,
 In such unhallow'd ground, take up its rest?
 There, unmolested, let Socrates dwell,
 With EPICURUS, whom he 'as serv'd so well!
 Such are the blessings, which th' ATHENIAN sage
 Propos'd to shower on man, from age to age!
 Commanding every fear of God to cease,
 Such was th' exchange, and such his promis'd peace!
 Deadly, indeed, the gift: Is this the shrine,
 Where kneeling Wisdom pour'd forth praise divine?
 Where all the Muses sported, and where Fame
 Blew her loud trump, to eternize his name?
 Is this the MAN, with every honour grac'd?
 O'er CERES, BACCHUS, and ALCIDES plac'd?
 Though their kind toils to man's best food gave birth,
 And from fell monsters freed the labouring earth:

Ev'n

Ev'n great APOLLO's Sons, whose healing skill
Brought quick relief to each corporeal ill,
And bade mankind in Health's rich boon be blest'd,
Is, by the SECT, below their CHAIR depress'd.
O glorious work! rare specimen of love!
Deserving praise all earthly crowns above!
Guilt from the dread of punishment to guard,
And rob fair Virtue of her just reward!

Boldly we, then, pronounce his general plan;
Wicked, and false, the bane of social man:
Not ev'n those paltry pleasures, he display'd,
With so much pomp, and such verbose parade,
On gaping votaries has he yet conferr'd,
Nor fed, with promis'd cates, the greedy herd:
Those joys he 'as giv'n them, and those joys alone,
Which, 'ere his doctrine taught, were amply known.
Like vain Impostors, follow'd by the crowd,
In empty promise, prodigal, and loud,
Who boast to fools, by gross deceits cajol'd,
The secret art to turn all things to gold;
While credulous misers, panting still for more,
Through avarice lavish, pour out all their store;

Of

Of wealth ideal urg'd by strong desire,
 They throw their real riches in the fire:
 The subtle juggler keeps the dupes at gaze,
 And all their hopes, at last, with smoke repays.
 Such, QUINTIUS, those unhappy dupes believe,
 Whom EPICURUS' wandering lights deceive:
 Man's choicest wealth, the treasures of the mind,
 The love of God, their country, and their kind,
 The heart-sown seeds of Virtue, they destroy,
 For shadowy pleasure, for a doubtful joy;
 Which were each follower certain to obtain,
 Small would be his, and none his neighbour's gain:
 For oft LUCRETIVS warns you to provide,
 But for yourself, and care for nought beside.
 Thus did the MAN of GREECE advise his friends,
 Lest thought, or labour, should defeat his ends,
 Life's tiresome duties, toils, and cares, to shun,
 That their short course they, undisturb'd, might run;
 Th' unsocial precept each fond pupil learns,
 Ne'er to take part in other men's concerns:
 To publick business ever to attend,
 He said, was tamely to the yoke to bend;
 'Twas wanton care, sharp misery to relieve,
 Or o'er the ashes of a friend to grieve,

His man of wisdom, plung'd in slothful ease,
Happy, if free from terror, and disease,
To natural love, insensible, and cold,
In self-enjoyment churlishly inroll'd,
No generous ardour stimulates his mind,
Useless to kindred, country, and mankind;
Of social sweets his heart can taste no more,
Than just what serves t'increase his sensual store,
Anxious no friend's anxieties to share,
And careful, only, to avoid all care.
Nor from such laws is ev'n his Goddess free,
Pleasure, to whom alone he bends his knee:
The prudent SAGE, œconomist of joys,
His artful rhetorick's copious streams employs,
Of ardent youth to check the glowing fires,
For Pleasure, pall'd, annihilates desires:
Much does he talk of Luxury's secret stings,
How dull Disgust from sensual Surfeit springs;
Full well to eager appetite he shews,
How sharp the thorns, that lurk beneath the rose!
With savage licence, which no bound restrains,
The sacred name of Freedom he prophanes;
O'er lawless commons rambling unconfin'd,
He dreads the union, ev'n of mind to mind,

H

And

And vile, promiscuous lust, sets far above
 The rapturous joys, that flow from mutual love.
 And shall such shameful tenets found a claim,
 For them to wisdom, and for him to fame?

But they, whose breasts Religion's ardour warms,
 Find joy in cares, and ev'n in labour charms;
 Untir'd they watch, to guard the publick weal,
 For kindred, country, all mankind they feel;
 Their generous love, not bound to friends alone,
 Embraces oft the friendless, and unknown;
 Nor, with th' afflicted, do they only grieve,
 Each liberal hand's extended to relieve;
 For acts of goodness they their wealth possess,
 Like Him they worship, studious still to bless:
 The gentle bonds of nature's tender ties,
 Far from rejecting, dear as life they prize:
 If e'er to arms, their injur'd country call,
 In her defence, 'tis glorious deem'd to fall;
 Should Peace prevail, attentive to the laws,
 Of Right, and Freedom, they defend the cause.
 What though each anxious brow the stamp may bear,
 Of sharp solicitude, and wrinkled care!

Urg'd but by duty, and estrang'd from sin,
They cherish calm tranquillity within;
While virtuous acts employ their willing hands,
Reason approves, proposes, or commands:
First, with assiduous industry to learn,
What Heav'n requires, is made their chief concern;
Next, to consult the witness in the breast,
Whose ordeal fires each thought must bring to test;
Last, to observe the general, social plan,
The various service, due from man to man.
Dost thou not know, that pure Religion warms
The heart, and trains her heroes up to arms?
Their noble flame sublimer motives raise,
Than thirst of gold, or hope of dubious praise,
Or fell Ambition, poisoner of the mind,
Prompter of ills, and bane of human kind!
No act, nor thought, Religion e'er persuades,
Which Virtue's law, or Right's just bound invades;
Justice, 'tis her's, severely to maintain,
And Truth, and Virtue, flourish in her reign.
Say, QUINTIUS, now; whose deeds, and precepts tend
To general good? Whom thinkst thou man's best friend?
The GRECIAN SAGE, at Pleasure's shrine who bows?
Or he, to Reason's God, who pays his vows?

Since natural instinct, free from force, or awe,
 Nor sway'd by habit, chance, or written law—
 Some innate charm, which every man must feel,
 (Ev'n to thyself I'll venture to appeal,)
 Leads us, by potent magick, to pursue,
 What offers greatest profit to our view;
 Hence it is manifest, by how much more,
 Lodg'd in each object, profit we explore,
 Pleasing, or harsh, 'tis that must be address'd,
 Rais'd, by utility, above the rest:
 If nought can, then, more profitable prove,
 To man's best use, than pure Religion's love;
 And, than the dreams of EPICURUS, nought
 Can with more baneful bitterness be fraught;
 Let pure Religion's victory end the strife,
 Let her preside, and form the rule of life;
 From her transparent, peaceful fountain flows
 The even current of secure repose:
 Hence filial piety derives it's source,
 Hence all domestick order takes it's course,
 Hence patriot warmth, and loyal ardour spring,
 Kings love their subjects, subjects love their king:
 By firmest ties the monarch holds his sway,
 When millions, bless'd, with willing pride obey;

While

While to protect their sacred rights he stands,
Thron'd in their hearts, and guarded by their hands.
For he, who, truly, Power Supreme adores,
Soon the close links of mutual aid explores;
Such social commerce man's chief strength perceives,
Relief expecting, but as he relieves.
In your curs'd system nothing safe remains,
Right drops her sceptre, lawless Pleasure reigns;
The truly pious, pointing Ridicule
Marks with her finger, as a childish fool;
Virtue herself is proudly laugh'd to scorn,
And that chaste law, which with our minds was born:
Though he, whoe'er unwisely stops his ears,
Nor the loud voice of Nature's Charmer hears,
Meanly degraded, by the savage plan,
His title forfeits to the name of Man:
Referring all things to himself alone,
He makes, in thought, the universe his own:
He, mighty sovereign! in the centre stands,
While circling millions bend to his commands;
Equal by birth, the fancied slaves obey,
And yield the Tyrant his imagin'd sway.
Such are your boasted SAGE's monstrous dreams,
Varying all shapes, and mingling all extremes.

While,

While, to the common rights of Nature blind,
The vain Usurper tramples on mankind,
O'er native freedom stretching slavery's rod,
He errs to Reason, and he sins to God.
Hence, as from Hell, th' infernal maxims rise,
" No word, oath, duty, contract, binds the WISE;
" Pliant, and supple, he must serve the times,
" Nor grudge, for power, the most atrocious crimes;
" Whom once he 'as hurt he never must forgive,
" Nor suffer injur'd innocence to live."
Nefarious precepts!—O'er the poisonous ground,
Of Pleasure's garden, what rank weeds abound!
Thus the wild colt, impatient of the rein,
Swift as a rapid whirlwind, scours the plain;
To stop the rage of his impetuous course,
Dykes, gates, rocks, walls, in vain oppose their force:
Then if he chance the trump's shrill notes to hear,
Or sounding lash, he strains his mad career,
With double fury spurns the labouring strand,
And darkens heav'n with clouds of eddyng sand;
No curb he feels; his rider pulls in vain,
Anxious his desperate madness to restrain;
Blind, and ungovern'd, still he rushes on,
Till his limbs falter, and his breath is gone;

Then

Then prostrate falling, sinks upon the field,
O'ercome by toil, and forc'd, at length, to yield.
Thus the rash youth, despotick passion's slave,
Who, impious, dares heav'n's dread revenge to brave,
The voice of Nature stifles in his breast,
Nor Conscience heeds, that most unwelcome guest!
Deaf to their warnings, careless of their calls,
No curb can check him, till fatigued he falls;
Worn out, exhausted, spiritless he lies,
And breathes, with pain, his unavailing sighs.

Since no one man stands single on the ball,
That open, free, inheritance of all,
The common weal should always bear the sway,
And private views to publick good give way:
For sure 'tis better all mankind were blest'd,
Than one indulg'd in trampling on the rest:
This rule establish'd; each apt scholar learns,
By it to measure other men's concerns;
Applies it rigidly, except alone
Where self is bias'd, and the case his own:
Yet Nature prompts, and Reason's law commands,
To hold the balance, still, with even hands,

And

And let the weight of Equity prevail,
 Though our own interest fill the other scale.
 Conscious of life, and being, nought more dear,
 Than I myself, can to myself appear;
 My life secure, and happy, to preserve,
 Is then a duty, whence I must not swerve;
 Where duty binds us to maintain a trust,
 Each effort, needful to that end, is just;
 But others live; nought dearer can they know,
 Than they themselves; hence equal duties flow,
 Their lives to keep secure, and happy too;
 Nor to their cares, reproach, but praise, is due:
 For, by what argument, canst thou condemn,
 Thine own acknowledg'd principles, in them?
 Justice, whoe'er, with equal steps, pursues,
 His, and his neighbour's cause, impartial, views,
 Uprightly clear, decides the different claims,
 As, between two, a stranger to their names:
 A Judge, impartial, uncorrupt, and clear,
 Unbrib'd by interest, and unaw'd by fear,
 Between two strangers, doubtless, would decree,
 Safety to life, to goods, and liberty;
 He must perceive infringements disallow'd,
 Ev'n to himself, as well as to the crowd,

Subject, like each of them, to Law's controul,
As but a portion of the mighty whole;
The whole far worthier than a part must be,
So all mankind is worthier far than he:
Of Reason's light, the same transpiercing ray,
Makes both these truths expand to open day:—
But more hereafter; let this gleam suffice,
Just to point out the path to mortal eyes.

Cease then to say, religious fears instill,
In man's frail heart, the poisonous seeds of ill;
Own from thy lips the hard confession wrung,
That all man's woes from impious roots have sprung:
For now thou 'ast seen Religion wield her arms,
To scare from wicked deeds, by dire alarms;
And spread her broad, and ample shield to guard,
Her virtuous children, to their sure reward:
All to strict Justice, faithfully, she binds,
And saves, from brutal passions, human minds:
What though the CHIEFS of GREECE, in darker days,
By murder sought propitious winds to raise,
And, by a cruel, ignorant PRIEST deceiv'd,
A Virgin's blood of sovereign use believ'd,

I

To

To soothe an angry Goddess? Such a deed,
 From true Religion never could proceed;
 Blind SUPERSTITION, and a faithless Sinner
 Dragg'd IPHIGENIA to her funeral bier:
 But, to the altar such a victim led,
 By a mad father's folly, ne'er had bled;
 Had not the cause of evil, fell DESIRE,
 PARIS inflam'd, with sacrilegious fire,
 And urg'd th' ungenerous, base, adulterous boy,
 To bear off HELEN, fraught with war, to TROY.

But tell me, QUINTUS, you who prize the art,
 Which grasps at joy, and gladness for the heart,
 Which anxious care, and pining grief repels,
 While, with delight, the throbbing bosom swells;
 Tell me the truth: Do all things still succeed,
 Just to thy wish? Say, art thou bless'd indeed?
 For, if, indulgent to each fond desire,
 Kind Nature grants whate'er you can require,
 Surely, for thee, her fostering hands provide,
 More than for all her mortal sons beside:
 Think not this great, peculiar bliss you owe,
 To aught yourself could on yourself bestow;

Nor

Nor to PHILOSOPHY, whose narrow pow'r
Extends no farther than the present hour ;
Not one event she boasts at her command,
But warns to bear with those already plann'd ;
By no firm law vague Fortune can she bind,
But, by her lessons, forms the human mind.
If, as perchance she may, hard Fate prepare,
For thy pale lips the bitter cup of care ;
Thou, who hast wander'd through enchanted groves,
Danc'd with the Graces, sported with the Loves,
How shall thy soft, luxurious frame sustain,
The thorns of anguish, and the stings of pain ?
When sudden clouds o'erspread the luring sky,
How canst thou stand, though vain th' attempt to fly ?
Let him, long train'd in sharp Affliction's school,
'Midst warring elements, serene, and cool,
Firm, and erect, in conscious virtue bold,
A falling world with constant eye behold ;
While helpless thou, o'erwhelm'd with shame, and dread,
Shalt seek, in vain, to hide thy wretched head :
Dash'd from thy hopes, canst thou the comfort know,
T'adore the hand, that dealt the fatal blow ?
Alas ! thou canst not—Thrice unhappy he,
Whose trembling heart from fears is never free ;

Who frail, and transient pleasure still pursues,
 Sure, in the moment that he gains, to lose;
 Toss'd by each blast, by every phantom scard,
 Ever alarm'd, yet ever unpar'd!
 As when the trees put forth their tender flowers,
 Fed by soft dews, and fruitful vernal showers;
 Press'd by warm rays, by wanton zephyrs fann'd,
 The pregnant blossoms all their sweets expand;
 Lo! sudden horrors cloud the blackening air,
 Rude Boreas roars, with blasts of fell despair,
 Each withering flower reclines its languid head,
 All its gay colours, all its fragrance fled,
 Unus'd to rigour, and inclement skies,
 The puny blossom sheds its leaves, and dies.

I know you'll answer: "My desires are few,
 "Th' insatiate thirst of gain I never knew;
 "I envy not the palaces of kings,
 "Honours, to me, are mean, and trivial things;
 "From empires, bought with cares, I would abstain,
 "Or triumphs, purchas'd with a moment's pain!
 "But all the wealth the general mother yields,
 "Kind to her sons, through all her fertile fields,
 Free,

“ Free, as she gives, I use without controul,
“ And, with the rich luxuriance, glut my soul:
“ Shall bounteous Nature, each successive hour,
“ From copious horns, fresh streams of plenty pour?
“ Profusely lavish, every art employ,
“ To tempt my sense, and shall not I enjoy?
“ When she, inviting, spreads her liberal hands,
“ Shall I not kneel, and bless her lov'd commands?
“ The anxious error of mankind I see,
“ Poor self-tormentors! but it harms not me;
“ To vain desires, and abject fears a prey,
“ Their minds, and bodies, immature, decay:
“ Let others, madly, plunge in desperate wars,
“ And (marks of folly!) boast their painful scars;
“ Let them, steep Labour's hill who chuse to climb,
“ In toilsome trifles waste their precious time;
“ While I, who know the value of the span,
“ By Nature's will, indulg'd to short-liv'd Man,
“ Wrapp'd in myself, live for myself alone,
“ Harmlessly gay, and die without a groan.”

Such is your plea; it's justice let us try;
First then, your love of peace I don't deny,

Nor

Nor that, thus far, you've kept a tranquil mind;
 But who can promise for what's yet behind;
 Rocks you've avoided, but, perhaps, not all;
 In your long course, what perils may befall!
 Collected storms impend o'er every hour,
 And ravenous whirlpools open to devour!
 I grant, the safest path of life you've chose,
 Easy, and smooth, propitious to repose;
 Fairly you, therefore, may expect to shun,
 Unnumber'd dangers, men less cautious run:
 But, still, your own peculiar ills remain,
 Hazard, escap'd, too soon returns again:
 No where is quiet sure: from pole to pole,
 In one vast ocean, all, promiscuous, roll;
 Nor does each, only, share the common dread,
 But his own cloud hangs threatening o'er his head.

The thirst of gold, which sordid misers burns;
 Ambition, stooping low, to rise by turns,
 Of manners courtly; savage lust of fame,
 That spur to ill, in thee no part can claim:
 From those rank vices, (so far happy,) clear,
 Th' attendant evils thou needst never fear;

No noble slavery threatens thee with her chains,
 No want affails thee, 'midst of all thy gains.
 But if thy vigorous youth should wear away,
 Thy beauty wither, and thy health decay;
 If Chance, as well may happen, should destroy,
 That placid ease, which now makes all thy joy;
 (For Time will, surely, thy delights invade,
 They are but flowers, and like frail flowers must fade ;)
 Unus'd to suffer, peaceful, and secure,
 Should War's loud clamour thunder at thy door ;
 Harra's'd by Discord, half-consum'd by Fire,
 Worn out with anguish of diseases dire,
 Should some harsh Tyrant's mandate cast thee bound,
 Down a dark dungeon, deep beneath the ground ;
 Should thy false friend betray thy secret trust,
 Thy wife be subject to a ruffian's lust ;
 Should Death, untimely, snatch thy favourite child,
 Thy good name fail, by slanderous tongues beguil'd ;
 Should Envy's poisonous tooth attack thy fame—
 Say, thinkst thou, QUINTIUS, thou'dst be still the same ?
 What though thou 'ast boasted ne'er before t'have griev'd ?
 Wouldst thou be, then, by that vain thought reliev'd ?
 No longer Nature wouldst thou, mother, call,
 But, cruel stepdame, fondling to enthrall !

All

All thy past joys would swim before thine eyes,
 And all, with darts, to pierce thy soul, would rise;
 Curious, each tenderest passage to explore,
 And poisoning wounds, which mortal were before.
 What's, then, the end, and measure of your pains,
 When joy's quite banish'd, and no hope remains?
 Yourself have told me, by your MASTER'S voice,
 A rope, or hemlock, is your only choice.
 Rare consolation! Adequate relief!
 Anguish is cur'd, by adding grief to grief!
 SARDANAPALUS, proud ASSYRIA'S king,
 Drunk with large draughts from Pleasure's copious spring,
 Fortune's reverse unable to withstand,
 Gave, for his funeral pile, his last command:
 The structure rais'd, himself the torch applied,
 Till flames, ascending, rag'd on every side;
 Then, calmly, threw his treasures in the fire,
 And, leaping after, tipp'd the blazing spire.
 Behold the goal of Pleasure's course appear,
 Worthy to terminate her mad career!

Not so, who, from Religion's sacred law,
 Their line of hope, and moral conduct draw;

To

To them, things passing, past already seem,
 As mere illusions, or a last night's dream ;
 With even step through Fortune's paths they tread,
 Her smiles they court not, nor her frowns they dread :
 No transient, short, unreal grief, or joy,
 Can the firm temper of their minds destroy :
 Vain is th' attempt, to bend with fear, or pain,
 The soul, which Pleasure strove to soothe in vain.
 Though mortals, toss'd upon one common wave,
 All the rough dangers of the deep they brave ;
 While howling tempests rage with every wind,
 Ev'n at mid-sea, a port secure they find :
 On fleeting ills, disdainful, they look down,
 For trifles buying an eternal crown ;
 Hope yields enjoyment ; led by her, they steer,
 And Heav'n's delights anticipate, ev'n here.

Nor canst thou, justly, Virtue's friends accuse,
 As mov'd by sordid, mercenary views,
 In her hard service rich rewards to gain,
 And, shunning Vice, to 'scape attendant pain :
 In each man's breast kind Nature's care inspires,
 For his own good, invincible desires ;

K

All,

All, urg'd by instinct toward felicity,
 Wish to be happy, as they wish to be:
 This I confess: nay more, the sovereign good,
 I own, is Pleasure, rightly understood;
 Pleasure, deriv'd from an exhaustless source,
 Clear in it's spring, and constant in it's course;
 No fickle, palling, unsubstantial joy,
 But such pure pleasure, as can never cloy.
 For what can man desire, but to be blest'd?
 What can he love, but what brings bliss, possess'd?
 Thus all mankind pursue but one great end,
 By various paths, to Happiness they tend.
 You seek your bliss, in mean, inglorious ease,
 And such delights, as flattering sense can please;
 All which, as rapid winds, that brush the skies,
 As crackling flames, from blazing straw that rise,
 As flying streams, that lave the mountain's side,
 As sands, that roll beneath the chafing tide,
 No stable, permanent, foundation yield,
 Whereon the conscious hope of Truth can build.
 They, spurning earth, and such fallacious joys,
 As Time's keen scythe, infallibly, destroys,
 Firmly pursue the path by Virtue trod,
 Which leads to joy, to happiness, to God:

This

This they affect not, CYNICALLY proud,
To raise the wonder of the gaping crowd;
Nor, like the Stoicks, sternly chaste, do they,
Ev'n to themselves, a silent homage pay;
But, viewing meaner things with careless eyes,
He is their hope, their comfort, and their prize.

If, to your garden, you should wish to bring,
The crystal waters of a virgin spring,
Wouldst thou the source of such a stream require,
In fenny marshes, clogg'd with mud, and mire?
Wouldst thou not rather pierce the verdant hill,
Where reeds, and rushes, point the latent rill?
Or turf-crown'd rock, that hides the limpid vein,
Which waits but vent, to spout o'er all the plain?
Thus they, who worship Hym, with heart sincere,
Taste all their pleasures, pure, unmix'd, and clear;
A copious stream of fresh delights is brought,
Constant to them, in vain by others sought;
No earthly sufferance, no affliction vile,
Presumes the sacred fountain to defile:
Such rapturous joys await this love divine,
As never can, not ev'n in thought, be thine:

Voluptuous mortals could thy revels run,
 An hundred annual courses round the sun,
 Youth, health, and strength, attendant every day,
 One virtuous moment would thy age outweigh:
 What Virtue loves, is always in her pow'r,
 Mutual the love, and heightening every hour;
 No end her sons to their enjoyment fear,
 But feel it's sweets augment from year to year.
 No thorn, beneath the flowers they gather, grows,
 No tainted drops their fount, translucent, flows;
 No fell remorse their conscious souls can prove,
 Love still increasing, with the cause of Love.

Shorn of his terrors, plunder'd of his sting,
 Canst thou, undaunted, meet the grimly king?
 Then with what hope, what confidence, must they
 Wait the kind hour of his appointed day?
 That fatal hour, by thee, is mark'd the last,
 And that once passing, all thy hopes are past;
 To them a nobler boon his arms extend,
 A life of transports, that can know no end!
 Thy utmost wish is, to exist no more,
 To be mere nothing, as thou wast before;

Far

Far happier hopes their righteous bosoms swell,
 Sure of the prize, they've merited so well;
 Bless'd, ev'n while hope their opening minds employs,
 With certain omens of eternal joys.
 Nature's best gifts have not, thou must confess,
 Ev'n here on earth, the amplest power to bless:
 Acknowledge, QUINTIUS, what thou now must see,
 The pious man is happier far than thee.

But what, when Death shall snatch thy soul from light,
 And plunge it deep in shades of blackest night,
 If there, awak'd with horror, thou shouldst find,
 Th' avenging God, to whom thou 'ast still been blind?
 Whose awful sceptre, whose tremendous throne,
 Thou ne'er didst know, or, knowing, wouldst not own?—
 The thought has chill'd me!—Think, or ere too late,
 The game, how treacherous! and the stake, how great!
 Where'er thou turn, from earth to heav'n's high pow'rs,
 Thy state, precarious, still must yield to ours:
 Are we deceiv'd? No punishment ensues;
 Much may we gain; but nothing can we lose;
 One universal lot awaits us all,
 Together sinking, into nought, we fall:

Art

Art thou deceiv'd? Thou'rt wretched without end!—
 Shall not Self-love to such a chance attend?

These truths you call unpleasant, and obscure,
 Their proofs not clear, nor their foundations sure:

“Scar'd by mere words,” you cry, “shall I forego

“Joys, which are certain, pleasures, which I know?

“Which I may, now, possess without controul,

“And which, whatever, satisfy my soul?

“For what forego them? For a dubious dread

“Of future vengeance, hanging o'er my head?

“Or for a hope, which Nature never gave,

“Of rich rewards, of treasures in the grave?

“Shall I, for fables, antedate my doom?

“And madly leap, alive, into the tomb?—

“I have no relish for aerial schemes,

“The happiest dreams are, yet, no more than dreams.”

What do I urge thee, **QUINTIUS**, to forego?

Aught that can health, or happiness bestow?—

No: heavy, galling, servile chains, that bind,

In closest fetters, your deluded mind;

That your weak heart to things belov'd subdue,

And not the objects of your love to you :

What do I press thee, now, to cast away?—
What you yourself are loathing every day;
What, once possess'd, is odious to your sight,
While, from new springs, you seek as vain delight;
What always lying, yet is still believ'd,
And leaves you willing, still, to be deceiv'd.
The sufferer, labouring with some dire disease,
In every posture, turning, strives for ease,
Rolls o'er his languid limbs from side to side,
Tries every change, in vain already tried;
Supine, at length, he lifts to Heav'n his eyes,
Long wish'd for rest, still, all his efforts flies;
What best had promis'd, as the worst, proves vain,
Nor cures his sickness, nor relieves his pain:
So the voluptuous, plung'd in error still,
Eluded hope inflames, not heals his ill.
The burning wretch, with fires hydropick curs'd,
Calls loud for water, to assuage his thirst,
Pours down large streams the parching rage to tame;
Large streams serve, only, to provoke the flame:
The impious DANAIDES, Grecian stories tell,
For barbarous viricide, condemn'd to hell,
Pour streams in leaky tubs for evermore,
Whose pervious bottoms spout at every pore:

Thus.

Thus lost, and fruitless, all your moments fly,
 In vain you've liv'd, without a hope you die.
 Love is a torment: kindled by desire,
 If strong the flame, your soul is all on fire;
 If weak the passion, slender is the joy,
 Love, without ardour, dwindles to a toy:
 The cup of VENUS dash'd with bitterest cares,
 Ev'n your LUCRETIVS, with a sigh, declares;
 Her poison'd sweets pathetically sings,
 And, while he paints her beauties, bares her stings—
Ah! why lurks venom in the loveliest things!
 Care ever grows from Pleasure's deadly root,
 He, who admires the tree, will taste the fruit.
 Oft wandering fires, by night, our steps betray,
 And lead th' unwary traveller astray;
 He ne'er regards the marsh, from whence it came,
 But, credulous fool! pursues the flattering flame;
 Just when he thinks he 'as reach'd the fancied town,
 Deep in a fen's thick mire he plunges down.

Burst through your chains, nor longer groan a slave;
 Become just, prudent, pious, chaste, and brave;
 Redeem'd from Vice, adopt fair Virtue's plan:
 Is it so hard a task to be a Man?

Ev'n, to these truths, if proof deficient seems,
Which I call Maxims, and which you call Dreams;
Were not the prospect fairer, to pursue
A good immense, unchang'd, yet ever new,
Pure, and eternal, than an object frail,
Which, you yourself confess, must one day fail?
God to propose, your certain, steadfast end,
From his rich bounty every bliss attend,
Than kneel to Fortune, acting but by chance,
And senseless Atoms in their casual dance?
Or let th' enchantress Pleasure's charms bear sway,
Tomorrow vanish'd, though possess'd to day?

" 'Tis hard," you cry—Do good things come for nought?
Are not your pleasures ev'n by labour bought?
" God is unknown," you say—But, O! how great
The prize to know him, 'ere it be too late!
Whose interest, thinkst thou, hangs on this dispute?
Ah! my rash friend! is thine, or God's the suit?
Not clear that souls for ever must endure,
Say, is Annihilation less obscure?
Prove it, if clear: on him, who'er denies
Receiv'd opinions, that just burden lies:

L. If

If proof should fail you, then the thing's not clear;
 Shall not the dire dilemma rouse you fear?
 But you despise it!—Doubt convinces you,
 Resolv'd, whate'er you like, to think it true!
 With studious care each ray of light you shun,
 For Darkness pleases better than the Sun!
 Charm'd with perdition you resign your breath;
 Well may your sleep be call'd the sleep of Death!
 When thus, perverse, your wilful eyes you close,
 Friendship should break your insecure repose.
 One must be right, your sentiment, or mine;
 Th' alternative admits no middle line:
 Where equal weight in either scale is plac'd,
 Reason would have the safer side embrac'd.
 Shouldst thou but hear a gang of robbers lay,
 Hid in a wood, to intercept thy way,
 Say, through the forest wouldst thou dare advance,
 Till strictest search had clear'd the dangerous chance?
 Shall then vague Rumour your attention claim,
 The spurious offspring of lascivious Fame?
 And shall not vast Eternity alarm,
 With gloomy prospects? or with bright ones charm?
 The mists dispelling that bedim your eyes,
 Mine be the task to guide you to the prize.

Meanwhile, confess this point already gain'd,
 'Ere the whole System be at large explain'd,
 That those fell dogmas, which have warr'd with Heav'n,
 And Earth to Man, as Fortune's boon, have giv'n,
 Forg'd by Deceit, by impious Rashness taught,
 With most pernicious sophistry are fraught :
 While pious minds the happiest hopes pervade,
 Mov'd by no charms, but such as never fade.

AN-TI-LUCRETIVS.

Meanwhile, counts this point already gain'd,
 Ere the whole system be at large explain'd,
 That those fell dogmas, which have wait'd with fear,
 And Earth to Man, as Fortune's boon, have giv'n
 Forg'd by Deceit, by impious Rabbins taught,
 With most pernicious subtilty are taught:
 While pious minds the happiest hopes perceive
 Mov'd by no charms, but such as never fade.

AN-TI-LUCRETIVS.

BOOK II.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

APR 1 1793

ANTI-LUCRETIVS

ANTI-LUCRETIVS.

BOOK II.

AN-TI-LUCRETIVS

AN-TI-LUCRETIVS

B LAME NOTBY DOE KINNTHE think it hard
The charms regretting of your FAVOURITE BARD
That those sad tears, his eloquence subdu'd,
Are, by my harsher doctrine, all renew'd
Into your cup some bitter draught I throw,
Yet still, my friend, believe me not your foe;
No; I would fix your footsteps firm, and sure,
In fact, in reason, as in thought, secure;
I grieve to see thee, thus, with heedless eye,
On Pleasure's wing to deep destruction fly.

FINIS

A N T I - L U C R E T I U S .

B O O K II.

BLAME not my care, nor, **QUINTIUS**, think it hard,
 The charms regretting of your **FAVOURITE BARD**,
 That those sad fears, his eloquence subdu'd,
 Are, by my harsher doctrine, all renew'd.
 Into your cup some bitter drugs I throw,
 Yet still, my friend, believe me not your foe:
 No; I would fix your footsteps, firm, and sure,
 In fact, in reason, as in thought, secure:
 I grieve to see thee, thus, with heedless eye,
 On Pleasure's wing to deep destruction fly.

Trust

Trust not the aspect of the present hour;
 An adder often lurks beneath a flow'r,
 The herb is often best for human use,
 That yields the fourest, most unpleasing juice.
 Alternate changes must to Man befall,
 And Time, and Chance, are incident to all:
 Pleasure, and Pain, in various folds entwin'd,
 Join'd by the closest links, enchain mankind.
 I've seen, when wintry blasts have bar'd the trees,
 The naked branches bow their heads, and freeze;
 Again, when spring it's genial warmth supplies,
 Shoot forth their leaves, expanding to the skies.
 I've seen the vessel, proud with swelling sails,
 Fill'd with soft zephyr's bland, propitious gales,
 O'er the smooth, marble surface lightly sweep—
 Dash on a rock, and plunge beneath the deep.

I never wish'd thee, with too credulous ear,
 T'imbibe my doctrine, till it's proofs were clear:
 This was, alone, my honest, friendly part,
 From powerful magick to defend your heart;
 Left, to the simple grace of Virtue blind,
 False, flattering charms should fascinate your mind,

And headstrong Passion lead your sense astray,
 Far from Truth's narrow, straight, and even way:
 Grand is the palace, pointed by your GUIDE,
 But try the pillars that support it's pride.

First EPICURUS (after having driv'n
 Far from his System all the host of Heav'n)
 Two self-subsisting principles lays down,
 Eternal, whence the universe has grown;
 Minuteft bodies, and a space employ'd
 To grant them motion; Atoms, and a VOID.
 For thus he argues; did no vacant space
 Afford, to bodies mov'd, an empty place,
 No motion then could ever be allow'd,
 But things must stand compress'd into a crowd;
 Because each impulse, urging on their course,
 Would meet resistance equal to it's force:
 Thus through all Nature sterile Sloth must creep,
 And the whole universe be lock'd in sleep.
 These vacant spaces are in all things found,
 In some they're scarce, in others they abound:
 Solids and liquids, bodies dense and rare,
 From this distinction all their difference bear;

In dense, or solid, little vacuum dwells,
 Liquid, and rare, are fraught with hollow cells.
 Unchang'd, unmov'd, unbounded, unrestrain'd,
 By time, or limit, is this Vacuum feign'd:
 In height, in depth, in length, in breadth, immense,
 Yet not a body palpable to sense;
 So that it wants but intellect, to be
 Worthy our vows, a perfect Deity.
 Within the Vacuum's ample bosom roves,
 An Host of Atoms, which for ever moves;
 Rapid, and fierce, with adverse fronts they fight,
 A deathless band, unnumber'd, infinite;
 And did intelligence but aid the fraud,
 This Host of Atoms, too, might be a God.

"NOTHING FROM NOUGHT CAN BE PRODUC'D AT ALL,
 "NOR AUGHT," he says, "CAN E'ER TO NOTHING FALL."
 Wherefore his seeds eternal he has fram'd,
 And for them all immortal being claim'd;
 All things are form'd of seeds with seeds involv'd,
 And all must perish, when that tie's dissolv'd.
 Solid, and simple, he has made them too,
 Since to their union Body's wholly due;

For

For if not simple that, whence all things rise,
Some other principle beyond it lies ;
And then another may be still behind,
Till, at the last, a single one we find,
Which no division e'er can undergo,
And which on all a being did bestow.

Hence does he hope his atoms to defend,
As uncreated, so without an end;
Still undivided, they must rest, secure,
And to eternity, unhurt, endure.
Simplicity can no destruction breed ;
For from no other cause can Death proceed,
Than loss of one constituent part at least,
That form'd the body, aided by the rest:
An atom, therefore is a PART ; no more,
For within it no parts you can explore ;
We can't well give it, of a WHOLE, the name,
Since parts, or vacuum, enter not it's frame.
Wherefore 'gainst all assaults 'tis strongly steel'd,
And to no penetration can it yield ;
Whene'er so far division may attain,
There it must stop, all further labour's vain.

'Tis most minute: if larger a degree,
 It would have parts, and want simplicity:
 Hence 'tis impalpable; a crowd immense
 Must join their force, to strike the human sense.

These are the SEEDS, whence, Epicurus cries,
 The ample universe did first arise;
 These are the SEEDS, which constant births supply,
 To fill the room of all that daily die.
 Thus bodies, fram'd by casual links, are made,
 No MIND SUPREME requir'd to lend it's aid;
 As Chance hath form'd them, still secure they stay,
 Till Chance shall please to take that form away.
 To operate all th' effects you can desire,
 Figure, and motion 's all the seeds require:
 For while with toil unceasing they're employ'd,
 Through the vast empire of the boundless void,
 Running with swiftest speed the active race,
 And searching every chasm of empty space,
 Oft they must meet, and, varying in their shape,
 Some the embrace will hold, while some escape;
 Those will fly off, rebounding from the blow,
 While these, fast clinging, all together grow:

Hence

Hence natural bodies take their various forms;
 Thus order springs from rude and boisterous storms.
 As when the Sun, in high meridian blaze,
 Through some small opening darts his golden rays,
 Myriads of shining particles appear,
 Whirling together in a wild career;
 Some fly direct along th' extended beam,
 With rapid motion others cross the gleam;
 Nimble, and light, in different shapes they sport,
 Some shun th' embrace, which others seem to court:
 Till, spent with toil, at length they sink to earth;
 Succeeding figures give new movements birth.

Nor does thy MASTER tempt thee to believe,
 That forms unnumber'd these small seeds receive;
 A certain limit to their forms is found,
 In this respect they are by number bound:
 But the vast flock of each peculiar kind,
 No line can limit, nor can number bind.
 Thus, for an instance, take the cubes, and spheres,
 Of each the number infinite appears;
 But all th' infinities of seeds that roll,
 Give but two thousand figures in the whole:

Or

Or three, or four: no matter what the sum,
 If within number all the variance come.
 So are the seeds, whence different plants arise,
 Largely diversified, in shape, and size;
 But though unnumber'd through the world you feign
 Plants of the mountain, garden, or the plain,
 And say no sum their vast amount can hold,
 Yet all the various sorts may well be told:
 Hence to the species you may fix a line,
 Though individuals, still, no bounds confine.
 Thus, through the different nations of the earth,
 Some simple sounds to various words gave birth;
 Whence the most copious languages have sprung,
 And all the wonderful magick of the tongue:
 Nor yet their powers exhausted; human use
 From the same stores new treasures may produce:
 So finite yielding infinite we view,
 The words unnumber'd, though the sounds are few.
 Thus, from a common shepherd's simple reed,
 What varying strains of melody proceed!
 Thus the shrill flute, with notes no more than seven,
 Can pour forth all the harmony of heaven.
 This by the noble art is also shewn,
 Which makes the wealth of antient times our own;

Which can fair Truth in lasting garb inrobe,
 And spread her maxims wide o'er all the globe:
 For each compositor, whose careful hand
 Selects the types, that rang'd in order stand,
 Justly distributed in various cells,
 Where human learning, rude, in embryo dwells,
 Forms all the words, that science can explore,
 Or tongue pronounce, of letters twenty four:
 Then, when the types in beauteous rows are plac'd,
 And every line of knowledge strongly brac'd,
 The labouring press, screw'd down upon the frame,
 Stamps on the page the sable mark of Fame.
 So that the self-same letter, barely chang'd
 In situation, differently arrang'd,
 With various shapes delights our wondering eyes,
 And to new words for ever may give rise.
 Thus, by connections, varied without end,
 On a few figures endless works depend.

But if the seeds, recoiling from the shock,
 In mutual, fond embrace refuse to lock;
 No being harsh discordance can bestow,
 Vain was the stroke, no offspring thence can grow:

From

From such repulsion, hatred springs, and strife,
 All the disputes, and broils, that poison life:
 But if, on sudden contact, they incline,
 In Love's soft union kindly to combine;
 Quick consummation to the world they prove,
 By a new creature, produce of their love.
 Perhaps a partial difference there may be,
 Between the seeds; in part they may agree:
 When thus together but by halves they cleave,
 As less, or more, interstices they leave,
 The body, springing from such cool regard,
 Is light, or heavy, fluid, soft, or hard.
 If the united atoms closely cling,
 Stiff, stubborn bodies from their union spring;
 If slight th' embrace, the flimsy texture bends,
 Nor from the gentlest touch it's shape defends.
 Sour tastes are form'd when forked atoms meet,
 But round, and polish'd seeds give birth to sweet.

Nor must I leave the Motion unexplain'd,
 By which, he tells us, all these ends are gain'd.
 The motion's natural; of themselves they fall,
 For GRAVITY's a principle in all:

With

With equal speed it's laws they all obey,
 Since nought, in vacuo, interrupts their way.
 Each atom tumbles headlong from the skies,
 Each forms with each it's union as it flies:
 If in it's motion one should chance to strike
 Against another, shap'd and siz'd unlike,
 Instant rebounding with elastick force,
 Back to the skies it points it's rapid course;
 Then falls alternate, labouring in the fight,
 Till, match'd at length, 'tis tempted to unite.
 Thus to the sun, and moon, and stars of Heav'n,
 Wandering or fix'd, a casual birth is giv'n;
 Each owes it's being to th' atomick dance,
 The child of Fortune, and the sport of Chance:
 The same self-moving principles conspire,
 And form, by Chance, earth, water, air, and fire.
 Nor stops the bold INVENTOR tamely here,
 But madly urges on his wild career,
 Makes his lov'd atoms vegetate in fruits,
 Nay, gives them life, and breathes them into brutes,
 Then into men; ev'n scales the blest'd abodes,
 Fraught with his seeds, and molds them into Gods.
 (For Gods he suffers to exist, not reign,
 A herd, immortal, impotent, and vain,

N

Despoil'd

Despoil'd of every attribute divine,
 Slothful, and idle, careless, and supine.)
 Hence he maintains the soul of man must die,
 Born with the body to like destiny:
 Matter, and motion, he accounts for, clear
 Of that first cause, which ought to excite our fear.

Such is his doctrine: let us search it's ground,
 Diving with care in mysteries so profound,
 By slow degrees those principles unfold,
 In which your SAGE all being has inroll'd;
 Then judge the bold conclusions which he draws,
 To free mankind from Heav'n's eternal laws:
 For, if his tenets all are just, and right,
 No more the Thunderer's terrors need affright;
 But if, on scrutiny, they prove untrue,
 QUINTIVS, we must believe, and tremble too.

First, I beseech thee, my deluded friend,
 To all his wily fallacies attend;
 See him pay worship, in the self-same hour,
 To his feign'd Gods, and rob them of their pow'r:
 O! shame to ATHENS! could such arts as these
 Pass undetected, or, detected, please!

Truth

Truth is; alarm'd at SOCRATES's doom,
 By base injustice sentenc'd to the tomb,
 Scar'd at PROTAGORAS' fate, so lately known,
 Condemn'd for tenets not unlike his own,
 His impious thoughts he did not dare betray,
 Nor drive, at once, the useless Gods away.
 Yet, that in fact they might not long remain,
 He made them poor, ridiculous, and vain:
 Far from the confines of this earthly world,
 To intermundane regions they were hurl'd;
 There, in eternal, undisturb'd repose,
 Th' immortal sluggards were allow'd to doze,
 Passive, nay ignorant quite of human race,
 Idle possessors of an empty space.
 Left, with the vulgar, others should be brought;
 To think, ev'n here, he spoke just what he thought,
 Not merely for the people; how he strove,
 His faith, by contradictions, to disprove!
 I pass the dreaming, dull, lethargick ease,
 The somnolency, which consum'd their days:
 On one grand principle his dogmas roll,
 That VOID, AND ATOMS, OCCUPY THE WHOLE;
 'Tis clear, this mighty secret once disclos'd,
 All things, of Void, and Atoms, are compos'd;

Being to each from crowded atoms came,
Which, disunitèd, straight dissolve the frame;
Thus all must perish, soon, or late at best,
Though his Gods sleep, his Atoms never rest:
By his own laws his deities to try,
If born of atoms, they were born to die.
Now, EPICURUS, own thy true intent,
Thy Gods were but as mere chimæras meant:
When thou hadst giv'n them bodies, understood,
Though not express'd so; and instead of blood,
Hadst pour'd a sacred fluid in their veins,
Finer than that which human life sustains;
Yet lent them weak and feeble limbs; and then
Stamp'd on them all the form of mortal men;
How couldst thou hope, whate'er thy tale design'd,
With such gross fictions to abuse mankind?
But, QUINTIUS, let th' ATHENIAN use his skill,
And argue for his Gods which way he will:
They must be either minds divinely pure;
Our's then without a body may endure;
Or else corporeal; our's corporeal too,
May share th' immortal life they have in view.
Thus does he vainly study to disguise
The snake that deep within his garden lies:

Thus

Thus does his stately edifice, o'erthrown
By his own hand, in ruins tumble down.

Now let us fairly scan this EMPTY SPACE,
Without whose aid nought e'er could change it's place;
In whose eternal, vast, capacious womb,
MATTER were form'd, and there must find a tomb,
Did not, as justly, matter claim to be
An equal partner in eternity.
What is this Vacuum, thus announc'd by fame,
Unmark'd by bounds, invariably the same,
Sprung from no temporal, no corporeal source,
But self-subsisting by it's proper force?
(Perhaps you'll think th' alternative is odd)
It can be NOTHING, or it must be GOD.
For, EPICURUS, to this specious void,
So much throughout Creation's works employ'd,
Enrich'd with God's chief attributes, say why
POWER, and INTELLIGENCE, you still deny?
Whatever being of itself exists,
That being by necessity subsists,
Such as it is: if space may here be rang'd,
As self-existent; then 'tis self-unchang'd,

Self-

Self-infinite, self-boundless; and beside,
 By self to self are mind, and power denied:
 Some strong, substantial reason should be found,
 Whereon a certain argument to ground,
 Why this immense, immortal, endless space,
 Can't, with such gifts, for mind, and power find place;
 Why, as it can alone itself controul,
 It yet should want both vigour, and a soul.
 Are they repugnant to it's essence, say?
 If not repugnant, why are they away?

Sure no repugnance can there ever be,
 'Mongst qualities, which all so well agree,
 That in the strictest union they abide,
 Too firm for force, or cunning to divide:
 What of itself exists, in every light,
 It can be view'd in, must be infinite;
 Not merely in duration, and extent,
 But so in all respects that can be meant:
 Within it's circle it must comprehend
 All possible perfections without end:
 It's very nature is to be; whate'er
 Through the wide universe we see, or hear,

Whate'er now is, whate'er can be contriv'd,
 Is either it, or else from it deriv'd:
 What foreign, therefore, what internal cause
 Can cramp its essence by restrictive laws?
 Ev'n in imperfect, feeble man we find
 Some native strength, some particle of mind:
 Man is not self-existent; you confess
 Your Vacuum is, and shall it's powers be less?
 Make your election: it must either be,
 Born of itself, a perfect Deity:
 Or, this denied, you surely must allow,
 It can be nothing, but a body now:
 Deny it body, then I'll prove it nought,
 With every attribute of nothing fraught:
 For instance; take your atoms, leave the void,
 Nothing remains, all being is destroy'd:
 With atoms all, in vacuo, you can do,
 May just as well be done, in nothing, too:
 Your vacuum, uncreated, I will own;
 Nothing is nothing of itself alone:
 'Tis fix'd, and motionless, I must agree,
 And to all bodies yields a passage free;
 How can that move, which does not ev'n exist?
 Or how can nothing Motion's force resist?

Yes,

Yes, 'tis immortal; how can that have done,
Whose course of being never was begun?
Immense, no doubt; what measure can be brought
To take the breadth, and altitude of nought?
But you, LUCRETIUS, with yourself at war,
Fix to your doctrine contradiction's bar;
Making, in that dark gulph, which holds them all,
Your headlong atoms toward the bottom fall:
Immense the space, where can it's bottom lie?
Recoiling then, you say, they mount on high,
And toward the top return with eager haste:
Where can the top of space immense be plac'd?
O inconsistent Reasoner! thou 'ast denied
Thy boundless void a centre, or a side;
'Gainst those the shafts of ridicule thou 'ast hurl'd,
Who build up walls, and ramparts to the world;
And to 'scape laughter shalt thou find pretence,
Thou blundering measurer of a space immense?
Who first describe what parts can never know,
And then distinguish higher parts from low?
No longer, now, your Void immense pretend,
Without beginning, and without an end;
This Void, for which both height, and depth you've claim'd,
Bottom, and top, and several stories fram'd!

I think

I think these arrows piercing; subtle man,
Keep off this pointed javelin, if you can.
Behold a falling atom, as you say,
From distance infinite, describe it's way;
Bid it to stop; with retrogressive force,
Urge it quite back to whence it took it's course;
How soon, dost think, it may regain it's place?
"Never: No time can measure endless space."
Never?—Then all thy mystery's brought to light,
The space it travers'd must have been finite.

Shouldst thou, besides, the vacant space suppose,
Which seeds of things, but loosely join'd, inclose,
And, as it were, in durance strict controul,
To be a part of Vacuum's mighty whole:
As, in surrounding caves, th' imprison'd air
Is still a portion of the atmosphere:
That part is then divided from the rest,
Which other circling atoms hold compress'd;
So that your Void may be distinctly trac'd,
Though separate parts, without each other plac'd:
Matter, and it, in this so well agree,
If it exists, a body it must be;

O

Whate'er,

Whate'er, of different parts consisting, swells
 Into one being, can be nothing else.
 Or, to avoid this inference, shouldst thou chuse
 Parts to thy Vacuum bluntly to refuse;
 It can't be space: Geometry divides
 Space at the vertex, basis, and the sides;
 Nay, her whole study is, with nicest care,
 The various parts to measure, and compare;
 By scanning all the segments, thus to find
 The powers of figures, separate, or combin'd:
 So that deny division to your Void,
 Reduc'd to nothing, 'tis at once destroy'd.
 Allow it parts, you then must likewise own,
 Each part in order, separate, and alone:
 That, which contains the sun, must differ far
 From that containing any other star;
 Right hand, and left, some difference sure must claim,
 Nor can their parts, respective, be the same:
 All have their stations, and some great first cause
 Has fix'd them there by firm, and settled laws:
 Nay, ev'n some cause has ascertain'd to Space,
 By power compulsive, it's determin'd place;
 Then, if thou canst, that hidden power disclose,
 Able the various portions to dispose,

Throughout immensity ; assign to each
 Bounds, beyond which it ne'er can hope to reach ;
 Place some contiguous, others far remove,
 Some east, some west, some under, some above.
 In Matter, too, the same arrangement known,
 It's cause, hereafter, also must be shewn.

If you contend that Nature did ordain
 A spot to each, in which it should remain ;
 Think what ensues ; Position then must be,
 Not a mere accidental quality,
 But an essential attribute of things,
 Which blended with their very being springs ;
 Annihilation on it's change attends,
 For once remove it, their existence ends.
 That this is false, all kinds of bodies prove ;
 Nay, ev'n your atoms, which you may remove,
 Safe, and unchang'd ; whatever place they fill,
 Each is the same, identically, still.
 But, if no part of Matter e'er demands
 This, or that place, at Nature's plastick hands ;
 Say, why should parts of Space, by native right,
 Enjoy the boon of a peculiar site ?

O 2

I know

Throughout

I know your MASTER gives the parts of space;
 A firm exemption from all change of place;
 And of his favourite Void would have it known,
 That what it is, 'tis of itself alone;
 While bodies all from endless motion rise,
 Of jostling atoms, link'd by casual ties.
 But these loose maxims, unsupported all
 By fact, or reason, to the ground must fall:
 The subtle Sage his doctrine's weakness saw,
 Yet from the world would fain conceal the flaw,
 By bold assertions, though with truth at odds;
 Such was his ardour to dethrone the Gods I
 Not self-existent, Space, I've prov'd by this,
 That, of itself, it is not what it is:
 Now I demand a solid reason, why
 It's parts dispos'd in such arrangement lie?
 Say, how they first obtain'd their proper site,
 Why those at left hand are not at the right?
 He, who denies the universe a God,
 For other causes, here, in vain may plod.
 The parts of space might other sites obtain,
 Yet space itself in safety still remain:
 'Tis but a mode; admit a mode, and you,
 Of course, admit a moderator too:

Hence

Hence space is subject to Creation's laws,
Fram'd by a greater, an all-powerful cause.

But Number's elements, you say, are fix'd;
Not one can ever be expung'd or mix'd,
Jumbled in wild confusion with the rest;
Each keeps the post it always has possess'd:
Five, between four, and six, for ever found,
By it's own native strength maintains it's ground.
So, too, the different parts of Time preserve
Th' essential order, whence they never swerve:
Still must the future to the past give way,
Nor can tomorrow e'er precede to day.
Thus wouldst thou prove thy Vacuum to repose
In that fix'd state, which to itself it owes.

With Time, and Number, Space you may compare,
And their whole essence similar declare;
Aspects of things, mere modes, and simple names,
None of the three a real being claims.
But Space you make a substance, firm, and free,
Form'd of itself from all eternity;
Distinct from Matter you would have it prov'd,
The seat of motion; though itself unmov'd;

You say, all seeds of bodies it contains,
And for their movements spreads it's boundless plains.
Why, since for Space such ample rights you claim,
For Time, and Number, urge you not the same?

NUMBER is but ideal, merely springs
From an assemblage of substantial things;
We give it parts, in gradual ranks dispos'd,
Thus parted once, all further parting's clos'd :
This serves a certain rule to make it known,
What comes from often adding one to one;
And tells, with equal certainty, what comes
From adding sums to more collected sums.
But since this mode with strictest truth applies,
To all things ris'n, to all things yet to rise ;
Struck with it's use, imagination warms,
And a mere phantom into substance forms ;
Our minds, with easy, free assent, agree,
All being's common measure, sure, must be.
Thus you're induc'd, full rashly, to decide,
Space a firm being, infinitely wide,
Detach'd from Matter ; just because you find
Space with all bodies constantly combin'd.

So TIME, which ever flies on rapid wings,
Is ever perishing, yet newly springs,
Whose fostering influence daily brings to light
Things, which before lay hid in blackest night,
Whose gulph unfathom'd swallows up, and drowns
Art's works, and Nature's, nations, and their towns,
Still in youth's bloom, and vigour, we behold,
Green in his age, though full of years, not old.
Our fathers call'd him SATURN, and bestow'd
A fatal scythe upon the angry God,
With which he dealt destruction every hour,
And in his rage his offspring would devour.
Yet shouldst thou strive to separate, ev'n in thought,
Time from the things it rules, it sinks to nought.
Although by minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
In accurate measure, Time distinct appears;
'Tis but the things themselves we bring to test,
Measuring, by time, their motion, or their rest.
But since each being through the world is known,
To hold a fix'd duration of it's own;
All these durations, spread o'er every clime,
We form into one general mass of time:
This mass, thus form'd, we hardily defend,
As independent, and secure from end.

Like

Like some great wheel, which, rolling o'er the ground,
On it's own axis rapidly turns round,
It's rising power throws up huge heaps of sand,
It's falling force restores them to the strand.
Or like some mighty river's copious flow,
Whose waters health, and fruitfulness bestow,
While o'er the banks they pour prolifick tides,
Yet sap beneath, corroding at the sides,
Were Time, whose parts together never stay,
But drive each other, one by one, away,
Whose fleeting moments perish as they rise,
Time, which, at best, is only born, and dies—
Were Time a being; still, as quick as thought,
Springing from nothing, it must sink to nought.
This is absurd in reason, nor would you,
Ev'n for your System's sake, admit it true.
Assume it certain, then, that Time, and Space,
In real essence hold no kind of place;
Such things, existing, no where canst thou find,
But as imagin'd merely in the mind;
Fictions of thought, which common use allows,
Which Fancy claims, but Nature disavows,
Were there no world, no substance did we see,
Nor Space, nor Time, you'll own, could ever be.

Time's

Time's the duration of inconstant things,
And Space from body's distance solely springs;
Their being Distance, and Duration owe
But to the substances, from which they flow;
Though to each mode you give a different name,
Yet with it's substance it is still the same.

The place containing, still you will maintain,
From it's contents affords a difference plain;
For, take the body from the place assign'd
To hold it first, the place remains behind.
I say, by no means: True, it seems to stay,
Because those bodies are not mov'd away,
Which compass'd all around the body gone;
That single body has retir'd alone:
But the true place, which is but the extent,
The space of body, with the body went:
If place is e'er in common phrase applied,
As to the thing that fills it unallied;
Merely to signify, 'twill then be found,
The circling bodies, which that thing surround.
As thus a river's place may well be said
To lie between the banks that form it's bed;

P

Though

Though the vague river may forsake the plain,
 And yet the banks, and channel still remain.
 Thus for a sword the scabbard we assign,
 As it's true place: a bottle thus for wine.
 'Tis but a term made use of to declare
 The different sites, which things at present bear;
 And to express, that, where one thing we see,
 At the same time no other thing can be.
 In vain poor Sophistry her queries brings,
 " If place be the circumference of things?
 " Or the close surface, touching their extremes?
 " Or some feign'd medium, which she never names?"
 PLACE is the individual Body, bound
 By it's own figure stamping it around.

Oft as your visionary mind's employ'd,
 From solid matter to divide your void,
 Though you may call it empty, open, vain,
 Free for all bodies entrance to obtain,
 Ev'n by this act of separation, you
 Make it a firm, and solid body too:
 For, of your atoms take twice twenty score,
 Or any given number, less, or more;

These

These in a form exactly spherical place,
 And at the centre leave a vacant space:
 Such as, when rain comes rattling from the skies,
 On the vex'd waters empty bubbles rise:
 The vacant space within this hollow sphere
 Must, like it's mold, in spherical form appear;
 Then may right lines, throughout the space inclos'd,
 Be drawn from every point to points oppos'd;
 These through the centre all must mark their way,
 And numerous angles in their course display.
 Thus is your Vacuum measur'd; long, and wide,
 As well as body 'tis, and deep beside:
 Distinct it's figure will be always found,
 Stamp'd by those atoms which compress it round:
 Wine in a bowl a form rotund must wear,
 And a square's area must be ever square.
 Your Vacuum's then a body; every light
 Shews it a solid body to your sight;
 It bears division, takes a thousand shapes,
 And every property of matter apes.
 Circles, and squares, in it you may describe,
 And mark each figure of the conick tribe,
 Prove their respects by demonstration clear,
 And fix within the cylinder the sphere.

Whate'er DESCARTES, BARNOLLI, LEIBNITZ taught,
 With their great Masters' learned treasures fraught,
 HIPPOCRATES, and EUCLID; all the laws,
 With wonderous skill, which ARCHIMEDES draws,
 From various powers of figure; these may you
 Shew in your Void compriz'd, and prove them true.
 And as, in blocks of solid marble fix'd,
 Unnumber'd figures lie confus'dly mix'd,
 Waiting, conceal'd, the skilful workman's hand,
 Ready to start to life at his command,
 When his keen knife has par'd the veil away,
 Which hides their beauties from the face of day:
 So, fill'd with forms, this mighty mass of space,
 Which you call void, does in it's breast embrace
 All kinds of images; although they rise,
 Not to corporeal, but to mental eyes.

Nay, as for Matter's parts I shall contend,
 And trust to prove, division without end;
 So for the parts of Space, you must confess,
 The least imagin'd may be still made less.
 No particle so little can be feign'd,
 Not to touch those, by which it is contain'd;

For instance, two it hinders to unite,
 One on it's left, another on it's right;
 Between them both it's body it intrudes,
 Both from the spot it occupies excludes:
 Therefore, unless you would the whole confound,
 The things surrounded with the things around,
 The middle particle you must divide,
 Yielding on either hand a different side:
 Further, in thought, must this division go,
 'Tis touch'd above, 'tis also touch'd below:
 Are more contiguous? then to each of those
 It, singly, must a different side oppose.
 Art thou amaz'd?—How many parts find place,
 In the minutest particle of Space?
 You must admit, ev'n in your own defence,
 The parts unnumber'd, if the whole's immense.
 Grant from Earth's centre a right line to run,
 To Heav'n quite through the body of the Sun;
 Then move that end, which reaches to the skies,
 From it's first point, in length an atom's size;
 (Here, for a moment, I beg leave to claim,
 For Space's smallest particle, that name:)
 On this remove the motion must extend,
 Through the whole line entire, from end to end;

Yet

Yet no two parts with equal swiftneſs move;
 And no two arches co-extenſive prove;
 In gradual wane each part will move more ſlow,
 As toward the centre of the earth you go,
 The centre of their motion; ſoar on high,
 Each part moves quicker as you reach the ſky;
 Below the Sun each arch is leſs by far,
 Than thoſe deſcrib'd above his fiery car;
 Nearer to Earth, diminifh'd, all confeſs
 A flighter form, and ſink from leſs to leſs;
 Till at it's centre into nought they fall,
 A point unmeaſur'd terminates them all:
 Lo! then that atom, which the line's extreme
 Paſſ'd fairly over, in the Heav'ns ſupreme,
 Does in it's form as many parts combine,
 As different arches mark'd the moving line.
 What! If through boundleſs ſpace the line you ſtretch,
 Beyond the Heav'ns, beyond where thought can reach?
 (For to ſuch heights, you ſay, that Space extends,
 No where begins, and no where ever ends:)
 What to this atom's parts ſhall then give laws?
 Where can it's infinite diviſion pauſe?
 Say, who can now, to clear conviction blind,
 'Twixt Space, and Matter, any difference find?

“ Yes : Vacuum’s penetrable ;” still you cry,
 “ Which quality to Matter all deny.”
 Nay, but it is not : How can Matter claim
 That sole exemption ? Vacuum has the same.
 The parts of Vacuum, you confess, to be
 Clear, and distinct, from all confusion free :
 Confound them once, into a point they run,
 And all extension is for ever gone :
 Therefore they can’t each other penetrate.
 You say, from bodies they sustain that fate :
 And so do bodies, you admit, from them :
 Dost thou, as penetrable, those condemn ?
 Whatever substance clearly is compos’d
 Of separate parts, in various ranks dispos’d,
 Though different beings may its form pervade,
 Is yet of seeds impenetrable made.
 On these firm principles, you must avow,
 Your Void a body, or mere nothing, now.

Wouldst thou the nature, then, of Space explore ?
 Space is but body’s measure, and no more.
 Although no Void existed, ne’ertheless,
 Matter might have a being, thou’lt confess :

For

For they're of different natures; each alone,
 Self-made, self-seated on Perfection's throne:
 But every part of Matter must have place,
 Nor can exist, without the aid of Space;
 For Matter must, essentially, extend,
 And all extension Space must comprehend.
 This to the Vacuum Matter does not owe,
 That her parts, too, no penetration know:
 Then, as a property, she holds, enjoy'd,
 Another Space, distinguish'd from the Void,
 By force innate, compell'd with her to stay,
 Ev'n though the Void were banish'd quite away.
 If to the Space, which Matter still attends,
 Which with the essence of each body blends,
 That other Space, call'd Vacuum, thou unite,
 Behold, two Spaces spring at once to light!
 To Reason yielding, one thou must exclude,
 Nor thus superfluous things on things obtrude:
 'Tis now too late thy Void to introduce,
 It finds no office, and can know no use:
 Were I t'assert that Matter took it's rise,
 From this same Void, which you so highly prize;
 Ev'n thou thyself wouldst contradict the thought,
 Because that Matter, then, must rise from Nought.

Wouldst

Wouldst thou a knowledge, by example, gain,
Of something, like thy Vacuum, void, and vain?
Search with thine eyes that sun-oppoſing wall,
And let their rays on yonder Dial fall;
There, fix'd at meaſur'd intervals, behold
The ſhining figures ſtamp each hour with gold.
Thou ſee'ſt the gnomon's dark, projecting ſhade,
By ſlow degrees the glistening plain invade:
Think'ſt thou not, where the ſhadowy veil extends,
The ſteel ſome blackneſs from it's body ſends?
The ſhadow's nothing: though it ſtrike thy fight,
'Tis mere privation of the beams of light;
Which, by the gnomon intercepted, find
No room t'illuminate what lies behind:
The part eclips'd deſcribes it's gradual way,
And marks the motion of the waning day.

“ Diſtinct from Matter if no Space exiſts,”
You ſay, “ No rule of meaſure, then, ſubſiſts;
“ Nor e'er can body's diſtance be obtain'd,
“ Nor ev'n it's bulk precisely aſcertain'd:
“ If Space be not immoveable confeſs'd,
“ We want a model, then, of perfect Reſt;

Q With

“ With which all Motion, first, we may compare,
“ And, thence, it's nature, and degrees declare.
“ Places themselves will mutual sities exchange,
“ And wild confusion all the world derange :
“ Nor will the point, whence bodies move, appear
“ Plainly, nor that, to which they tend, be clear.”
This reasoning, *QUINTIUS*, now esteem'd so strong,
Thou shalt not hold irrefragable long.
In vain for bodies would thy rules devise
A certain, absolute, essential size :
Those, which are little to the naked eye,
Ev'n through a convex glass, increas'd, we spy;
Seen through a microscope their form extends,
And on it's shape their magnitude depends.
Oft, where a single star we think we view,
The faithful telescope discovers two,
Shews them divided from each other far,
And points distinct the space 'twixt star, and star :
Distance had blended both the stars in one,
And, through confusion too, the space was gone :
The point of view contracts, or lengthens things,
And from it's changes Space's variance springs.
Wilt thou, then, vainly strive t'affix to space
A measure, which in body finds no place?

Body's

Body's fix'd measure to attempt to gain
 By Space, is labour, as absurd, as vain :
 Greatness, and smallness, from relation grow,
 No positive existence can they know :
 Body with Body, Space with Space compare,
 Their different sizes, then, you may declare.
 Thus, by relation too, when bodies move,
 Their various movements easily you prove :
 No need throughout the universe to range
 Points, which their settled stations ne'er can change ;
 Such only let Imagination fix ;
 Then let the neighbouring bodies never mix,
 Confus'dly varying places ; though they may,
 All in continued ranks, pursue their way.
 Along the vessel's deck, from stern to head,
 From head to stern, behold the sailor tread ;
 Whether becalm'd, or kind, propitious gales,
 With prosperous breezes fill the swelling sails,
 Or circling eddies whirl the ship around,
 The same in number will his steps be found.
 Refer them to the ship ; they're equal all,
 And none without the line of order fall :
 Refer them to the sea ; and then they're made,
 Now right, now curve, direct, or retrograde :

But add the motion of the earth beside,
 To the rough tossing of the boisterous tide;
 Then for their shapes what measures canst thou find!
 What figures intricate must be combin'd!
 Ye without all these references we know
 Their nature well; for common sense can shew
 The steps as taken. Hence it must appear
 Thy Space unmov'd is wholly useless here.

Now with precision, far beyond a doubt,
 The sense of that word, VACUUM, is made out:
 All body's absence, literally, it means;
 Imagin'd absence, which our fancy feigns:
 While the fond mind, deceiv'd by shadows, clings,
 Not to the things themselves, but modes of things;
 And in fallacious contemplation bent,
 On the abstract idea of EXTENT,
 Closely against the body shuts our eyes,
 Which holds it with indissoluble ties.
 The like deception too our mind obeys,
 When Number, and when fleeting Time we raise
 To real being: let us once explore
 Their subtle frame; they're modes, and nothing more.

Since

Since by the mind it is distinctly seen,
 That, where one is, another might have been;
 It forms, while things, alternate, rise, and fall,
 One common, grand receptacle for all:
 This gulph ideal, quite from body free,
 Of Space immensurate, it seems to see;
 And, though no motion Space itself can prove,
 Thinks that in Space's bosom all things move.
 As if th' ALMIGHTY BUILDER of the world
 'Midst dire confusion must his works have hurl'd,
 Had he not, first, for each design'd a place,
 And, before Substances, created Space.
 Absurd, and monstrous! Fancy, loos'd from rein,
 Throws over Nature this fictitious chain:
 'Twixt place, and body, no more difference lies,
 Than thou canst make 'twixt body, and it's size.
 Bodies their place about them ever bring;
 Space is a mere relation, not a thing.
 Thus every thing may easily be prov'd
 To bear it's centre, wheresoever mov'd;
 This point, wherever borne, does always claim
 The midst, is still unshaken, still the same.
 What is this centre? Substance, fix'd, at rest,
 Firm, independent, of itself possess'd?

No: 'tis a point ideal, whither tend
 The circle's radii all, and where they end.
 Form'd of imaginary points, like these,
 Your Space immortal rests at endless ease!
 Such are th' unreal, shadowy parts you've chose,
 Your vain, fictitious, Vacuum to compose!
 Yes; 'tis a phantom, this thy boasted Void,
 A mighty nothing, by a blast destroy'd!
 The great ATHENIAN TEACHER, who denied
 That being e'er could be from nought supplied,
 While all his substances with Void he fills,
 In all mere empty nothingness infills:
 When in their veins a Vacuum he would fix,
 And thus with solid bodies, nothing mix;
 Two different ways his jarring tenets pull,
 Howe'er unwilling, he makes ALL THINGS FULL.

His doctrine some philosophers embrace,
 And strive to separate Matter, still, from Space,
 Although they freely, and sincerely own,
 Of Space, and Matter, God the cause alone.
 How can they thus support the Sophist's fraud,
 Who fram'd his Vacuum but to banish God?

Who

Who so contriv'd it's properties, and laws,
As to admit no prime, superior cause?
And all whose reasons, brought to prove it true,
Prove it's existence necessary too?

Hear what he says himself: " Did God create
" Space out of nought, on him depends it's fate ;
" Part he may, then, reduce to nought again,
" If he should please, and let the rest remain ;
" Were to that end Omnipotence employ'd,
" A chasm would gape, a Void within the Void.
" But yet that part of Space, you think decay'd,
" Survives the ruins Fancy's dreams have made ;
" For the same distance still, you plainly find,
" Between the parts preserv'd, is left behind ;
" The Space is, therefore, as it was before,
" For it but means the distance, nothing more :
" If Space can ne'er by power divine be brought
" To nought again, it never sprung from nought."

Thus, EPICURUS, while you but pretend
Your Vacuum's mere existence to defend,
You raise it far above Creation's laws,
And make itself it's own efficient cause:
Stripping the Gods, with fell malignant joy,
Of active powers, their being you destroy.

Art thou then worthy, thus with Heav'n who war,
 Such chiefs to bind to thy triumphal car,
 As sharp GASSENDI, and so many more,
 With pious hearts who Heav'n's great Lord adore!

But these object: "Should God's all-powerful will,
 " Able, at once, to make alive, or kill,
 " In chamber pent annihilate the air,
 " And yet the chamber, that contain'd it, spare;
 " Would not that chamber, it's contents destroy'd,
 " Within it's compass circumscribe a Void?"

I say, by no means: for, if all we know,
 Empty or full, to God their being owe,
 As well he may the Void annihilate,
 As doom his creature, Matter, to it's fate.
 " Should He in fact destroy it, what befalls,"
 You ask with confidence, " the chamber walls?"
 Thus I retort: Whatever state they claim,
 The air destroy'd; they now possess the same,
 If then the air, which does those walls divide,
 Perish entire, by body unsupplied,
 The whole's extinct, Space can no more remain,
 Though it's survival, still, you idly feign;
 With

With falling body Space must also fall,
 For 'tis to body that it owes it's all:
 So, be the thing consum'd, which Number bore,
 The poor dependent, Number, is no more.
 "What then the walls can separate?" Nought, I say;
 Just as if God had snatch'd the Void away.
 But LOCKE here urges, that "The walls don't touch;
 "Whate'er their former distance, just as much,
 "Between those opposite, may now be prov'd;
 "For 'twas allow'd the walls remain'd unmov'd."
 But LOCKE agreed, that Space itself to nought
 By power divine might at a word be brought:
 Does Space no longer, therefore, intervene?
 'Tis clear that nothing can be left between.
 You'll say, perhaps, this nothing is your Void:
 Sure, if it is, your Vacuum's quite destroy'd;
 For you confess it a mere nought to be,
 Or else admit it of necessity.
 LOCKE, then, is either press'd to this extreme;
 To curb th' omnipotence of Power Supreme;
 And madly with th' ATHENIAN CHIEF combine,
 Space to deliver from the Hand Divine:
 (If so, he must to force superior yield,
 Driv'n, with his vanquish'd leader, from the field:)

R

Or,

Or, if he joins with us, and fights for God,
Rashly his feet on hostile ground have trod.

Nor, this vain phantom to oblivion hurl'd,
This fabled Vacuum banish'd from the world,
Think that it's loss an obstacle can prove,
That bodies, robb'd of it, less freely move.
Mark but the nature of the fluid well,
In whose vast ocean plung'd all bodies dwell;
And to your reason manifestly clear,
Movement's great mechanis'm will soon appear.
The parts of liquids, voluble, and round,
With polish'd surfaces, are ever found;
None, or but slender, are the ties that bind
Bodies like these, too smooth to be confin'd;
Each through the rest with ceaseless motion glides,
No hook can fasten on their slippery sides.
Another matter, subt'ler far, and fine
Beyond perception, aids the grand design;
Diffusive ÆTHER, which it's parts instills,
And all interstices completely fills.
Barely to name thee let it now suffice,
And point thy virtues out to mortal eyes.

O vivid matter ! Motion's lively spring !
 Whose praise my Muse is bound so oft to sing !
 By whose keen influence, acting through the whole,
 Expanded motion spreads from pole to pole !
 By this pervaded, bodies learn to bend,
 Yield to the touch, or, pull'd, their shapes extend,
 Soft, and more soft, in every part become,
 As Æther's power predominates in some.
 If, thus immers'd, a body should be stirr'd,
 And through the liquid from it's seat transferr'd,
 In the same instant when the first it leaves,
 A second seat it's moving bulk receives.

“ When body presses body,” you inquire,
 “ To what retreat does that expell'd retire ?”
 Plainly, I answer, to the neighbouring seat,
 From whence it makes the next, in turn, retreat ;
 The next removes another, that drives out
 Another body ; thus they whirl about,
 In mutual contact, closely following still,
 Each pressing hard it's neighbour's place to fill.
 Thus round it's axis rolls the rapid wheel,
 Whose parts compact no discontinuance feel ;

Part follows part, in close connection join'd,
The part more forward press'd by that behind;
No Void they suffer here to intervene,
Nor leave the smallest interval between.
In liquid bodies such are Motion's laws,
Which their perpetual circulation cause.
The parts of liquid bodies, 'tis confess'd,
Can ne'er enjoy a calm, internal rest;
From that consistence, too, they are debar'd,
Which renders solid bodies, firm, and hard;
Yet not a particle detach'd is found,
But other drops the least proportion bound:
Passing from each to each the Motion's such,
That all together move, together touch.
The principles of solids still retain
One fix'd position, by some secret chain;
While those of liquids ever varying flow:
This is the only difference that they know.

Shut in a pipe a watery column stands,
Which, underneath, a close-fix'd plug commands;
Remove the plug, the falling column straight
Sinks to the bottom, by it's proper weight:

Nor

Nor think it's lower part alone descends,
 With equal force the upper downward tends;
 And the whole mass, together firmly pent,
 As one great liquid cylinder takes vent.
 With this a column form'd of air you find,
 Without one open interval, combin'd;
 Which, to the other link'd by nearest ties,
 It's place forsaken gradually supplies;
 The airy column upward shapes it's course,
 Driv'n by the falling water's rapid force;
 And as along the watery mass it glides,
 No gaping Void their mutual touch divides;
 But while the liquid column leaves it's place,
 The air in contact still supplies the Space.

Thus must the liquid ever find a seat,
 Forc'd from it's station, where it may retreat:
 At the same point of time, the place it leaves
 Another body in it's arms receives:
 Because the parts contiguous, all impress'd
 With equal motion, still succeed the rest;
 While some are moving, none can fix'd remain,
 As all are link'd in one continued chain.

Thus

Thus if a staff at one extreme you move,
 The other end will equal motion prove.
 Thus if a rope, which far in length extends,
 You slightly touch at either of its ends,
 Caught by degrees the movement spreads all o'er,
 The trembling cord is shaken more, and more,
 From end to end the bellying curve prevails,
 Like serpents brandishing their sinuous tails.
 Thus in a Watch, each wheel, and every thing,
 Obeys the motion of a single spring;
 Because the parts, in firm connection bound,
 Receive, and spread, its impulse all around,
 No interruptive Void intrudes between,
 But union guides, and works the whole machine.
 Whate'er of liquids I have now made known,
 To their whole body answers not alone,
 But is with strict propriety applied
 To their constituent principles beside.

I know that all, the paths who blindly tread,
 Where your LUCRETIVS marches at their head,
 Who his false doctrine ardently receive,
 And in his feeds implicitly believe,

Which

Which he has feign'd immortal, and unchang'd,
Of different figures, variously arrang'd,
Can by no effort ever comprehend,
How fluid particles together blend,
Although those particles be e'er so small;
Nor how the solid bodies move at all,
Plung'd in a fluid; if they don't suppose
A Void beside, those bodies to inclose.
All kinds of bodies these vain sophists frame
Of seeds eternal, vaunted by the name
Of Atoms, which, in wandering to and fro,
Require some Space to hold them as they go;
Uniting when their various figures cleave,
Various interstices they still must leave;
For where their shapes precisely don't agree,
A gap is left, where body cannot be.
Such is their plea: This empty vacant place,
Pronounce it nothing, or proclaim it Space,
No difference in their system makes, they say,
So from it's realms all body's driv'n away.

Believe me, QUINTIUS, 'tis no wonderous thing,
That from one falsehood many falsehoods spring.

If

If once th' atomick system be destroy'd,
It's ruin draws destruction on the Void:
For on th' unreal, feign'd, atomick ground
His vacant Space does EPICURUS found.
That theory entirely I reject,
And shall it's artful fallacy detect,
When body's first formation I pursue,
So as to bring conviction ev'n to you.
Meanwhile your judgement quietly suspend,
And to sound reason, and to truth attend,
While subtile Æther's attributes I fix,
And shew how ev'n with liquids it can mix.
Not like the atoms of the ROMAN BARD
Are Æther's parts impenetrably hard;
Nor do they always, simple in their frame,
Preserve their figure, and their bulk the same:
But soft, and pliant, ever as they move,
Division on division do they prove,
Ready again each other to embrace,
And every form assume in every place:
Their subtile nature to no Void they owe,
No intervening Vacuum do they know,
Apt to insinuate with the nicest skill,
Each smallest chink they penetrate, and fill;

All empty Space they force at once to flee,
Or rather hinder empty Space to be.

As if you pile together in a mass,
Marbles, or grains of wheat, or chips of brass;
Through the whole heap interstices are seen,
Where solid bodies cannot pass between:
But if a liquid on the top you pour,
Each yawning gap imbibes the plenteous show'r;
Wide through the mass it's piercing drops distill'd
Close up the whole, and every chasm is fill'd.
Now were the seeds of liquids, still unchang'd,
To keep that form, in which they first were rang'd,
Were they for ever to continue round,
How to sharp angles could their way be found?
All forms, no doubt, within them they infold,
Grow long, or flat, and fit in every mold;
Changes by turns to every shape they feel,
As yielding wax obeys th' impressing seal.
Thus when the Sculptor, skill'd in GRECIAN lore,
Following the steps where PHIDIAS trod before,
Some mighty hero's statue means to frame,
In plaster first he models out the same;

S

Then

Then clothes with wax; then hastes the whole to lay
In a deep bed of well-attemper'd clay;
And leaving chinks t'admit the scalding show'rs,
Through the whole mass the liquid metal pours:
Soon melts the wax; the burning metal flies,
And, quick succeeding, all it's room supplies;
With mimick life the brazen statue's warm,
And takes by fusion great ALCIDES' form.

The subtle matter, therefore, well employ'd,
Applies to every purpose of a void;
Form'd to all shapes, to every shock it yields,
And spreads for various movement ample fields:
It's faint resistance is so very small,
Fairly it may be counted none at all:
Though water, thus, resists a falling stone,
Yet, unrepell'd, it's ponderous bulk goes on;
Because the force, exerted to prevent,
Is less than that, which urges it's descent:
Thus Air ne'er forces headlong streams to stay,
But scarce resists them in their rapid way:
Thus too the Air, by Æther unconfin'd,
Pants in the breeze, and rages in the Wind.

Here you object that, "if the world be fill'd,
 " And in no opening part a Void instill'd,
 " Since Matter always, of whatever class,
 " Resists in just proportion to it's mass,
 " A cubick foot, of æther, must infold
 " As much resistance, as of lead, or gold."

QUINTIUS, in this thou'rt totally deceiv'd,
 Resistance never springs as you've believ'd:
 'Tis not the bulk that thus with Motion fights,
 But the firm texture, which it's parts unites.
 Matter, inert, and passive, ne'er can prove,
 As from itself, an obstacle to move;
 But from it's friction, or it's complex ties,
 Or when one motion with another vies:
 For ne'er can Matter hinder Motion's course,
 By active force, oppos'd to active force;
 But apt alike for motion, or for rest,
 Neither it seeks, yet either bears impress'd.

Of bodies some are soft, and others hard,
 Some steal from others motion, and retard
 By slow degrees, or change the course they steer,
 Nay, ev'n arrest them in their full career;

Some to all others yield a passage free,
While some resist in the extreme degree :
These various powers to bodies never come,
From strength of elements, nor from their sum ;
But all entirely on the mode depend,
In which those elements are taught to blend ;
Whether their texture's loosely fram'd, or tough,
Whether their surfaces are smooth, or rough.
Water contains more matter for it's size,
Than in an equal bulk of timber lies ;
Yet in the liquid mass at once you may
Your finger plunge, though wood will not give way :
Metals dissolv'd with ease you penetrate,
Though fraught with matter, as is prov'd by weight :
In subtile texture Mercury yields to Air,
Æther is subt'ler still beyond compare ;
Nor ev'n are Æther's elements unchang'd,
But now more closely, now more loosely rang'd.
Remember all around, above, below,
Liquids, immers'd in other liquids flow ;
Some have than others far a finer frame,
But that which does by far the finest claim,
May yet, whene'er the slightest causes press,
Resolve it's parts, and still grow less and less.

FULNESS.

FULNESS prevailing, then, in every part
 Cannot prohibit motion, but may thwart;
 Sometimes diminishing it's rapid force,
 Or the direction varying of it's course,
 By sharp refraction rendering it perplex'd,
 Or from one thing transferring to the next,
 (While body driv'n through seas of æther rolls)
 Yet still preserving what it thus controuls.
 Bodies compress'd can hardly be destroy'd,
 But what should save them in your fancied Void?
 There all their parts, and elements at large
 From firm, compact connection you discharge;
 When mutual pressure's law no more restrains,
 Soon will the jarring Atoms burst their chains,
 Through desert regions wildly scatter'd fly,
 As dust on wings of whirlwinds mounts the sky.
 For were not bodies close with bodies join'd,
 No ties th' assembled principles could bind,
 Which form those bodies; but, divided all,
 Each in the yawning gulph distinct must fall.
 'Tis to the PLENUM things their hardness owe,
 Consistence nought but pressure can bestow,
 To vacate Space though Fraud, and Violence pull,
 AS A CROWN'D CUP THE UNIVERSE IS FULL.

This truth by fair experiments is known,
As for your clear conviction shall be shewn.
Two hemispheres of polish'd marble join;
So aptly make their flatten'd sides combine,
Along each other as they smoothly slide,
Between their bodies that no air may glide:
When you this point precisely once attain,
To break their bonds all human force is vain;
Matter condens'd, compressing them around,
Holds them in chains indissolubly bound.
'Tis hence the vigorous Swimmer feels the force,
Of struggling waves, oppose his eager course;
Against their power his nervous arms contend,
While hardfetched sighs his labouring bosom rend;
Untir'd with toil, since victory crowns his pains,
The hardy conqueror cleaves the liquid plains.
Pluck from an osier-tree a slender wand,
And, strongly grasping, wave it in your hand;
An arch's form it's curling motion shews,
The air still whizzing, as it comes, and goes;
The harsh shrill sound of opposition proves,
That the vex'd air resists it as it moves.
Thus too, when thunder shakes the rattling skies,
Swift from the clouds the forked lightning flies;

The

The nimble flash anticipates the sound,
Which, flow, and heavy, undulates around;
For fire is sharp, but sound, obtusely dull,
Scarce works a passage through a space that's full.

Why, in the last place, do the rays that run,
From Heav'n to Earth, as darted by the Sun,
Change their direction, while they downward tend,
From the straight path they aim at, forc'd to bend?—
Because the Æther interrupts their race,
By filling up the intermediate space;
And as it offers less, or greater, parts,
Gives less, or more, resistance to the darts:
Those parts, not tamely yielding open way,
Break the right line of every feeble ray,
And each bright particle of radiance force
Slightly to vary it's intended course:
But in a Void refraction ne'er could act,
Since there would there be nothing to refract.
Ev'n liquid bodies too, as well as hard,
Though not so strongly, Motion's speed retard;
Since their round parts in various circles range,
Whene'er their places they're oblig'd to change:

Which

Which could not happen, if, completely broke,
 The liquor, opening on the slightest shock,
 Should to intruders yield a passage free,
 Through gaping paths of mere vacuity.
 'Tis certain then, though bodies move at will,
 That Matter's seeds the Universe must fill:
 Were bodies loosely scatter'd in a Void,
 Their firm contexture would be soon destroy'd;
 Through the vast gulph the seeds would blindly err,
 Unapt to borrow Motion, or transfer.

How shall I tell, absorb'd in deep surprize,
 That he, so learn'd, sagacious, clear, and wise,
 Immortal NEWTON, did the Void embrace,
 And thought each Planet mov'd in empty Space?
 When he beheld the heavenly bodies roll,
 In constant order, through the mighty whole,
 And blazing Comets force their fiery way,
 Back through the skies, against the course of day,
 Pos'd to conciliate either jarring course,
 Ev'n with Fluidity's obstructing force,
 To solve th' appearances, he thought it best,
 That, all æthereal matter quite suppress'd,

Each

Each orb, obedient to some secret cause,
Should move in Vacuo by Attraction's laws.
Such vain conceits could fascinate the man,
Nature's sublimest mysteries born to scan!
The laws of Motion skilful to declare,
And with the actual state of things compare;
Able to place creation in the scale,
And shew how parts o'er subject parts prevail;
A solar beam ingenious to resolve
Into those various tints it's parts involve,
Till all distinct by aid prismatick made,
The seven unchanging colours stand display'd;
In pure, primæval brightness as they shine,
His hand directive marks each bordering line!
How could so accurate an observer feign
An useless Void, not emptier than 'tis vain?
How could he think to have mere nothing brought
Into existence, yet confirm it nought?
For when his new-rai'd Vacuum we explore,
We find it nothing, as it was before.
How could collected Matter hope to pass
Through such a chasm, and yet preserve it's mass?
Attraction's different species I omit,
Different Phænomena contriv'd to hit;

T

And

And GRAVITATION, not to be explain'd,
 Unless by contact Motion is obtain'd,
 While Body, driv'n by Body, holds it's course,
 Still in th' exact direction of the force.
 Of these hereafter. Truth recalls me here,
 For whom, enamour'd of her charms, I fear,
 Left this new shoot of deadly error, rais'd
 By NEWTON's hand, and by GASSENDI prais'd,
 Beneath the shade of such renown should rise,
 And spread it's baneful branches to the skies.
 Let me the licence of opposing claim,
 Fact to mere Fiction, Reason to a Name.

All bodies, moving circularly, try
 From the fix'd centre of their course to fly;
 If nought opposes, rapid is their flight,
 Oppos'd they strive t'escape with all their might.
 The spheres celestial thus, for ever found
 On their own proper axes whirling round,
 And seen, with unremitting speed, beside,
 About their orbit's central point to glide,
 Were they encompass'd only by a Void,
 Soon would their Motion's order be destroy'd;

Straight would they fly the course they 'ad held before,
Nor mind their orbit or it's centre more.
Shot from a sling, whose circling cords confin'd,
A ponderous stone outstrips the rapid wind;
Flies to the mark, from forc'd rotation freed,
With surer aim, and more prevailing speed:
Ev'n at the earliest round th' impatient stone,
Unless restrain'd by violence, would have flown.
Thus would each wandering star, if unrestrain'd,
Nor by close pressure in it's course detain'd,
Through the vast Vacuum's desert empire fly,
Where nought could curb it's strong rapidity,
But, like itself, some other body hurl'd,
Or, at the last, the ramparts of the world.

Besides, each planet's mass must soon dissolve,
As in rotation rapid they revolve;
While with unceasing violence still they roll,
Their scattering parts must pierce the empty whole:
Like some great wheel, that, whirling o'er the strand,
Widely disperses it's collected sand.
To smallest seeds, by constant motion, ground,
The circling atmosphere must melt around;

T 2

Nor

Nor long can, then, the mouldering surface stay;
 At length the inmost parts will wear away.
 The lavish Sun will dart his fires afar,
 Ne'er to return, upon each subject star.
 The densest bodies, losing all their weight,
 Will shoot directly from their centre's seat:
 Nay, they will ev'n be lighter than the rare,
 Because more motion's fallen to their share.
 Their speed can force centripetal restrain?—
 What means the term? That fancied force explain.
 While in my hand I grasp the whirling sling,
 The force, which makes the ponderous stone to cling,
 Is not centripetal; the sling alone,
 Wrapp'd in it's folds, detains the ponderous stone.
 A force impulsive I can well conceive,
 But never will in powers occult believe,
 Which act by magick, and so far prevail,
 That nature's force centrifugal must fail,
 If they oppose; nay, those feign'd powers improve,
 As bodies nearer to the centre move.
 Shall once, again, invading clearer skies,
 From earth emerging, clouds of darkness rise?
 Which ARISTOTLE spread from pole to pole,
 Till black obscurity involv'd the whole?

Shall new philosophers the licence claim,
Ask'd for a cause, to answer with a name?
For solid reason empty sound afford,
And solve the nicest problems by a word?

This curbing force, which from the centre springs,
And toward the centre wandering bodies brings,
Which o'er the ample universe extends,
And from destruction fragile orbs defends,
If it exists, most certainly requires
A mean, as large, to second it's desires;
Through which diffus'd, and rendering all compact,
It's power coercive o'er the whole may act:
This mean, by which it's influence it instills,
Must sure be Matter, boundless Space that fills.
You, whose acuteft reasoning skill's employ'd,
To separate matter by a gaping Void,
You, to the centre of each rolling sphere,
Send an intelligence, and fix it there,
Contests with powers centrifugal to hold,
And by it's will the orbit's shape to mold:
Quickly the force centrifugal must yield,
And to this hidden power give up the field,

Which

Which with tyrannick sceptre marks it's sway,
 Points to each orb it's arbitrary way,
 Compels the recreant to preserve their track,
 The wanderer stops, the fugitive brings back,
 Obliges all the planetary tribe,
 Not circles, but ellipses to describe.
 As often, therefore, as these bodies try,
 Off in a tangent from their course to fly,
 (For conick curves, as spherical, are all
 Compos'd of tangents infinitely small)
 So often this mysterious power restrains,
 Though, now and then, it deigns to loose the reins.
 As boys their kites abandon to the wind,
 Fram'd of light paper, and bent twigs combin'd;
 Yet not too much in casual blasts confide,
 But with a cord their airy gambols guide:
 Or as, obeying various hidden threads,
 Puppets are made to move their hands, and heads.

Nor does great Newton's famous system stand,
 On one compact foundation, simply plann'd:
 No: every new phenomenon must cause
 Some variation in his fickle laws:

This

This one defect beyond a doubt refutes
 His doctrine's claim, and closes all disputes.
 If with attraction, from existence, fraught,
 Matter must hold it, or return to nought,
 That native force through every part must flow,
 And on each portion equal powers bestow ;
 All must submit alike to it's controul,
 For parts must share the essence of the whole.
 All things the like attractive powers will claim,
 From Nature's laws, invariably the same.
 But ne'er did jarring anarchy decree
 Such harsh discordance, as is fram'd by thee:
 For on the vast, tumultuous tide of things,
 Oft as a new, unlook'd for object springs,
 So oft, O NEWTON! dost thou shift thy sail,
 Feigning some new attraction to prevail.
 One species serves to whirl the planets round,
 For force magnetick, lo ! another's found ;
 Th' electrick virtue various sorts supplies,
 As various efforts strike thy wondering eyes.
 Thus is thy system, to no course confin'd,
 Toss'd on the waves, the sport of every wind.
 This with those barbarous organs may compare,
 Whose tone's exhausted by one wretched air ;

We

We ever must, to change the paltry strain,
Wind up the barren instrument again;
The notes are alter'd, as the handle veers,
And varying harshness grates our tortur'd ears.

If it be, then, ridiculous to feign
Forces which act, unconscious of a mean;
If it be idle, and absurd to draw,
From powers occult, a vague, precarious law;
Own that the force, which toward the centre tends,
On the prime force centrifugal depends:
Renounce the monstrous fiction of a Void,
But for destruction's purposes employ'd;
In which no motion ever could exist,
Nor the divided Universe subsist.
The cause of Gravity I mean to shew,
When feign'd Atomick Motion I o'erthrow.
How through the subtle Aether bodies roll,
And penetrate it's mass without controul,
While all it's parts by constant impulse move,
When of the Heav'ns I treat, I mean to prove:
There too I'll teach how wandering comets, hurl'd
From distant spheres, approach th' affrighted world.

Contest

Contest not, *Quintus*, this undoubted fact, *flum* *rev* *W*
 Through the vast Universe that all's compact. *Wind up the* *qu* *bn* *W*
 Turn a full bottle downward in your hand, *The* *bores* *are* *the* *ones* *on* *T*
 The well-pois'd liquor will suspended stand; *And* *way* *ing* *bn* *A*
 Pierce a staunch hoghead, fill'd with wine, below,
 Unless press'd down by air, 'twill never flow.
 More wonderful yet: when fierce conflicting winds
 Seize a huge cloud, which no deliverance finds,
 Fix'd o'er the darken'd surface of the deep,
 Soon from beneath it all the air they sweep:
 Instant behold a watery column rise,
 Through the void space aspiring to the skies;
 Borne by the furious whirlwind's rapid force,
 Th' erected river shapes it's threatening course;
 The helpless pilot sees, with dire dismay,
 O'erwhelming ruin mark it's wasteful way:
 All's lost—unless, by some successful stroke,
 The moving column's mighty mass be broke;
 In rush the winds; their piercing blasts divide
 The gulph, through which the monstrous lake's supplied;
 With hideous crash, all power sustaining fled,
 The pile enormous sinks in Ocean's bed.

U

Your

Your strongest efforts never can compress
 A liquid body, that it should be less:
 Therefore a leaden globe with water fill,
 Then strike as hard, and often, as you will,
 Th' innoxious hammer either will rebound,
 With fruitless blows incapable to wound;
 Or, if you strike still harder, through the pores,
 Of the firm lead, it's way the juice explores;
 Perspiring slowly, it appears to view,
 On the globe's surface, like a gentle dew:
 Thus every desperate means it rather tries,
 Than lose, condens'd, a portion of it's size.
 If with void spaces stor'd, as you believe,
 Why do not those it's parts compress'd receive?
 Their different figure, probably you'll say,
 Must still prevent their ever giving way.
 Your Vacuum, then, so artfully display'd,
 Ne'er can contribute aught to Motion's aid;
 If while with Matter mix'd it idly lies,
 Admittance ev'n to Water it denies.

Not so the particles of Air; compress'd,
 They crowd within the Space they once possess'd;

Contracting closer still, in strict embrace,
 Each to it's neighbour yields in turn it's place;
 Till less in bulk, though more in number grown,
 A thousand occupy the room of one:
 Fond of the freedom they enjoy'd at first,
 By Fire's strong aid at length their bars they burst,
 With kindling rage all obstacles o'erbear,
 Whate'er their violence meets in pieces tear,
 Forcing a passage, with tremendous sound,
 Ruin they spread, and desolation round.
 So from her burning entrails *ÆTNA* pours
 Tartarean clouds, and phlegethontick show'rs;
 Rocks red with fury from her centre fly,
 Black smoke, with flame commix'd, involves the sky:
 The yawning caverns of her womb divide,
 And spout hot sulphur from each opening side;
 While earth-born lightning thus to Heav'n aspires,
 Wide rage the plains, ingulph'd in liquid fires.

The cause of this great difference you declare,
 Less Vacuum mix'd with water than with air:
 But 'tis th' æthereal matter, which we find
 Much less with water than with air combin'd;

'Tis this gives life, and spirit, to the whole;
 Pervades it's pores, and forms it's very soul.
 Thus, 'gainst the walls of yonder hostile tow'r,
 Fire-breathing engines martial thunders pour;
 Hurl from their mouths huge ponderous globes afar,
 And wage, from distant hills, destructive war:
 Such wonderous strength can liquid air acquire!
 Such is the force of powder touch'd by fire!
 Down rush the turrets, mighty bulwarks fall,
 Ruin abrupt o'erwhelms each tottering wall;
 Deep devastation shakes the trembling ground,
 And Heav'n's high concave echoes back the sound.
 But if with air so many Voids engage,
 Why should division cause it thus to rage?
 Why not the particles in silence glide,
 Through pervious intervals, from Void to Void?
 Why not the lightning, unobstructed, fly,
 Scattering vain smoke throughout the empty sky?
 But ALL IS FULL: hence comes th' explosion's force,
 Hence works the flame such havock in it's course.
 Air's pliant parts, in various folds entwin'd,
 With rapid haste the fiery powers unbind:
 Th' elastick particles, with instant swell,
 All neighbouring bodies from their sides repel;

These

These thrust the borders forward, and extend
The sudden shock at once from end to end :
'Tis thus one single effort to dilate
Spreads wide commotion through th' aerial state.

The supple texture of th' elastick air
With a bent bow may aptly, then, compare;
Which, when the string relaxes, backward flies,
And sends the founding arrow to the skies.
For the strain'd nerve contracts the stubborn ends,
And, much reluctant, toward each other bends.
The convex part then opens all it's pores,
Which the quick æther entering soon explores ;
But by the concave side, with fibres clos'd,
It's passage finds invincibly oppos'd.
Those fibres pressing, with continued strength,
It strives t'unfold, and draw them out at length :
The string prevents: it's tension once release,
In the same moment all obstructions cease.
The bow, reliev'd, it's vigorous arms expands ;
The twanging nerve the feather'd shaft commands,
Far through the air to speed it's rapid flight,
And mock in clouds th' astonish'd gazer's sight.

The

The air-gun, thus, shoots silent balls on high,
 And, charg'd with wind, makes ponderous metal fly;
 As many close-wedg'd particles of air,
 As in their wombs those hollow engines bear,
 So many strong, elastick bows are found,
 Bent by rude force, and ready to rebound.

Nor is the doctrine which you teach more true,
 Seeing some bodies pervious to the view,
 Others of texture flexile, soft, and free,
 Others dissolv'd in loose fluidity,
 That solid, hard, opaque ones they surpass,
 By Voids more numerous mingling with their mass.
 For, were it thus, to you as things appear,
 Whate'er is flexible, whate'er is clear,
 Whate'er is liquid, must have far less weight,
 Than what with crowded Atoms is replete;
 Which, dense, deny admittance to the light,
 And in consistence firm, and close, unite.
 Yet this distinction, confidently mov'd,
 By soft, and fluid Mercury's disprov'd:
 In power of motion it with water vies,
 And violent heat, like water, makes it rise;

Reduc'd

Reduc'd to vapour, it pervades the pores,
 And each minutest particle explores :
 This only difference in their frame appears,
 That Mercury wets not, nor, when touch'd, adheres :
 Yet does this subtile mineral far outweigh
 Many that stiff, and rigid forms display.
 Gold, as in weight, in hardness should exceed
 All stones, and ores, which Earth's rich bowels breed :
 Yet well thou know'st how fine it may be wrought,
 To what extent, through ductile softness brought.
 Ice swims : and, let th' experiment be tried,
 Each metal's lighter, hard, than liquified.
 Wax floats on water : did transparency flow
 From pervious pores, which frequent Voids bestow,
 Borne by no fluid, but absorb'd in all,
 Wax then must ever to the bottom fall.
 Nor oil opaque could ride the lucid stream,
 Nor cork, nor pumice, in your empty scheme.
 The sparkling diamond, king of fossils, born
 Where kindlier rays the halcyon skies adorn ;
 INDIA's bright treasure, EUROPE's priz'd reward,
 Could not be both diaphanous, and hard.
 For clearness, which from many vacuums grew,
 Hardness excludes, the consequence of few.

Those

Those bodies, which the rays of light admit,
Seem to be all like open network knit;
As arbours which the skilful gardener weaves,
With twigs entwined, and various layers of leaves,
If soft, with spider's webs they may compare,
As watery streams, or blasts of liquid air:
If hard, (as crystal,) like those iron grates,
Which oft are fix'd upon our garden gates,
They yield some opens perview to the view,
And serve for safety, and for prospect too.
In part the light pervades each narrow track,
Part, by the bars repuls'd, is driven back:
Hence do these grates, for such I call them, shine,
With rays reflected from each stubborn line;
While every chink gives passage to the light,
And leaves free entrance for your curious sight.
Yet through the whole no Void you can explore,
For subtile æther fills up every pore.
Hence, if your stedfast eyes unmov'd you keep,
Prone o'er the level margin of the deep,
The waves, pellucid, all their stores disclose,
The spangled bottom all it's treasures shews:
Where the red coral, yet unhardn'd, dwells,
And shining pearls betray their precious cells;

Where

Where ores, and gems, in rich profusion lie,
And mock the starry glories of the sky,
But view the boundless Ocean from the shore,
With eyes uprais'd, the bottom's seen no more:
A brilliant tract of dazzling light extends,
Wide o'er the main, where'er your vision bends;
Sol's image dancing on the water plays,
The trembling waves reflect his blunted rays:

A heated furnace forces glass to flow,
And can on gold fluidity bestow:
No metal e'er such rigid parts involves,
But what the power of glowing heat dissolves:
No Void diffusive, as your Master feigns,
It's chasms insinuate through the body's veins;
But 'tis another, foreign, body mix'd,
That renders all the particles unfix'd;
Whose influence keen, through every passage felt,
Bursts the close chains, compels the mass to melt,
Till the two bodies, all distinction gone,
Form a pure liquid, blended into one.
Fire through the parts sulphureous rages fierce,
Through native salts it's pointed arrows pierce;

X

On

On every side the flame it's power displays,
 And intersects the whole a thousand ways.
 Nor does the force of fire alone suffice,
 Invention oft assisting powers supplies;
 Nitre, and alum, both in aid she brings,
 To search the pores of iron with their stings;
 Then urging on the warm assault renew'd,
 The yielding metal runs, at length subdu'd.
 Diamonds, whose hardness baffles fire, and steel,
 May yet, compell'd, th' effect of fusion feel;
 Place emeralds by them, then the work is done,
 With burning rays, collected from the Sun.

Besides, when bodies rarify, we find
 Some foreign matter with their mass combin'd;
 The bold intruder once ejected, then
 Their former density returns again.
 Thus Water boils, impregnated with fire,
 And makes perforce the bubbling air retire;
 But stands congeal'd, when chilling frosts deprive
 Of those few seeds, that kept it's parts alive.
 This wonderous property it's frame involves;
 A stated share of salt it still dissolves,

Then, as if fated, to the bottom all
 The grains superfluous lets, untasted, fall:
 Yet ne'er, through such saturity, denies
 To imbibe the various tints of different dyes.
 Again, attaining a degree of heat,
 Certain, and fix'd, 'tis then with fire replete:
 Though the fell flame burn fiercer than before,
 The glutted liquor can receive no more.
 Experience, therefore, this conclusion claims,
 That water's pores are divers in their frames:
 But still, with strenuous firmness, I deny,
 That in those channels empty Space can lie:
 With Air's, and Æther's particles they're fill'd,
 Which to new bodies do not always yield.
 Water we see with bulk augmented swell,
 When salts dissolv'd within it's body dwell:
 Wood soak'd in moisture, amplifies in size,
 But shrinks again, contracted, when it dries;
 Nay, soon it's frame in gaping fissures cleaves,
 When the parch'd pores the fattening liquor leaves.
 Cease then, ye vain, ye idle Sophists, cease,
 To assert that things by emptiness increase!

Now, QUINTIUS, quickly banish from your mind
 Th' unreal Vacuum, which you no where find;
 That tract immense of uncreated Space,
 Sun, stars, and planets, fabled to embrace;
 By impious Artists forg'd, and spread abroad,
 To prove some being, uninform'd by God;
 That from His great Creation might be hurl'd
 Extent at least, the cradle of the world:
 Renounce the petty chasms, they've also feign'd
 In Body's deep, interior clefts contain'd:
 Both these Impostures equally despise,
 As dreams, and fictions, of a Sect unwise.
 Reflect how vainly is that Art employ'd,
 Which founds a stately fabrick on a Void:
 Confess the fair result of sober thought,
 WHO BUILDS ON VACUUM, MERELY BUILDS ON NOUGHT.

Now, Quirites, quickly banish from your mind
 The ancient Vacuum, which you so whetstone
 That first, in case of increased space,
 Sea, stars, and planets; tumbled to embrace;
 The hope of future good, and future dread.

Look'd on the being, minister'd by God,
 That from the great Creation might be hurl'd
 Again at last, the cradle of the world;

ANTI-LUCRETIIUS.

In body's deep, interior cells contain'd;
 Both those impetuous equally desic'd,
 As dreams, and notions, of a sect remote.

BOOK III.

Which now truly is that Art employ'd,
 Which found a happy labour on a Void;
 As the first birth of sober thought,
 Who builds on Vacuum, merely builds on Nothing.

While Truth's warm beams expand the mind,
 Led by no light, but Reason's kind;
 Whole do, as reason's light, expand the mind,
 Firmly sustain'd by nature's moral force,
 Perfect Creation to its light, its force,
 Upgraded range, though distant from the light,
 And in the caverns of the mind.

ST. J. L. A. J. L. A. J. L. A.

ANTI-LUCRETIVS.

ANTI-LUCRETIVS.

B. O. K. III.

B. O. K. III.

While Truth's warm beams expand the human mind,
Leading alone, who leaves dull sense behind.

While Truth's warm beams expand the human mind,
Led by no light, but Reason's friendly ray,
Whose daring genius treads the untrodden way,
Firmly sustained by native mental force,
Takes Creation to its highest source,
Unshaken, ranges Being's farthest shores,
And Nature's deepest caverns all explore.

ANTI-LUCRETIVS.

BOOK III.

HAPPY the Man! who studying Nature's laws,
 Mounts by gradation from effect to cause;
 Soaring aloft, who leaves dull Sense behind,
 While Truth's warm beams expand th' illumin'd mind;
 Led by no light, but Reason's friendly ray,
 Whose daring genius tempts th' untrodden way,
 Firmly sustain'd by native mental force,
 Pursues Creation to it's highest source,
 Undaunted ranges Being's farthest shores,
 And Nature's deepest caverns all explores.

Him,

Him, not the vain, precarious smile of Kings,
 Nor transient bliss that brittle pleasure brings,
 Nor fickle Fortune's favour, can incline
 To deviate once from Truth's unerring line.
 His generous mind, disdaining slothful ease,
 Spurns at those joys that barren Ignorance please:
 'Tis not enough for him, supinely laid,
 Beneath the foliage of some grateful shade,
 To see bright streams with trembling radiance glow,
 And hear their waters murmur as they flow,
 Trace them as, swelling, o'er the plain they spread,
 And wondering view the flowers that crown their bed:
 No: toward the fruitful spring he turns his eyes,
 And seeks the source whence all their riches rise;
 Hope lends him strength, clear Reason's beams display,
 While to the fount he bends, perpetual day,
 Nor does his thirst of knowledge cease to burn,
 Till quench'd by draughts from Nature's copious urn.
 Why should we, therefore, indolent, admit
 External splendour, and superb attire?
 Why should we make more forms of things out than,
 And sport upon the surface of the stream?

Why not, my **QUINTIUS**, rather dive below,
 And search for gems beneath the current's flow?
 Why not, industrious, dig the golden mine,
 Where deep lie buried treasures all divine?
 Why not the temple's sanctuary explore,
 And Nature's **AUTHOR** worship, and adore?
 Noble the task our mental powers to bend
 To that first cause, whence all begin, and end!
 To trace that self-born principle, whence springs
 The grand, primæval origin of things!
 Let sensual trifles satiate vulgar eyes;
 Be this the object of the good, and wise.
 O! may the Muse secure immortal fame,
 For great **PYTHAGORAS**, and for **PLATO**'s name!
 Illustrious souls! with generous ardour fir'd,
 Who first to knowledge of themselves aspir'd;
 Then dar'd th' unchang'd Omnipotence disclose,
 Whence they themselves, whence Earth, and Heav'n arose!
 No narrow preference for their native soil
 Restrains these heroes in their praiseful toil;
 To **ÆGYPT**'s coasts, and **SYRIA**'s shores they steer,
 Where the bright star of science shone more clear,
 Where, first establish'd, learning's hallow'd seat
 Sent forth her children, virtuous, wise, and great:

Y

There

There when, consulting every reverend sage,
 And studying antient lore through every page,
 No town unseen, no monument unknown,
 They 'ad made the wealth of ages past their own,
 Gladly revisiting their native climes,
 Fraught with the knowledge of primæval times,
 No sparkling gems, no gold, nor purple fleece,
 They boast the glory to import to GREECE;
 But precious truths, a nobler commerce I brought,
 Enrich'd their country with new stores of thought.

Such are the pleasing hopes, that urge my care,
 Thy faltering steps through Nature's wilds to bear;
 To carry Reason's flaming torch before,
 And each unfathom'd, dark recess explore.
 Tedious indeed, and rugged, is the way,
 To human steps the trackless hills display;
 Abrupt the rocks, with thorns the shrubs are crown'd,
 And hideous chasms deform the gaping ground:
 Yet droop not, QUINTIUS, while the Muse shall strive,
 With soothing charms to keep thy soul alive;
 So shall the paths of knowledge, rough, and long,
 Be smooth'd, and shorten'd, by the power of song.

The

The bird of mufick, thus, in darksome grove,
Cheers the dear object of his happy love:
While ſhe collects beneath her fostering wings
Their callow young, melodiouſly he ſings,
Now fondly perch'd upon ſome neighbouring bough,
On ſupple pinion wheeling round her now,
All the long night the pleaſing taſk purſues,
The pleaſing taſk each welcome morn renews;
While the deep foreſt, from it's fartheſt bounds,
Echoing the voice of Harmony reſounds;
The tender, ſoft companion of his joys,
To note the numbers, all her powers employs;
And, charm'd to hear them ſwell th' enchanted air,
Forgets the tedious irkſomeſs of care.

The VOID o'erthrown, one baſis ſtill remains,
ATOMS to combat now demands our pains;
Soon ſhall we ſee if theſe more firmly ſtand,
To prop the dome that impious fraud has plann'd:
I ſcarce can think it; ſince their hardy SIRE
Fights with the creatures of his own deſire;
And drunk with error, by himſelf explor'd,
Falls on the point of his inverted ſword.

SEEDS are, according to his first pretence,
 Unnumber'd, floating in a Void immense:
 Building on this establishment, he tries
 To hurl th' eternal GODHEAD from the skies;
 And spreads abroad, to occupy his place,
 Eternal MATTER, and eternal SPACE:
 Now, if these Atoms of themselves exist,
 And still unchang'd from age to age subsist,
 Who can pretend their numbers to explore,
 To say they are so many, and no more?
 Besides, if casual concurrence must bestow
 Firm Union's bands, whence only bodies grow,
 And Matter form'd can spring to light alone
 From numerous Atoms crowded into one,
 Were they not scatter'd infinitely wide,
 And Seeds unnumber'd for the dance supplied,
 Rarely could hazard, then, their forms unite,
 Seldom, if e'er, would bodies spring to light.
 Nay rather, wandering in so vast a Void,
 Whose tracts immense would then be unemploy'd,
 Must Nature's elements disperse in haste,
 And ramble blindly through the dreary waste:
 Nor could there, then, exist a sovereign force,
 Able to check them in their devious course.

Thus

Thus an immensity of Space requires
Unnumber'd Seeds, to answer it's desires.
Yet was it not judg'd right that, close compress'd,
These seeds should slumber in eternal rest;
For, if together crowded, and compact,
No moving power could then find room to act;
All must their fix'd position ever keep,
And hold the world's rude embryo plung'd in sleep.
Hence was he forc'd, by mere necessity,
Atoms to feign both infinite, and free;
Not from the first in bands of union join'd,
But loose, and since by casual ties combin'd;
To Motion urg'd by GRAVITY—a force,
Which seem'd to him most natural for their course.

System, I own, ingenious, but unsound;
One shock from Reason fells it to the ground.
As when theatrick scenes delude your eyes,
And in perspective various prospects rise;
Brilliant, though false, the splendid shew's believ'd,
In Pleasure's lap 'tis joy to be deceiv'd:
Now beateous rows of golden statues shine,
And, niche by niche, prolong the dazzling line,

Where

Where ROME's fictitious deities display'd
Adorn the spacious marble colonnade;
Now, proud triumphal arches rear'd on high,
Or lofty towers, assail the wounded sky:
Now, numerous fleets in harbour spread their sails,
And wait the wafting of propitious gales,
While you may trace the winding shores afar,
And boisterous billows, with themselves at war;
Now o'er black mountains nod th' impending shades,
Whence your keen eye stern PLUTO's realms pervades,
Through all the dark Tartarean regions roves,
And, raptur'd, views the blest Elysian groves:
But search this specious theatre behind,
There nought but canvass coarsely daub'd you find;
Lost are the charms of each delightful scene,
The spring once snapp'd destroys the whole machine.
Thus are the doctrines of your SAGE destroy'd,
Inspected close they vanish into Void:
Clearly convinc'd ev'n thou thyself shalt own,
His Atoms could not of themselves have grown,
Subject to number, and division lie,
And, if at all, were surely born to die;
Thou'lt own they move not by spontaneous flight,
Nor could such movement cause them to unite.

Now

Now to your mind that argument recall,
Which on the score of Vacuum I let fall;
That nothing can by it's own power exist,
If of perfections it does not consist:
Where we can spy the most minute defect,
Instant th' imperfect creature we detect;
'Tis clear at once that some superior cause
First gave it being, and now gives it laws.
What from another essence ne'er did rise,
Can feel no limits, can endure no ties;
And why should that, which, independent, owes
Self but to self, and no Creator knows,
Not amply every excellence possess,
Which in created beings you confess?
Your idle Gods, by EPICURUS driv'n,
To some obscure, and intermundane Heav'n,
There from solicitude completely freed,
A lazy, dull, inert, inglorious breed——
Your idle Gods, from casual Atoms sprung,
As by your favourite ROMAN BARD is sung,
To Chance, like other bodies, owe their frame,
Nor can self-power, nor self-existence claim:
Yet these eternal exiles still employ
Their endless days in peace, and slothful joy.

And

And must an Atom all enjoyment miss?
A self-sprung Atom never taste of bliss?
In men, through strength of body, and of mind,
Various accomplishments, and powers we find:
That man exists not of himself you own;
But Atoms do: Why are their powers then none?
From founts impure thy stream of science springs,
Ill art thou taught the natural state of things.
Whatever substance self-produc'd we see,
Being, because it of itself must be,
Because it cannot ever not exist,
But must to all eternity subsist,
That stable substance, call it how you will,
Effence, and power abundantly must fill;
Nothing defective can it's force controul,
Within it's grasp it must involve the whole.
Lo! by thine own hypothesis betray'd,
Ev'n for thyself a deity thou 'ast made.
THY God's an Atom: Form'd without a cause,
They're free, thou saist, from Number's shackling law
But if no author's plāstick hand they know,
Why not still more infinities bestow?
Why are they not (by Number unconfin'd)
Immense in strength, of body, and of mind?

Why are they not all Gods?—Of such a name
 An Atom, owing to itself it's frame,
 Is worthier far than Gods precarious, sprung
 From wandering seeds, by Chance together flung.
 Yet this so vaunted Atom, art thou taught
 T'acknowledge impotent, and void of thought;
 While on his casual Gods thy MASTER pours
 Reason, and bliss, in beatifick show'rs:
 The thrifty prodigal denies t'advance
 Firm Substance aught, yet yields up all to Chance;
 Such are the fruits prolifick Error brings!
 From teeming Fraud such contradiction springs!

At length, my Friend, your easy credit, lent
 To a false SOPHIST's blandishments, repent:
 Blush to have paid at such a paltry shrine
 Those honours due to essences divine.
 The dust, so lightly scatter'd o'er the plains,
 Dull, senseless Matter's poor, minutest grains,
 Blind Hazard's sport——say, how couldst thou suppose
 Self-form'd existence in such things as those?
 Whate'er exists by it's own proper force,
 With it's idea being's link'd of course;

Z

We

We can't so much as feign it not to be,
 Thus 'tis existent through necessity.
 It is not so with Atoms: first take one,
 Part of my body, and suppose it gone;
 As, torn from me, it's being will survive,
 So, robb'd of it, yet I am still alive.
 It might for ever have pursued it's way,
 Lost in the Void; it still for ever may.
 Useless, 'tis therefore granted, to the world;
 Suppose it now to non-existence hurl'd,
 Is by it's loss the universe oppress'd?
 Does one destroy'd annihilate the rest?
 You own it does not: Fairly then allow
 This Atom not quite necessary now;
 And if extinguish'd, to supply it's place
 Amply sufficient your unmeasur'd Space.
 A single Atom may be, then, destroy'd,
 Yet the whole System never once annoy'd.
 If one I may expunge, say, why not more?
 Why not a pair, a dozen, or a score?
 Thus by degrees from being they may fall,
 Till in the end one fate involve them all.
 For all together have no more pretence
 To aught supreme, in power, or excellence,

In points essential, than the smallest seed,
From every bond of solid union freed.
Self-being clearly, thus, denied to one,
Is clearly prov'd the attribute of none.

The Man, besides, a boundless Void who feigns,
Form'd of itself, and which for ever reigns,
Needs not a thought on Atoms to bestow,
A substance firm essentially to know:
For one vast essence he presumes to be
From every kind of matter wholly free.
Far, then, from proving Matter's mighty mass,
By it's own force, with essences to class,
He plainly owns it might perchance befall,
That Matter never should exist at all;
And that his Atoms, through the Vacuum hurl'd,
Are adventitious, merely, to the world.
How can the baffled SOPHIST then pretend
Matter through Space unmeasur'd to extend?
In this his vain presumption gains no more,
Than for self-essence it had gain'd before:
This thou shalt know by cogent proof 'ere long,
Spite of the sweet LUCRETIAN SIREN's song.

Atoms unnumber'd you would fain suppose,
 Yet spread your Vacuum wider still than those.
 What Artift's hand could ever strive to frame
 A work so poor? an infinite so lame?
 How can th' imagin'd being e'er prevail,
 If in th' essential attribute it fail?
 Can infinite than infinite be less?
 Is not that finite which admits increase?
 Must not the greater, which the less furrounds,
 Still prove it's limits? ever mark it's bounds?
 Matter can ne'er be equal to the Void,
 Leaving a vacant portion unemploy'd,
 Floating without restraint from place to place,
 And circling frequent chafms of empty Space:
 Where'er a spot vacuitous is found,
 There you must own that Matter feels a bound;
 That 'twould be greater, were it swell'd in sizè,
 To fill what Space the Void now occupies.
 Were I, suppose, absurdly to pretend
 That mighty Ocean's waters know no end;
 The monstrous error you would soon explore,
 And prove their bounds, by pointing to the shore.
 Thus your conviction I can still insure,
 By shewing Space confess'd from Body pure.

Observe how these twin brothers, sons of Sloth,
By mutual jars obstruct each other's growth;
Each in his turn impatient of controul,
Fights for a part, and mutilates the whole.
Empire 'twixt infinities you can't divide,
Then for the single reign of one decide:
But have a care; for once let Matter fall,
Annihilation, instant, swallows all;
Your Void to banish should you best approve,
Matter, on all sides press'd, could never move.

“ May not two lines,” you'll here object, “ be drawn,
“ And to infinity produc'd, though one
“ Deep in the solid centre takes it's birth,
“ T'other but on the surface of the earth?
“ Then, though they're both alike without an end,
“ Yet sure they do not equally extend.”
O! flimsy sophism! Dost thou not assign
Two several parts, distinct, to either line?
Are they not, where unmeasur'd, equal quite?
And, where unequal, are they not finite?
Are not the points, whence first they take their rise,
Fix'd, stable bars, respective, to their size?

Your

Your Matter no where wants it's certain bounds;
Plung'd in a Void, which every part furrounds.

The AUTHOR, then, of this fam'd doctrine nods,
In forging tenets with themselves at odds;
Vaunting his Atoms free from Number's rule,
Though more might join them, nor the Void be full.
Say, will ten thousand, added to the store,
So fill the Void that it can hold no more?
Could it be fill'd by thousands, ten times ten,
It ne'er could boast immense extent again:
Millions on new-rais'd millions may be pil'd,
Yet ne'er the Void's immensity beguil'd.
This Globe of earth, and water, 'tis confess'd,
May grow much denser, more compactly press'd;
With ease you'll also grant me, that the Air,
If press'd on all sides, may become less rare;
And Matter may succeed to every place,
Now solely occupied by vacant Space:
In every pore may Fluid be instill'd,
For nought can hinder Vacuum to be fill'd.
So on the whole you'll own that Matter's mass
May by new feeds it's present bulk surpass.

Cease

Cease then th' incongruous thesis to defend;
Whate'er admits an augment knows an end.

As Matter may, the world unhurt, increase,
So may it also dwindle into less:
Whene'er a spot from body's weight is freed,
The Void is always ready to succeed;
And as it's room th' intrusive mass supplies,
So Vacuum reigns when solid Matter flies.
Now, therefore, one small atom (for you may)
From the whole mass of Matter snatch away:
Behold, already that enormous sum,
You call'd immense, diminish'd is become:
But you may snatch an hundred if you will,
And then the mass is more diminish'd still.
Shall Number, thus, infinities enthrall?
Does that want measure, which can rise, and fall?
Proceed, vain POET! Reasoner false in rhyme!
And measure vast eternity by time.
O! Friends! your laughter can you now contain?
I blush t' expose absurdity so plain.
Addition ne'er can infinite increase,
Nor can Subtraction ever make it less.

Besides,

Besides, the laws which rule your atoms, teach
 That settled limits are prescrib'd to each :
 Join then together all your boasted store,
 Add to th' imagin'd heap as many more,
 Their number never can so far extend,
 As not t'acknowledge some determin'd end.
 All number takes from unity it's flight,
 It's progress, therefore, must be still finite.
 All things, which subject to division lie,
 Springing from nothing must in nothing die :
 Nought (the extreme of mortal things) surrounds,
 And at each end the clos'd assemblage bounds ;
 Let Fortune e'er so long keep up the ball,
 What rose from nothing must to nothing fall.
 Wherefore 'tis rank absurdity to say,
 That parts finite aught infinite display ;
 Or that at any number you must cease
 To reckon more, nor hope to find increase.
 For, if you make addition to the sum,
 Th' addition will it's boundary become ;
 Or, if to add ev'n one exceeds your force ;
 Exhausted number then has run it's course ;
 There fails the boasted firmness of it's pow'r,
 Endless, and ending, in the self-same hour !

Such

Such powers with scorn revolting reason sees,
Disdaining barbarous solœcisms like these.
What Number has of Number can't be quit,
Extension, always, Measure must admit,

But if, in common language, we pretend
That swelling Number never knows an end,
Because the sum, though e'er so mighty grown,
May still grow mightier by th' increase of one ;
Observe that Number, as I prov'd before,
Is but a shadowy phantasm, nothing more,
Which owes it's being merely to the brain,
And holds from Fancy it's precarious reign.
The very power, on which you so rely,
To prove your doctrine of infinity—
The power of always adding mite to mite,
O'er every sum, proves every sum finite.
Since, in conclusion, it is clearly found,
That every thing that's number'd knows a bound ;
And that all parts, whose union forms a whole,
By Number's laws are subject to controul ;
Hence does it follow, that whate'er you find,
Built by the strength of many parts combin'd,

A a

In

In close connection, can on no pretence
 Be construed infinite, or stil'd immense:
 Therefore that Matter's whole united mass,
 Whose several seeds division's power can class
 Under their heads distinct, some limit knows,
 Beyond whose line it's measure never goes:
 That what is infinite is simply one,
 To diminution, or increase unknown;
 Because no parts it's servile state confess,
 Bending to Number's yoke of more and less.

Matter, extended in whatever site,
 Must be immense, or can't be infinite:
 But Matter not immense yourself confess'd,
 When you describ'd it variously impress'd,
 With divers figures, and in many a class
 Dispos'd the seeds that form'd the mighty mass.
 This, QUINTIUS, your own principles shall prove:
 Lo! how your guards in arms against you move!
 Who fancies Space immense, as you have taught,
 May call the seeds immense, with which 'tis fraught;
 As that eternal we may fairly call,
 Which, with all times compar'd, subsists in all.

But

But then those seeds must fill the smallest pores;
For, if the mind one vacant spot explores,
Nipp'd in the bud your supposition fails,
No more the main'd immensity prevails.
You, and the BARD your TEACHER, have agreed
With various forms to stamp material seed,
The whole in separate classes to divide,
With which the yawning Vacuum is supplied:
Are all immense? Then chuse which class you will,
All vacant Space that one must singly fill:
For, if one spot unfraught with it be found,
That vacuous spot becomes it's certain bound.
Say, do the crowding cubes, in every place,
Usurp unbounded empire over Space?
Most surely not: Where then could stand the spheres?
The spires, triangles, pentagons, and squares?
Say, do the cones, with power above controul,
Assert supreme dominion o'er the whole?
Where must the banish'd pyramids then fly?
Where for a seat the cylinders apply?
Beyond the utmost limits of your Void
They seek for shelter, or they are destroy'd.
No Species then, convicted you must own,
Your boundless Space can occupy alone:

No Species then can form the least pretence
 To claim infinitude, for none's immense :
 Each for it's neighbour marks the bounding line,
 To forge their mutual fetters all combine.
 But all things, lock'd within a certain site,
 In number are, by consequence, finite;
 Therefore sound sense with hardiness denies
 That seeds innumeros every form supplies.
 The different forms your fruitful atoms wear,
 To Number's rule obnoxious you declare;
 Then must each class, to which each form gives name,
 Yield an entire submission to the same :
 Hence we conclude that Matter's ample mass
 Feels certain limits, which it cannot pass ;
 For nothing infinite can ever grow,
 Compos'd of parts which settled boundaries know.
 But since whatever share of Space you feign,
 Void, and uncharg'd with body to remain,
 Preserves Infinity as largely still,
 As what with Matter you completely fill :
 Your Vacuum's sum can never be replete,
 Unless new Matter endless you create.
 The puny portion, now you've scatter'd there,
 Alas ! how small ! what ample room to spare !

Those

Those spacious reservoirs the GERMANS build,
Sacred to BACCHUS, may as soon be fill'd,
By pouring in a single flask of wine,
As with all Matter's mass this Void of thine.

And, if in number infinite, say, why
All the vague seeds, through boundless Space that fly,
Are but distinguish'd, in their rapid flight,
By figures, which in number are finite ?
Methinks I see what strong, compulsive cause
Urg'd you to frame such inconsistent laws.
'Twas this : by observation's eyes you found
Nature confin'd, and Being firmly bound,
Atoms, you saw, in wild confusion hurl'd,
Produc'd not endless species through the world ;
But every kind rose obvious to your view,
Clearly distinct ; no form was ever new :
Then you perceiv'd some ruling power had force
To curb the wandering Atoms in their course,
Their madly proud luxuriance to restrain,
And lead them link'd in Reason's golden chain.
This thou wouldst not acknowledge : 'twas a MIND :
But in thy System every power is blind ;

No

No thinking pilot Nature's vessel steers,
 But the toss'd bark with every current veers.
 Rather than crown INTELLIGENCE, you chose
 Atomick power, rebellious, to oppose,
 Your seeds, though stil'd unnumber'd, to compell
 Within the pale of certain forms to dwell;
 Array'd in uniform each Squadron stands,
 Without a leader to conduct the bands.
 Thus curious querists you could answer, why
 No new production springs beneath the sky?
 Why is the elephant the largest beast?
 And why of birds the humming-bird the least?
 Why do not hundred-handed giants rise?
 Or sons of ARGUS, spangled o'er with eyes?
 Why are the satyrs mention'd now no more?
 Or centaurs, beasts behind, and men before?
 Why are the laws of propagation fix'd?
 No hideous Shapes, no new-born monsters mix'd?
 But still, where Love's prolifick fervour glows,
 The child an image of his parent grows?
 All these objected instances to solve,
 A wonderous scheme your labouring thoughts revolve—
 Unnumber'd seeds to every class consign'd,
 While Number's laws the varying classes bind.

O ! poor evasion ! If your Atoms spring
 But from themselves, nor own a sovereign king,
 Tell me, what virtue, what superior cause,
 Could e'er pretend to give such beings laws ?
 What power supreme in narrow files has rang'd
 Seeds, which you boast unbounded, and unchang'd ?
 Give some substantial reason, if you can,
 Or own that Fiction form'd your baseless plan.
 The sound Philosopher, by Nature led,
 In gradual progress seeks the fountain head :
 There from her pure, and plenteous urn imbibes
 Chaste, genuine maxims, such as she prescribes ;
 But you first frame your principles below,
 Then in their channel force her streams to flow.
 QUINTIUS, a winding Labyrinth girds thee round,
 Within it's folds inextricably bound,
 If seeds unnumber'd rank'd in every form,
 Things of all kinds must infinitely swarm,
 In every place must start to sudden view,
 Ev'n though Creation teem'd with nothing new ;
 Diamonds, and gold would every where arise,
 And savage beasts our straggling steps surprize ;
 To every plant would every soil give birth,
 And men shoot up spontaneous from the earth ;

It's

It's feather'd flocks the air could not contain,
 It's finny shoals would swell beyond the main.
 Then generation, not as now confin'd,
 Would change incessantly in every kind:
 Thankless for blood, unconscious of a fire,
 Manhood would rise, inform'd by casual fire;
 Each quickening animal would spring to light,
 Whene'er by Chance it's wandering Seeds unite;
 Not gathering strength insensibly from years,
 The perfect creature all at once appears,
 Mature in reason, full in body grown,
 Debtless to power, but Fortune's, and it's own.
 Thus, as you say, were born the earliest men;
 What once has happen'd surely may again,
 Fruits without trees, unsown, uncultur'd grains,
 Would roll promiscuous, scatter'd o'er the plains;
 Harvest would change, from settled season free,
 And towering forests darken all the sea.
 Each day new suns, each night new stars would rise,
 Unnumber'd comets strike our wondering eyes,
 Scattering unusual blazes through the sky,
 And darting bearded radiance as they fly;
 Then snatch'd at once, by sudden Chance destroy'd,
 Absorb'd for ever in the unfathom'd Void,

When Seeds innumerable dance their mazy rounds,
Their various concourse sure can know no bounds;
You say their motion ne'er sustains a pause,
And, not finite, they're free from Number's laws.

Behold the Chess-board, where, secure of fears,
Fictitious armies wage their mimic wars:
The painted ground, which bears the firm attack,
Displays alternate segments, white, and black;
Full in the front, in line of battle drawn,
To guard his sovereign stands each faithful pawn;
Rooks, knights, and bishops, range on either side,
Close by their monarch, and his royal bride;
Each warrior keeps his own appointed course,
Fiercely they combat, with unequal force;
Wide rage th' ensanguin'd chiefs, nor deign to yield,
'Till either king, a captive, quits the field.
Meanwhile how oft, in Terror's grim despite,
Varies the horrid image of the fight!
How oft the combatants their stations change,
As Force, or Fury, Fraud, or Chance, arrange!
How oft in fact!—How often might they more,
'Ere the spent war's catastrophe were o'er!

Old Ocean cannot boast such numerous waves,
 Nor meadows grass, nor shady forests leaves,
 What, should quick Fancy multiply the squares,
 Where angry MARS his bloody standard rears?
 Suppose them endless; then, through either host,
 Tell me how oft each champion shifts his post!

To aid your feeble argument, in vain
 Unnumber'd Worlds, besides our own, you feign;
 Through which the general Mother's high command
 Has strew'd Creation with a liberal hand,
 Largely exerting all her plastick powers,
 Profuse to them, though niggardly to our's;
 For, grant those worlds substantial which you build,
 How can you prove them with like beings fill'd?
 Where endless feeds in casual concourse swarm,
 Who can presume to fix the shapes they form?
 Bodies may there, 'tis easy to believe,
 Appear in figures we can scarce conceive,
 The modes of union Atoms may explore,
 Than they themselves are infinitely more;
 The different bodies, therefore, that may rise
 From such diffuse variety of ties.

Make

Make still an infinitely greater store,
Than what was doubly infinite before.
Who, then, such powers accumulate can bind?
Is infinite on infinite confin'd?
Shall they not oft, in conscious fulness bold,
Produce new species, and reform the old?
Exhaustlessly prolifick, shall they ne'er
In shapes by Fancy unconceiv'd appear?
If Nature, then, a settled rule observes,
In framing bodies, whence she never swerves;
If all the kinds of things that rise to light,
Are certain, fix'd, establish'd, and finite;
Reason from hence this clear conclusion draws,
That Atoms own a Lord, and keep his laws.

In natural things conformity depends,
Not on the figures of the Seeds she blends,
As you may fancy—not on those alone,
But on the post assign'd to every one:
Be the same Atoms differently arrang'd,
The fleeting body is entirely chang'd.
Thus, white as snow, the finely ductile clay,
Fram'd where AURORA first announces day,

In strict obedience to the Potter's hand,
 Takes every shape by turns at his command:
 Now humbly bends, a vast, capacious jar,
 Now foams, a lion threatening instant war,
 Now pipes, a shepherd in the sylvan scene,
 Now nodding shakes, a palsied mandarine,
 Now glares, a monster of the eastern sea,
 Or INDIAN God, more monstrous still than he.
 The meat, which serves us for our daily food,
 Throbs in our nerves, and riots in our blood,
 Spread for a tyger's, or an eagle's feast,
 Soars in the bird, or rages in the beast.
 The same dew feeds the grass that cloathes the plains,
 The garden's flowrets, and the harvest's grains.
 So fabled PROTEUS, varying each disguise,
 With shapes elusive cheated human eyes;
 Now a smooth serpent, now a shaggy boar,
 Now a swollen torrent, with tremendous roar,
 Now a hard rock, his subtle form became,
 Now darted fury, a devouring flame:
 A thousand different figures yet remain,
 Unless they closely draw the pinching chain;
 Till the false traytor, baffled in his plan,
 Resume the port, and visage, of a man.

Thus, be th' atomick figures e'er so few,
 Still bodies numberless must rise to view;
 Not, as you think, of one continued kind,
 But in their forms, as numbers, unconfin'd:
 Connections, which on elements depend,
 That own no number, can admit no end.
 If, then, th' unbounded Universe contain'd
 Atoms, by number wholly unrestrain'd,
 Whatever fashion for their shapes you claim,
 Like, or unlike, another, or the same,
 Innumerable species thence must ever spring,
 And each innumerable individuals bring:
 Then would those hideous forms their limbs unfold,
 By Fiction painted in the times of old,
 Harpies, and cyclops, dragons spouting fire,
 Gorgons, and hydras, and chimæras dire.
 Such are the changes mere position bears,
 That stones of but two colours, cut in squares,
 Then in mosaick, artful order plac'd,
 May glut the wanton fickleness of taste.

Rival of Nature, though inferior far,
 The mind of man o'erleaps creation's bar,

Rising

Rising on powers, of labour, and of art,
 Which Reason, and Experience, both impart,
 Mingling fix'd principles, of which but few
 Display their virtues to his mental view;
 And, urg'd by hope of profit, can produce
 Bodies unheard-of, apt for human use,
 New species, beings, such as Nature's hand
 Form'd not at first, nor ever since has plann'd:
 By potent aid of calcinating flame,
 Perfumes, and medicines, chymick art can frame;
 Hence the dire force of gunpowder takes rise,
 Which darts huge globes of iron through the skies;
 Hence phosphor springs, and hence the solid mass,
 Of stony matter, melts to liquid glass:
 By art we see th' ingrafted scion grown,
 And trees admiring branches not their own:
 Nay, ev'n this art to animals extends,
 And in one body various species blends,
 When male, and female, each of different race,
 Join in th' impure, unnatural, forc'd embrace,
 To which base mongrels owe their spurious birth,
 And shapes uncouth deform th' indignant Earth.
 And shall not CHANCE, the architect of all,
 Above, beneath, around this subject ball,

CHANCE,

CHANCE, the supreme director, have the force,
 One hour to change Creation's constant course?
 To such a Deity small strength's assign'd,
 Or poor materials, scanty, and confin'd.
 Whate'er to self alone it's being owes,
 Owns no superior, no controulment knows;
 For Matter here behold a bound confess'd,
 A narrow limit, where it lies oppress'd:
 Your Atoms, therefore, singly cannot stand,
 But bend to order, and supreme command:
 In vain you strive t'obscure th'almighty cause—
 God is the power who gives your Atoms laws.

Now, if they wander in a Void immense,
 To coalition where's their just pretence?
 Some Ships suppose, no pilots at their helms,
 Driv'n by rude winds o'er NEPTUNE's spacious realms,
 Widely dispers'd where'er his waters roll,
 From east to west, from pole to adverse pole;
 Think'st thou by hazard they could ever meet?
 In concert fail, and form a casual fleet?
 Far more extended intervals than these
 Divide your Atoms, borne on boundless seas:

Whirl'd

Whirl'd through the vast abysses of the Void,
 All hope of casual junction is destroy'd;
 O'er endless plains to run th' expanded race,
 Requires a time unmeasur'd as the space.
 O! bungling work! where Atom Atom flies!
 Can from such discord union ever rise?

You ask, "If Matter, girded firmly round,
 "On every side acknowledges a bound,
 "Let some strong Archer on the margin stand,
 "With bended bow, and arrow in his hand;
 "Then shoot direct: how shall the arrow spring,
 "Sent with keen violence from the twanging string?"—
 From rooted prejudice what errors grow!
 From one false aphorism what numbers flow!—
 Is nought the bound of matter? Can thy thought
 Suppose an arrow swiftly sped through nought?
 To nought a station Reason never grants,
 Room for it's flight your arrow therefore wants;
 Your Archer here has spent his strength in vain,
 To break such bonds as ever must restrain;
 His brawny muscles fruitlessly he tires,
 And the dark power that checks his force admires.

Body's

Body's implied, whene'er we talk of place,
 Body can never move without a Space;
 If Space entirely, then, you take away,
 All powers of motion instantly decay:
 Your arrow, therefore, drops it's sudden wing,
 No path direct exists, through which to spring;
 So, rapt by Æther's all-involving force,
 Through ways unbidden it must bend it's course.

Th' ARCH-FOE of Heaven, not content to feign
 Atoms self-sprung, and self-inthron'd to reign,
 (Left that, created, they should own a Lord,
 Rous'd into being by th' ALMIGHTY WORD,)
 Nor yet content from number to discharge,
 (Both which impostures we've expos'd at large,)
 Now, to complete the fallacy, pretends
 That their usurp'd dominion never ends;
 For, since the Godhead's throne they should supply,
 To mock his power, 'twas plain they ne'er must die.
 And, since all bodies ruin must involve,
 When their constituent elements dissolve,
 His favourite Seeds from death to guard secure,
 And 'gainst destruction bar th' immortal door,

C c

He

He makes them uncompacted, solid, sound,
Of smallest size, and safe from every wound:
Whate'er has parts, though brac'd by firmest ties,
Force may divide, and then the body dies.

Now let us prove each Atom fram'd of parts,
And at one blow unhinge the Sophist's arts.
QUINTIUS, 'tis done: for hast thou not confess'd
With various figures all thy seeds impress'd?
Can the minutest body, which we see
By figure circumscrib'd, from parts be free?
Now, EPICURUS, try your utmost skill,
Dress up your atoms in what shape you will:
(Thou, the CREATOR of those seeds divine,
May'st fix their fashion, for their being's thine!)
Stamp them rotund, triangular, or square,
Their forms in molds polygonous prepare;
Wedges let these, those cylinders become,
Let some be spiral, sharply pointed some;
From these let teeth, or fins perplex'd hang out,
Give those a sting, or elephantick snout,
Smooth as a polish'd mirror fashion these,
Arm those with talons, faster hold to seize;

Then

Then bind them, sew them, hook them, interweave,
 To make them cling, no art unpractis'd leave;
 But ne'er proclaim them of so small a size,
 That nothing smaller yet within them lies:
 Call not these Seeds the principles of things,
 From which, unmix'd themselves, all being springs;
 Let them not dare immortal essence claim,
 As if division enter'd not their frame.
 Whate'er in Figure's fiftle garb you dress,
 May be for ever broken, and made less:
 Thus square to round we readily can pare,
 And then, reciprocally, round to square;
 While angle, knob, or curvature is found,
 Or any figure, which the seed may bound,
 That seed must always to the sense display
 Something superfluous, to be torn away.

To this alternative you're hereby driv'n;
 Either to rob them of the shapes you've giv'n,
 And from your Atoms to abolish quite
 All hooks, and clasps, by which they may unite;
 Thus to reduce them to so straight a pass,
 That they can never join to form a mass;

Or, if you suffer figure to remain,
 And so preserve the links of Matter's chain;
 Then are your atoms, just like other things,
 Patch'd up of parts, from which a total springs.
 Say not, for bodies to afford a base,
 Some solid principle must first take place;
 That this, though with corporeal essence rang'd,
 Must be eternal, simple, and unchang'd:
 No longer sovereign Reason can admit,
 Such inconsistent subtilities of wit;
 Nor will, remissly, grant you licence more,
 Parts, at your whim, to ravish, and restore.

But ev'n of figure though you plunder all
 Those Atoms, which first principles you call;
 (Though this, consistently, you cannot do,
 I'll, for a moment, grant it to be true;)
 Ev'n so despoil'd, not all your wily arts
 Can yet prevail to rob them of their parts.
 For, where combin'd, (supposing they combine),
 Saist thou, or not, that they entirely join?
 If total be their union, then the seed,
 Confus'dly blended, nought can ever breed;

Together

Together twenty thousand atoms clasp,
 Thou never canst accumulate a mass;
 Seed then absorb'd by seed, would soon be gone,
 The host unnumber'd dwindling into one:
 What can be more absurd?—If not entire
 Their copulation, parts they must require.
 With parts, then, matter must be ever fraught;
 Robb'd of it's parts, you plunge it into nought:
 No simple unity in it you find;
 Seek such perfection only in the MIND:
 Body is ever to extent allied;
 Whate'er's extended Reason will divide:
 Matter's least particle no bounds controul,
 At once of whole a part, of parts a whole.

Let, then, three atoms be together bound,
 A future body's embryo bulk to found;
 The two extremes with that between unite,
 By touching either side, the left, and right;
 Add one below, another add above,
 At centre now four several parts you prove:
 Another atom fasten on before,
 And to the rearward fix another more;

In

In that which occupies the middle space
 Six various parts we now distinctly trace:
 Unfill'd some intervals perhaps remain,
 Which other crowded atoms might contain:
 Be those supplied; and, thus dispos'd with art,
 The central's touch'd by each in different part:
 As many parts this atom then reveals,
 As feeds contiguous all it's surface feels.
 These very parts a common centre claim,
 Of whose divided parts the proof's the same.
 Thus parts on parts for ever must depend,
 Division baffled seeks in vain an end.
 Ev'n were your curious search at length to find
 An atom, firm and simple, to your mind,
 Substance without extension were the prize,
 Substance, where neither part, nor centre lies:
 Matter of such a nature you explore,
 As, when discover'd, matter is no more.
 Starts off your sense with horror from the view?
 Nor can division infinite pursue?—
 Behold that slender plate of ductile gold,
 How largely broad it's hammer'd sides unfold!
 From flaming straw what clouds of smoke arise,
 And spread black night around the azure skies!

The flightest tint that colour can supply,
What floods of water will it serve to dye !
How light a fume of brimstone (fruit of Hell !)
Despoils choice wines of flavour and of smell !
Gross are all bodies, though not all alike,
However numerous, which our senses strike ;
But the vast multitudes you'd scarce believe,
Too fine for human organs to perceive.

Shot from the Zenith straight behold a line,
Another in th' Horizon's plain supine ;
Let both, produc'd, to mutual contact run,
They touch, when met, in points no more than one :
Suppose oblique the line direct before,
Of the recumbent line 'twill cover more ;
Yet still incline th' oblique one e'er so much,
Two several points distinct it cannot touch ;
Though more, or less, on that supine it gains,
As from the perpendicular it leans :
So more, or less, your Reason clearly sees,
The point is touch'd, by regular degrees,
Just as the angle (necessary fruit
Of intersection) 's more or less acute.

Now

Now place these lines in parallel conjoint,
 Let one exceed the other by a point,
 But let the longer, balanc'd in it's site,
 Surpass the less, as much at left as right;
 Behold, it's prominence, at each extreme,
 Shews an HALF-ATOM, fatal to your scheme.
 This problem, too, the pyramid defends;
 Whose four-fac'd figure lessening still ascends,
 Till at the last, when it can mount no higher,
 A single atom terminates the spire;
 This point, the summit, thus, of every side,
 Into four parts we surely may divide:
 For let the pinnacle an atom be,
 That rests on two, descending, those on three;
 So, gradually progressive, grows the sum,
 Till to the bottom of the pile you come:
 One covers two, two three, but not complete,
 Because their lineal lengths are not so great;
 Since in proportion strict the lines increase,
 Down from the vertex to the lowest base.

Why incommensurate, can no art compare
 Side with diagonal, in any square?

If every line, that by the square is claim'd,
 Be of pure, simple, solid atoms fram'd;
 What can prevent your measuring like with like,
 The perpendicular with the oblique?
 If each consist of seeds of equal size,
 Count but in which the greater number lies;
 Then strike the balance: Should th' attempt prove vain,
 Th' unequal structure of your seeds is plain.
 This is the cause, perhaps, why, yet unknown,
 The circle's quadrature all search has flown:
 Though vain philosophers, with madding rage,
 Nature's strong hold attack, from age to age;
 Still by division all their arts she foils,
 And laughs, secure, at SISYPHEAN toils.
 Abstruse Geometry no secret knows,
 Which your frail system does not here oppose.
 Orbs within orbs inwapp'd in endless folds,
 And all concentrick, every circle holds:
 As many parts divide the inmost orbs,
 As that whose circuit all the rest absorbs.
 For all the intermediate circles bear,
 Of wide circumference their proportion'd share,
 As toward the centre gradually they press,
 The larger spaces answering to the less;

'Tis but the magnitude of parts that fails,
 An equal number through them all prevails.
 Nay, ev'n the centre we may thus disjoint,
 No more consider'd as a simple point :
 The part, which fronts the circle's northern side,
 From that which fronts the southern we divide :
 In fine, as many parts, as great an host,
 As in th' extreme circumference, it may boast ;
 In Number's scale their parts precisely suit,
 But the more central are the more minute.
 The centre is a circle, knows no bounds,
 But orbs innumerable in it's sphere furrounds.

MATTER may, then, like MOTION, TIME, and WEIGHT,
 Sustain division, in it's smallest state ;
 No force, no power, with toil's severest pains,
 E'er to a simple point in these attains.
 As Motion's flightest part can ne'er be REST ;
 As all Time's parts are with his hand impress'd,
 As every part of Weight by Weight is bent,
 So must EXTENSION's parts be still EXTENT.
 What though in body, sometimes, we suppose
 A naked point, which no division knows ?

For the larger spaces answering to the less ;

For MEASURE's purposes, 'tis merely feign'd,
That a fix'd centre may be once obtain'd :
Thus, in like fort, we feign, for Measure's ends,
That a line no way, but in length extends,
And that a surface is but long, and broad,
Though Fact, and Reason, soon detect the fraud ;
Since every thing, that Body's form can wear,
Must in it's bulk the three dimensions bear.

But still you say, " A point we may obtain,
" Placing a sphere upon a perfect plain ;
" For that the point, by which the plain is hit,
" Is simply one, and never can be split."
Those, who demonstrate truths of such a kind,
Have form'd a previous fiction in the mind ;
Supposing plain, and sphere, to be compos'd
Of points with points in durance firm inclos'd ;
Which but in MATHEMATICKS find a place,
Considering body as distinct from space ;
Never in PHYSICKS, which to fact adhere,
And speak of things as they in truth appear.
This point of contact, therefore, when we view,
In such a light as shews it's colour true,

We find it with a solid form impress'd,
 Obnoxious to division, like the rest.
 'Tis not content, as if 'twere purely one,
 To touch the surface of the plain alone;
 But of the sphere, besides, to which it cleaves,
 No close, contiguous part untouch'd it leaves.
 So ev'n this point divisible we find,
 Fram'd of innumerable particles combin'd.
 Yet we may try to view it, not in vain,
 In that part only, which is next the plain.

Atoms, then, subject to division lie,
 Whence it must follow that they all may die.
 Ruin entire each body has involv'd,
 When, to constituent principles resolv'd,
 It falls in various parts, now join'd no more,
 Whose firm connection form'd it's mass before.
 Say not, no powers their frames in pieces pull,
 Compact for ever, as for ever full;
 And that their structure ne'er can be annoy'd,
 Because within them they contain no void:
 (Beside my proving that no Vacuum lies
 In bodies perishing before our eyes)

If

If close compactness Atoms can defend,
 And shield for ever from a mortal end,
 'Tis not their pure simplicity bestows
 So choice a boon, which each to hardness owes :
 Nor can in truth ev'n hardness : You declare,
 Although no Vacuum rests where they cohere,
 Yet that they may, however close combin'd,
 Be pluck'd asunder after having join'd.
 Thus is it prov'd that Atoms feel the state
 Of mortal beings, and submit to fate :
 And, since whatever terminates it's course
 Owes it's existence to superior force,
 Atoms, thus hastening ever to a close,
 Own a beginning whence they first arose.
 Every caducous, fragile, transient thing,
 From some creative, cogent power did spring ;
 Whate'er sustains, from any cause, decay,
 Without some author ne'er had seen the day :
 Atoms confess then, cloath'd in mortal plight,
 A parent power, from whom they sprung to light.

Deduce not hence a consequence untrue,
 As if from Matter's properties it grew,

That bodies ever must be equal all,
 The large in bulk no greater than the small;
 Since each does in it's composition blend
 Portions divisible without an end.
 This reasoning's false: though body ne'er denies
 To shrink, divided, to but half it's size,
 It still preserves it's first proportion'd state,
 If small, half smaller, half less great, if great;
 The halves of different bodies must confess
 The stamp original, of more or less:
 Thus half a fathom, in the same regard,
 Exceeds an half-yard, as the whole a yard.

But with what front does EPICURUS dare
 Such an absurd objection to declare?
 Does he not atoms infinite amass,
 Figur'd alike, in every separate class?
 May we not then, by fairest inference, say,
 That every class as many must display,
 Within it's pale, of one peculiar mold,
 As all the classes, join'd together, hold?
 The number, which one species can express,
 Than that, which all expresses, is no less.

Thus your PRECEPTOR has, with curious art,
Made out the whole no greater than it's part.
While these absurdities a passage find,
And calmly sink, unfelt, into your mind;
Why close the eyes, and turn the deafen'd ear,
To what I've prov'd by demonstration clear?
Matter's division in my system breeds,
Not equal parts like your imagin'd seeds;
But parts in strict proportion that decrease,
And whose resolving power can never cease;
Though still divisible, yet still combin'd,
In some accumulate mass for ever join'd.
Thus Matter, view'd in Reason's genuine light,
Must in all bodies ever be finite.
For, one determin'd, common bulk ascribe
To body's particles, through every tribe;
(This measure fix'd precisely to your will)
A few, you'll find, the smaller bodies fill,
While in the larger quickly you'll explore,
For their respective sizes, many more:
Although so small a part you ne'er can gain,
As shall not smaller in it's folds contain.
'Tis not to that INFINITY's applied,
Which without ceasing we may still divide;

But

But to whatever fills the vast profound,
 What feels no cincture, and what knows no bound;
 IMMENSE, and INFINITE, in sense the same,
 Agree in properties, though not in name.
 Matter, by us defin'd, on no pretence,
 Howe'er divided, can be stil'd immense.
 What is it therefore? A collected mass
 Of things whose parts division's powers surpass.
 Sever those parts constituent; each alone
 Is circumscrib'd by limits of it's own;
 But no assemblage ever can become,
 Whose parts are finite, infinite in sum.

You'll here object; your former pleas withdrawn,
 That "every being must be simply one;
 "But to whate'er we may in fact divide
 "That attribute can never be applied;
 "Some bodies, therefore, surely must there be,
 "From the keen edge of sharp division free.
 "Unless such solid seeds," you'll say, "exist,
 "No firm, constituent principles subsist,
 "Bodies to form, of particles distinct,
 "Of various units close together link'd:
 "That

" That bodies do not separate parts contain,
 " Is a position as absurd as vain.
 " As ONE is NUMBER's principle allow'd,
 " Which grows when unities together crowd;
 " So must material bodies be confess'd,
 " To owe their frame to unities compress'd.
 " If Matter cannot properly be stil'd
 " One, yet of unities it is compil'd:
 " Thus for the elements, of which 'tis fram'd,
 " Must INDIVISIBILITY be claim'd."

Herein thy Rhetorick, QUINTIVS, does not yield
 To his, whose trumpet rous'd thee to the field;
 Nor ev'n to his, whose artful LATIAN song
 Has pour'd delusion o'er the world so long.
 Yet this fine structure, rais'd from thought profound,
 A breath of air shall level with the ground.
 Whate'er exists, I own, has just pretence
 To unity; but not in equal sense:
 That which is simple, and no part infolds,
 It's lawful claim irrefragably holds:
 As, first, th' ALL-PRESENT DEITY is one,
 In power, and splendour, single, and alone;
 Whose

Whose awful attributes, compell'd, ev'n you,
 In vain reluctant, shall acknowledge true:
 Thus too HIS IMAGE, fashion'd with his hands,
 Man's MIND for ever undivided stands.
 But what th' immortal mind can only bear,
 Of matter frail to predicate beware.
 How widely different Matter is from Mind,
 Explain'd at large hereafter shalt thou find:
 But purely one no more can body be,
 Than the cleft mind in several parcels flee.
 All kinds of beings, link'd in Nature's chain,
 Two classes, rang'd in ranks distinct, contain:
 What wants extension, and whose parts are none,
 Is in it's nature simple, purely one:
 But what's extended owes to parts it's frame,
 How can it undivided essence claim?
 Matter, and unity, must ever jar,
 And wage, unreconcil'd, perpetual war:
 No part of Matter truly can be stil'd
 One, of divisibility beguil'd;
 Although that name in common phrase of speech,
 Is to all bodies giv'n; because that each,
 Possessing parts innumeros close compress'd,
 Yet forms a mass distinguish'd from the rest:

Thus

Thus is a house, a river, or a stone,
Howe'er divisible, describ'd as one;
Thus each material portion, small or great,
Whose finish'd figure marks a separate state.

Nay, ev'n what Number's principle we call,
Th' imagin'd UNIT, may to pieces fall;
Split into fractions by the active mind,
It's swelling parts are by no term confin'd:
Were this not so, in vain would human art
Attempt odd numbers equally to part;
Nor could divide, howe'er intense it's cares,
Seven, or seven hundred, in three equal shares,
Thus, carv'd at will, does Unity submit
To mental force, by Fancy's pleasure split.
But all the points of solid Matter feel
Division real from the piercing steel;
For every line by Body's length supplied,
Into two equal parts we may divide:
But were th' ill-feign'd atomick notion true,
Forg'd by your SAGE, promulgated by you;
Did simply individual points combine,
In the formation of each several line;

E c 2

None,

None, where uneven numbers we detect,
 Could art or labour's utmost pains bisect.
 These points are, then, ridiculously vain,
 And atoms merely figments of the brain.

This was acknowledg'd by that impious man,
 Who form'd from jarring creeds his monstrous plan;
 Who first adopted principles CHINESE,
 Then mingling STRATO's mad romance with these,
 On Reason's fall rear'd IRRELIGION's throne,
 And crown'd the fiend with errors all his own:
 Him let me combat, Heav'n's inveterate foe,
 And, with the CHIEFTAINS of the LEAGUE, o'erthrow;
 Absurd SPINOZA, known too well to fame,
 Who dar'd a God omnigenous to frame;
 Who, to secure the world by heav'n unaw'd,
 Made the vast universe itself a God,
 And, that divine dominion might be hurl'd
 Far from it's confines, deified the world:
 Thus, with the edifice he 'ad fashion'd round,
 Th' Almighty Builder daring to confound.
 New-plum'd Impiety presumes to rise,
 And shoots her front audacious to the skies:

For

For from the univerſal maſs of things
His God prepoſterous, all-involving ſprings ;
Bodies compoſe his body all combin'd,
All minds united furniſh him a mind,
From Time caducous all the parts that fly,
Th' eternal vigour of his age ſupply.
'Tis PAN he celebrates; but not the PAN,
Whoſe goats-feet o'er the ARCADIAN mountains ran ;
Whoſe power the ſylvan ſavages rever'd,
For whom each altar ſmok'd, with blood beſmear'd ;
Who breath'd the ſeven-ſtopp'd reed through every grove,
To win fair SYRINX to his aukward love ;
Who through the Woodlands wild each nymph purſued,
Rough as a Satyr, as a Satyr leud ;
Whoſe horned temples, wreath'd with bending pine,
Oft ſcar'd th' affrighted Ruſtick from his ſhrine ;
Parent of tremors, where no cauſe appears,
Of groundleſs horrors, hence call'd PANICK fears :
No : On the name of PAN his praiſes roll,
Ador'd a ſymbol of the mighty WHOLE.
SPINOZA's God we every thing may call,
At once a ſingle entity, and all.
But ſince whate'er ſpontaneous ſprung to light,
By native vigour, muſt be infinite ;

And never can infinity be found,
 Where Number hems the several parts around;
 He, by the monstrous paradox unscar'd,
 Against all Number has at once declar'd,
 Allows not Matter's ample mass to grow
 From parts that, join'd, the swelling bulk bestow;
 But one immense, stupendous Atom feigns,
 Which, undivided, ever lives, and reigns.
 Outrageous madman! who himself confounds,
 Nay, ev'n his God, with horses, and with hounds;
 Deaf to the voice of sentiment, and blind
 To Reason's light, who nought distinct can find,
 To self peculiar, though he, conscious, knows
 What ignorance seeks, and feels his proper woes.
 Egregious Godhead! Source of light, and life!
 Whom thou mayst cut, and mangle with a knife!
 "He's not divided," here SPINOZA cries,
 "In the same state th' enormous body lies;
 "Although, perhaps, his posture may be chang'd,
 "And his huge members in new order rang'd,
 "No discontinuance follows thereupon,
 "For that which cuts, and what is cut, are one."
 O trifling coxcomb! Is the tyrant's hand
 The same with his, who dies by his command?

Do dead from living no distinction claim?
Are wolf, and shepherd, son, and fire, the same?

For, though, at divers times, one being may
Take different modes, and various forms display;
Yet can it not at once embrace the strife,
Which ever must subsist 'twixt death, and life;
Nor can it, simply, adverse figures bear,
And, at the same time, be both round and square:
Or, should it prove, at once, both square and round,
'Mongst individuals 'tis no longer found.
I own, as many links compose a chain,
So may one species many things contain;
But 'tis repugnant, ev'n to common sense,
To call that ONE, on any fond pretence,
Which in it's essence every essence blends,
And all the wars of nature comprehends:
Ev'n Power Divine CONSISTENCE must controul,
Nor without parts can there subsist a whole.

But here he urges, "Tis not less absurd,
" Room for two several beings to afford,
" If narrow limits must the one surround,
" While yet the other knows no kind of bound.

" For

" For if divided, and distinct they stand,
 " That stil'd immense all being can't command,
 " Nor can the name of infinite maintain,
 " Because the less participates it's reign."
 Just were this reasoning, did we but suppose,
 That each to self alone it's being owes:
 For then the world would share th' imperial nod,
 And sway the sceptre jointly with it's God;
 In power, perhaps, inferior it would be,
 Second in rank, yet still a Deity.
 But if the bounded substance took it's rise
 From that whose might beyond all compass lies,
 Poor, weak, precarious, out of nothing brought,
 Ready, without support, to sink in nought,
 Dependent, transient, impotent, and vain,
 Self by self-power unable to sustain,
 It never can, in any sort, confine
 Power self inthron'd, self-guarded, power divine.
 Nought can it's union to such essence add,
 Nor separation lessen aught it had.
 In vain Impiety tries every art
 To prove frail Matter of the whole a PART;
 Stripp'd of divinity, by Reason's laws,
 'Tis but th' EFFECT of an ALMIGHTY CAUSE.

Guilt's new asylum levell'd with the ground,
 Her old devices turn we to confound.
 ATOMS CONSIST OF PARTS: All doubt remov'd,
 Spite of the GRECIAN SAGE, that truth is prov'd.
 But to connect those parts what power employ'd
 Has join'd them close, unsever'd by the Void?
 What is their cement? For the toil requir'd
 Bodies to form of seeds, as you desir'd,
 The self-same toil these parts of Atoms claim,
 By their conjunction Atoms whole to frame.
 And since these elements, however small,
 Boast their peculiar, proper figures all,
 Within their folds, when join'd, they must embrace
 Many, and various intervals of Space:
 Thus you have nothing solid; Atoms prone
 To fate, by quick division are o'erthrown;
 Subject to change, they're easily dissolv'd,
 And death with dissolution is involv'd.
 Their state, disjointed, is the same no more
 With what, united, they enjoy'd before;
 Motion, (INNATE, as you pretend,) must change
 The fites of Matter's parts, and newly range,
 Varying the stations, sizes, shapes of things,
 For MUTABILITY from Motion springs.

F f

But

But if the particles appear in fact,
 By wonderous skill, so curiously compact,
 That not the smallest chasm divides the swarm,
 And form an Atom, or ev'n seem to form;
 Shall not the ARCHITECT our homage claim,
 Able such perfect workmanship to frame?
 Whose powerful arm, stretch'd out through boundless Space,
 Cull'd the wide-scatter'd seeds to found a base,
 Firm for all kinds of bodies? then combin'd
 Those seeds most aptly for the plan design'd?
 'Mongst all the methods possible beside,
 Who chose the best, and on that choice relied?

For since each single Atom is compos'd
 Of numerous parts, together strongly clos'd,
 Though part to part in union strict adheres,
 By which complete the Atom's form appears,
 Yet point out one, and tell the reason why
 Fix'd in that spot it should precisely lie?
 Was such arrangement by it's own desire?
 Say, does it's nature such a site require?
 Might it not, in another station plac'd,
 Form a new Atom, by new parts embrac'd?

Or full as well have settled from it's flight,
 Above, below, at left hand, or at right?
 Why in that very Atom fell it's lot?
 Why there attach'd to that identick spot?
 Tell, if thou canst, what gave it's motion laws?
 And summon Reason to decide the cause.
 In vain you ransack all the stores of wit,
 Unless a FIRST GREAT MOVER you admit,
 Fraught with intelligence; whose power decreed,
 The order, station, rank, of every seed;
 Who fram'd the elements, as he thought good,
 And fashion'd all things, as they since have stood.
 As one for quaint, mosaick skill renown'd,
 Willing a monument of art to found,
 Selects, with curious choice, each shining stone,
 Worthy to fill the niche assign'd alone:
 Vast though the heaps that all around him lie,
 From pile to pile he darts his piercing eye,
 Unwearied, searches all his precious store,
 And turns the glittering pebbles o'er and o'er;
 Till aptly rang'd, in colour, shape, and size,
 Lo! from their ranks th' historick emblems rise:
 Then on the cement press'd, with hand exact,
 The strenuous Artist binds the work compact.

In Atoms, as in bodies, parts display'd
 Prove that, like bodies, Atoms all were made;
 Namely, of other Atoms; which obtain
 The form they bear from smaller seeds again.
 In vain laborious industry may strive
 At a first, simple principle t'arrive;
 The smallest Atom, you can e'er explore,
 Bears Art's impression, and consists of more.
 Behold, when snow in hoary fleeces falls,
 The playful boys compress the sportive balls;
 Each melting mass of softness, at command,
 Acquires consistence, harden'd in the hand:
 Lo! One along the marble surface throws
 His rolling snow-ball, gathering as it goes;
 Thus by degrees, repeated oft, the least
 Is to a mountain's magnitude increas'd;
 Then, modell'd by the finger's plastick powers,
 Rises in temples, palaces, and towers.
 By motion, thus, and time, collecting size,
 From Atoms join'd all bodies take their rise:
 Atoms themselves to these their being owe,
 Ev'n their minuteft parts from union grow.
 Seed, mix'd with feed, in close embraces blends,
 While the swoln mass insensibly distends;

Till

Till a circumference, form'd coercive round,
Stamps it with figure, and appoints it's bound.

Who then, inform me, gave to every class
Of seeds that, join'd, compose each growing mass,
Who to their least imagin'd portions gave,
The shapes peculiar you contend they have?
Who the distinction first had force to strike?
Some to make similar, and some unlike?
What hand has fashion'd them? has sharpen'd those,
And hollow'd these with deep indented blows?
Rubb'd by what file, or on what anvil ground,
Have some their surfaces so smooth, and round?
Who fix'd their figures by compulsive laws?
For LIKE, and UNLIKE, must agnize a cause.

I know your answer: "They have always been,
" Through all past ages, what they now are seen;
" Stedfast, as self-born principles, they stand,
" Nor need the aid of a Creator's hand;
" In Number countless, 'twere absurd to claim
" One form for all, and lineaments the same."
QUINTIUS, thou err'st: Can such be call'd self-born,
Which may (we've prov'd it) be in pieces torn?

Those

Those several parts existence had before,
 Then stile your Atoms, PRINCIPLES, no more:
 Own them divisible, and then, perforce,
 Thou must derive them from some higher source:
 Whate'er they have, whate'er thy dreams bestow,
 Weav'd with their essence, to some cause they owe.
 CHANCE, then, or God, created every one;
 But Chance, blind Chance, has sure created none:
 Chance never can creative power possess;
 Convinc'd, th' all-forming Deity confess:
 See through the whole his plenteous blessings shower!
 Acknowledge, now, his wisdom and his power!

Atoms to nought essential can aspire,
 But that which Matter's properties require:
 So if those bodies have a native shape,
 It must be such as they could not escape,
 If to themselves they owe it: Atoms square
 Are such as forms rotund could never bear:
 But nought forbids an Atom to be round,
 In your collection myriads such are found:
 To Matter then, no special shape can fall,
 'Tis just alike susceptible of all:

Round

Round were it's essence, nothing square we'd see,
 Square were it's essence, nothing round could be.
 Yet, reckoning o'er thy cumberous heaps of seeds,
 How many round, and square, thy system breeds!
 He, who asserts that to themselves they owe
 Whatever figure, round, or square, they shew,
 Or, be they mark'd however else they may,
 That 'tis a stamp eternal dares to say,
 As grossly blunders, as were he to call
 Men, of themselves, black, white, or short, or tall,
 And, at the same time, make before your eyes,
 GERMANS, and GIANTS, MOORS, and PYGMIES rise.

Art thou astray in such a beaten road?
 Dost thou not know the nature of a MODE?
 It may be absent, or return again,
 And yet the SUBSTANCE still the same remain.
 Wax, soft, and pliant, yields to all attacks,
 Modell'd in any form, yet still 'tis wax.
 Hard ice is nought but water; lying snows
 As much are water as the stream that flows;
 See from the boiling cauldron smoke ascend,
 That very smoke is water too, my friend;

Round

Whatever

Whatever powers transform it's subtile frame,
 The simple element is still the same.
 Were Modes innate, of whatsoever kind,
 They ne'er could fail, the Substance left behind;
 Were they, by native strength, in body rang'd,
 By force, or art, they never could be chang'd:
 But if by transposition, or increase,
 Or diminution of the parts, they cease,
 Or change their qualities, 'tis then most clear,
 They're not innate, however they appear:
 But bodies may, ('tis obvious to your view,)
 By friction cast their forms, and put on new:
 Modes, thus, to Matter adventitious all,
 Within that category Figures fall.

Nor to thy MASTER was this truth unknown,
 He feels it's force, nor hesitates to own:
 Then why, regardless of a settled rule,
 Prompts he the weak DISCIPLES of his SCHOOL,
 To suffer Modes through Nature's bars to 'scape,
 Vaunting eternity for SIZE and SHAPE?
 Must stubborn verity to Atoms bend?
 Who can such inconsistency defend?

Ev'n from thyself the hard confession wrung
Shall brand his vile duplicity of tongue.
Mode becomes ESSENCE, when of Atoms meant,
Though in mix'd bodies 'tis mere ACCIDENT !
But Reason reprobates his partial claims,
Nor do things change their natures with their names.
And is not ev'n this paltry quirk remov'd ?
Have not your Atoms bodies mix'd been prov'd ?
Nothing essential, then, presume t'ascribe
To Atoms, not so to the whole mix'd tribe ;
Nothing that does not Matter's fate involve,
And, when destroy'd, the mass entire dissolve.
Whate'er it be, of which you may deprive
Matter's whole mass, yet still the mass survive,
From Matter's essence Reason must explode,
As a mere accident, a fleeting mode.
Body, as finish'd, and by limits bound,
Some kind of figure ever must surround ;
Some figure, therefore, of whatever kind,
Attach'd to each essentially we find :
But no peculiar figure, still the same,
Dominion over any one can claim ;
When such peculiar figure we explore,
'Tis then an accident, and nothing more.

So body can't subsist without a place,
 Yet needs not any special spot of Space;
 If it obtain a site, 'tis equal where,
 'Tis the same body, whether here, or there.

Was EPICURUS not a churlish fool,
 Beyond all misers courting ridicule,
 When to his Seeds so sparingly he gave
 Forms, which so cheaply he might ever have?
 Why did the hot-brain'd forger cease to feign?
 FANCY his Queen, why not extend her reign?
 Of ANAXAGORAS why the scheme reject,
 And flaws in HOMOEOMERY detect?
 Why dreams, not bolder than his own, refuse,
 Nor ill adapted to his obvious views?
 In it's capacious womb this System breeds
 Heaps without number of all kinds of seeds:
 These rove for ever through the realms of Space,
 And, when they meet, congenial seeds embrace;
 Each, to the charms of different species blind,
 Enjoys coition only with it's kind:
 Thus eyes but eyes, thus lips but lips desire,
 Gold cleaves to gold, and fire unites with fire.

But

But Heav'n's ARCH-FOE, too deeply vers'd in fraud,
T'admit what prov'd th' existence of a God,
Well knew such bodies never could be thought,
Self-sprung, self-fashion'd, which so plainly brought
Stamps of the power, by whom their forms were plann'd,
And bore th' impresson of th' almighty hand.
Art then he wish'd entirely to suppress,
His Atoms cloathing in the simplest dress;
So launch'd them out at random in the Void,
And for a Pilot eyeless Chance employ'd.

But what advantage do such scruples gain?
Feign hardily, whene'er you dare to feign.
If independence for your seeds you claim,
The gross absurdity is just the same,
Whether you make them rude, and shapeless, still,
Or turn'd, and polish'd, with the nicest skill.
As well the strenuous Artift's hands must toil,
Framing a spade to till the stubborn soil,
As were his task to forge a gorgeous shield,
Such as fair THETIS' godlike son did wield;
On which black VULCAN grav'd each orient star,
The arts of peace, and deeds of glorious war:

Or that fam'd Ægis, dipp'd in stygian waves,
Where two dread sphinxes glare from adverse caves;
While in the centre, fierce with snakes entwin'd,
MEDUSA's aspect petrifies mankind.

Th' erroneous doctrine now, convinc'd, explode,
That gave self-rise, and permanence to Mode.
Matter indeed, (or the collective mass,
Or all the various parts of every class,)
As surely as to being it aspires,
Modification absolute requires:
Not that it's natural exigencies crave
This, or that mode, peculiarly to have;
(For if, from all eternity impress'd,
This, or that mode it's substance had possess'd,
By force innate; such never could depart,
Compell'd by violence, or seduc'd by art;)
But Mode must ever mingle with it's frame,
Of what specifick sort is all the same:
Then all those modes, which or at first it bore,
And still, tenacious, keeps for evermore,
Or which, inconstant, oft it casts away,
And then as oft resumes, in wanton play,

Since

Since self on self, 'tis prov'd, did not bestow,
 It must to some superior being owe :
 And since it ne'er can fall to Matter's share,
 To stand unform'd, and of all figure bare ;
 'Tis clear it can't, by force intrinsic, stand,
 But owes ev'n Substance to some bounteous hand ;
 Ev'n to the very hand that has bestow'd
 The boon of this, or that, peculiar mode.
 Whate'er's obnoxious of itself to change,
 Reason cannot with things eternal range ;
 For it's existence, doubtless, it depends
 On some high power, that o'er each change intends ;
 Such is all Matter, mutable, and frail,
 For ever veering, like the fickle gale :
 It is not then eternal ; every thing,
 That's not eternal, did from nothing spring :
 It plainly does not, of itself, subsist,
 And it as plainly does, in fact, exist :
 There was a time then, Reason now must see,
 When first from nothing it began to be.

He, who on Matter being did bestow,
 Can nought material in his essence know :

For

For ev'n if HE, like bodies, were combin'd
 Of various parts, by time, and motion, join'd,
 Motion had pre-existed; and a cause
 Must be fought out, which, by precedent laws,
 Dispos'd those parts, as to it's power seem'd right,
 And gave them proper motion, form, and site:
 HE then would not th' eternal being prove,
 And self-existent, but that cause above.
 But the first principle whence bodies rise,
 That native strength with being still supplies,
 From endless ages, is confess'd by you;
 It, therefore, must be incorporeal too:
 God is that principle, whose sovereign pow'r
 Call'd Matter forth, at his appointed hour;
 The great Creator, who preserves, protects,
 And all it's movements, and it's forms directs,
 His stable substance ever must endure,
 O'er Death triumphant, and from Matter pure.

"Nothing from Nought proceeds," you here exclaim,
 Old EPICURUS loudly cries the same:
 The ROMAN POET's kind, compliant Muse
 The same unvarying apophthegm pursues;

Far through the winding vale the voice rebounds,
When Echo spreads the undulating sounds.
But while they say that nothing springs from nought,
For what great purpose is that maxim brought?
Mean they to prove that earth, and seas, and skies,
From coalescent particles arise?
That every plant, which vegetation breeds,
Shoots up expanding from it's proper seeds?
That every infant creature, born alive,
Does from a fire it's source of life derive?
I don't deny it. But the WHOLE of things,
Matter itself—declare whence Matter springs:
I've prov'd it is not from itself it draws
It's being; then it owes it to a cause:
That cause in Matter vainly we explore,
The power superior must have been before:
Matter's abridg'd existence thus betray'd,
'Twas made from nothing, for in fact 'twas made.

How canst thou, QUINTIUS, shew thyself so weak,
In things themselves their origin to seek?
Simplicity in composition fix'd,
And forms unchangeable in masses mix'd?

A point primæval, permanent, alone,
 Where nought is simple, insulated, one?
 There is a Being, firm by power innate,
 Simple, unchang'd, beyond the reach of fate,
 Primæval, fix'd, invariable, immense,
 Supremely infinite in every sense.
 To know this Being does thy soul desire?
 'Tis God : in Him the universe require.

Dark is our road, and rugged : Desarts bare,
 Rough with mishapen rocks, thy fancy scare.
 Not unforewarn'd thou tread'st the parching foil,
 But Truth's rich mines shall recompense thy toil.
 Recruit thou here thy spirits : here take rest :
 Pleasure, with labour purchas'd, pleases best :
 A pause from exercise repairs our force,
 And gives fresh vigour to renew the course.

Page 214. line 15.

Egèrious Godhead ! Lord of light, and life !

Whom thou mayst cut, and mangle with a knife !

In the original,

Egèrium Numen ! Cultro quod scindere possis !

Surely the CARDINAL DE POLIGNAC did not believe *Transubstantiation*.

ANTI-LUCRETIVS.

THE BOOK IV.

Forcing it on us, as though it were a gift.

Then, much reluctant, I am forced to go.

To their fatigue at length we come at last.

O'er the green turf we lie, and rest our heads.

And when the sweetest sleep has closed our eyes,

Our hearts are still, and we are free from care.

His path is paved with roses, and his bed

AN T I L U C R E T I U S

AN T I L U C R E T I U S

THE weary traveller
The mountain's cloud-capp'd summit strives to gain
Forcing o'er rocks abrupt his desperate way,
Till slackening knees failing strength betray
Then, much reluctant, but compelled to yield,
To stem Fatigue at length he quits the field
O'er the green turf his languid limbs he throws
And tastes the sweets of hard-earn'd repose
Panting from labour past, though now at ease
His paths in pleasing retrospect he sees

ANTI-LUCRETIVS.

BOOK IV.

THE weary Traveller, with toilsome pain,
 The mountain's cloud-capp'd summit strives to gain,
 Forcing o'er rocks abrupt his desperate way,
 Till slackening sinews failing strength betray;
 Then, much reluctant, but compell'd to yield,
 To stern Fatigue at length he quits the field;
 O'er the green turf his languid limbs he throws,
 And tastes the sweets of hardly-earn'd repose:
 Panting from labour past, though now at ease,
 His paths in pleasing retrospect he sees,

Dwells on those steps which every nerve employ'd,
 The deadliest dangers are the most enjoy'd:
 Then, fir'd, starts up, and forward points his eyes,
 Bent o'er the topmost pinnacle to rise,
 Refresh'd, embolden'd; 'ere th' attempt begun,
 The race remaining seems already run.
 Thus too, with courage, and with strength renew'd,
 Be now, my Friend, our mighty task pursued.

While we advance, behold! the prospect clears,
 Reason darts light, and darkness disappears;
 No more your BARD's false glittering glories glare,
 Shorn of it's beams, the ill-form'd lump lies bare.
 Proud of imagin'd triumphs o'er the Gods,
 How the vain Boaster his high deeds applauds!
 How does he chaunt his Axioms into day!
 And the swoln honours of his Name display!
 Now crown'd with laurels from victorious toils,
 His chariot groaning with celestial spoils,
 Th' immortal trophies of his Sacred Virtue
 He bears exulting to the fancied shrine;
 While Nations charm'd attend his magick song,
 And vanquish'd Gods in chains are dragg'd along:

RELIGION follows, weeping, captive, bound,
 A Choir of pious Mourners sorrowing round;
 Till to the altar led the victim stands,
 There doom'd to fall by sacrilegious hands.
 Lo! the mad Youth in riot loud advance,
 With scornful jests obscene, and wanton dance,
 Scattering perfumes in aromattick showers,
 Strewing their LEADER's paths with purple flowers:
 The blue-eyed CYPRIAN Nymphs, a chosen band,
 Train'd to lascivious measures, hand in hand,
 In baskets light the gifts of Bacchus bring,
 And all the blooming fragrance of the Spring.
 But thou, my QUENNER, Reason for thy guide,
 Hast seen the wretched downfall of his Pride;
 Hast seen, with mingled scorn, surprize, and shame,
 Th' illusion vanish, like an idle dream;
 And all the pompous triumphs of his Muse
 In empty smoke their spurious splendour lose.

Whence, think'st thou, principles so far from true,
 Whose inconsistency glares upon the view,
 Forming a System so absurd, could find
 Such general credit with abus'd Mankind?

Say

Say, if thou canst, what grand mysterious charm
 Could ev'n the force of Perseus disarm
 And lead the Sons, by false, delusive fires,
 T' abandon altars, reverenc'd by their Sires?
 For ne'er had vocal ORPHUS happier power,
 To draw the listening Tygers round his bower,
 To rouse with harmony th' enchanted woods,
 Or soothe to calmness STRYMON's boisterous floods:
 Nor yet more potent was AMON's strain,
 Which led th' exulting Dolphins o'er the main;
 Nor that fam'd Lute, whose exquisite command
 Brought stones obsequious to the Builder's hand,
 'Till, rais'd by Melody's transcendent powers,
 To Heav'n aspir'd the proud GANGETIC Towers.
 Tell me what baleful, black, funeral Cloud
 The mental faculties had power to shroud?
 Extinguish every spark of native Light,
 And ev'n Truth's brilliant star involve in night?
 'Twas fell DESIRE, that aided his pretence,
 Pandar of Falseness, Parasite of Sense.

"Give me," he cries, "a penetrable Space,

"Which in it's bosom all things may embrace;

"Let

" Let the said Space be infinite, yet shew
 " Parts palpably distinguish'd, high and low;
 " Firm let it stand, as into being brought
 " By it's own strength, and yet resemble Nought:
 " Give me a Mass of MATTER, boundless still,
 " Yet not sufficient boundless Space to fill;
 " ATOMS congenial, yet of various kinds,
 " Simple, though Figure each distinct one binds,
 " Though all extended, undivided all,
 " With, and without parts, whether large, or small:
 " Add that the Whole does not it's PART exceed,
 " Let MODE unsteady stable SUBSTANCE breed--
 " Grant me all these, obedient to my nod,
 " And straight I'll build a World without a God!"
 No doubt you may: but such concessions, sure,
 The man who makes, is mad beyond a cure.

But since for Body's universal rise
 The seeds of Matter can't alone suffice;
 Unless some Motion may those seeds incline,
 In friendly union closely to combine:
 Suppose your boasted LATIAN BARD, ev'n here,
 Should bring no proofs, more cogent, or more clear;
 Shall

Shall not his Verse excite contempt and sighs? his edicts
 Shall not found Reason hiss him off the stage?
 Then, lest the just, censorial Rod should seem
 Slightly to pass, what principal you deem,
 Though nought can be more easy to refute,
 Your scheme of Motion fairly we'll dispute.
 Here Epicurus, in his frantick fit,
 On Error's rock with wilful rage has split:
 For, doubting long, and studying for a case,
 To give th' atomick fabled Motion laws,
 (While in themselves the principle he sought,
 That the whole mechanism of movement wrought,
 And knew, occasions frequent to supply,
 Connections various for his Seeds to try,
 Waisted by gales, or buffeted by storms,
 Their motions should be divers as their forms)
 One Power, at length, obedient to his call,
 Rises sufficient to conduct them all:
 That Power is GRAVITY; so close allied
 To Matter's ample mass so firmly tied,
 That from it's essence neither force, nor art,
 Can e'er prevail this property to part;
 WEIGHT the minutest particle attends,
 And with it's being intimately blends.

When

When first *Democritus* this doctrine taught,
Which from *Leucippus* handed down he caught,
But which originally took it's rise
From *Moschus*, born beneath *Phœnician* skies,
The answer was, "Such Motion ne'er could bring
" Atoms in fond society to cling;
" Ne'er could they bound, recoiling from the shock,
" Nor e'er in strict embrace together lock:
" Doom'd in lines ever parallel to fall,
" Directions similar must guide them all;
" Those to the first descending rank assign'd
" Could never wait for those detain'd behind;
" Thus, each pursuing still it's separate flight,
" Occasion ne'er could offer to unite."
Could such objections credit hope to win?—
The *Laughing Sæx* had solv'd them with a grin;
His only argument was *Ridicule*,
The wise man's Sport, the Logick of a fool:
A grave reply had here been thrown away,
As darkness flies before meridian day.
All things of Weight, by never changing laws,
Fall down direct, without some hindering cause:
But in pure Vacuum what could e'er prevent
The natural bias of their fix'd descent?

When Rain descends, untroubled by the wind,
 The drop before arrests not that behind;
 Nor does the last, rebounding, backward fly,
 And seek, repell'd, it's station in the sky:
 Nor can one drop with those transverse ones blend,
 Which toward the earth with equal swiftness tend;
 Each keeps it's perpendicular alike,
 Lines parallel can ne'er each other strike.
 All these objections Epicurus saw,
 And gave his Seeds a new-invented law:
 "From paths direct," he says, "they all decline,
 "Straight is their Motion, but oblique the line,"
 Thus, plum'd with victory in his own conceit,
 He yields his Atoms ample room to meet;
 With sense far shrewder than his SCOFFING GUIDE,
 For every chance his prudent cares provide;
 Detorted thus, he bids them all obey,
 And shape their course where Nature points the way.

'Twere mean unfairness to upbraid the Man,
 With inconstitence, in another's plan;
 He owns the errors, which he strives to mend,
 Nor should he suffer for his raving Friend:

In

In peace the blunders obsolete may rest,
The Scheme improv'd is what I bring to test.
'Tis false, and useless: for the Atoms all
Either with like declension freely fall,
Their way pursuing still with equal force,
And shape in steady parallels their course;
No point's then gain'd, the obstacle's the same,
Body the Seeds can never join to frame:
Or some obliquely fall, and some direct;
In motion thus a difference we detect,
As in their forms; it's fix'd department each
Has, beyond which it's influence cannot reach;
Th' Atomick Host in separate troops divides,
One falls direct, and one obliquely slides.
Their natures like, unconscious of a cause,
What power can give their various movement laws?
Things with the same mobility endued,
With homogeneous qualities imbued,
To no PRIME MOVER which their motion owe,
Can't, in it's modes, the slightest variance know.

O EPICURUS! should RELIGION breed,
And nurse such monstrous doctrines in her Creed,

How wouldst thou triumph o'er her sons so scorn'd
 How wouldst thou laugh **CARDUITY** to scorn?
 MOTHER OF ILLS she's falsely call'd by thee,
 MOTHER OF ERRORS, then, she'd truly be!
 How dost thou turn, **obsequious** to thy will,
 Matter's first seeds, the produce of thy skill?
 Why since thou blusht not on them to describe,
 Though undivided, Figures of each tribe,
 Didst thou not venture boldly to endue
 These favour'd seeds with many Movements too?
 For just as well thou mightst have made them wheel,
 In every curve of every different kind;
 Have bid them round **scissious** axes roll,
 And glibly wheeling seek the destin'd goal;
 Commanded some in **spiral** form to curl,
 Others in **orbits** circular to whirl;
 Made these like lightning cleave th' unfathom'd deep,
 While those like snakes voluminously creep,
 Weav'd them in webs, or network e'er so fine,
 As slightly bent them from the natural line.
 Nature's allegiance thou withdraw'st from God,
 The Slave is thine, and trembles at thy nod.
 A self-inthron'd, almighty Sovereign, thou
 Wouldst rule the Universe, but know'st not how.

O! vain Usurper! quit thy state, and deign
 To learn to govern, 'ere thou hop'st to reign.
 Shall crown'd OMNIPOTENCE, in bashful guise,
 Manage with frugal care immense supplies?
 Atoms, the best belov'd of thy command,
 Are dress'd in Figures with a sparing hand;
 Still more confin'd their Motion, which requires
 Change without end, to answer thy desires:
 Mix'd multitudes, so adverse, and unlike,
 In all directions should each other strike,
 Encountering, side with side, above, below,
 That from such concourse Bodies firm might grow.
 What though the martial Host, in firm array,
 It's gorgeous banners to the sun display,
 Hurl proud defiance through the world afar,
 Breathe burning vengeance, and provoke the war?
 Vain is it's ardour, vain it's vaunted force,
 Vain the close-phalanx'd order of it's course;
 Unless, to rouse fierce battle's dire alarms,
 Some adverse Host oppose contending arms.
 Unstay'd by dams, no stop the Current knows,
 But, free from obstacle, for ever flows.

Think'st

Think'st thou to answer thus? "The fault's not mine;
 "Atoms must ever keep their native line;
 "In essence like, spontaneous in descent,
 "Their course can't vary, though it may be bent."
 I know it cannot. Then resolve me, why
 Part fall direct, and part obliquely fly?
 Does Reason only on thy Will depend?—
 Their Course may vary, just as well as bend.
 Wanting to build a World without a God,
 The tale had been more useful, not more odd:
 Say, why your System it's own beauty stains?
 Is ERROR pleas'd to forge her proper chains?
 You hold your Atoms hurried through the Void,
 No force but their intrinsic weight employ'd;
 And at the same time fairly you confess,
 All falling bodies toward the Nadir press,
 In a direct, and perpendicular line,
 Unless some others force them to decline:
 But you, th' identick, individual Man,
 Wholely forgetting your ostensive plan,
 Command these Atoms, unimpeded all,
 In lines oblique, spontaneously, to fall.
 Yet Fools there are, impalpable to shame,
 O EPICURUS, who adore thy name!

Who

Who think thy doctrine Reason's noblest feast,
Thyself Truth's oracle, and Nature's priest!
Where do these troops confus'd of atoms tend?
Chuse they their course? or does the vacuum bend
It's weak direction? or is it the slave
Of winds broke loose from some ÆOLIAN cave?
Dost thou not see, (as late of Figures shewn,) *That*
That nought self-sprung, and which subsists alone,
Can any attribute essential claim,
Unless Necessity imprint the same?
If any, therefore, of th' atomick tribe
Lines perpendicular you make describe,
It follows unavoidably that all,
Without exception, must directly fall:
If an inflexion you would give to some,
Straightway inflected they must all become.
Since, therefore, every single atom may,
Thyself the judge, be carried either way,
'Tis by the fairest inference confess'd,
Neither is by Necessity impress'd.
To say that one's congenial, t' other not,
Would pass the folly of the silliest sot:
Saiest thou they're both essential?--- Where's the word:
Can brand a thought so glaringly absurd?

Add.

Add that a Movement then is call'd oblique,
 When the fix'd point it comes from does not strike
 Our eyes as opposite, though, but to fight,
 The line of motion be exactly right.
 Along the side contiguous of a Square,
 Behold, I cast my eye, and straight declare,
 Whatever does in that same line project,
 Is perpendicular, and moves direct:
 By the diagonal whatever moves,
 Although, when scrutiniz'd, direct it proves,
 Yet, as my sight it don't directly strike,
 It's course I suddenly pronounce oblique:
 But, viewing this diagonal's extreme,
 A total change is wrought in all the scheme;
 For, then, whatever moves along the side
 Seems in a transverse track oblique to glide;
 While what diagonally takes it's flight,
 Looks, as in fact it is, precisely right.
 Thus do th' Equator, and th' Ecliptick line,
 Each toward the other, mutually incline.
 When Reason comes Obliquity to explain,
 That rare invention, which makes thee so vain,
 From perfect Rectitude it will be found
 To bear a difference, not in sense, but sound:

For

For all the variance merely does arise
 From this, or that, direction of our eyes;
 Which, aiming at a point, and fixing there,
 All kinds of motion with that point compare.
 But canst thou e'er pretend to say, from whence
 An atom parted, in a void immense?
 Or, in a gulph so vast, which no where ends,
 Canst thou determine where an atom tends?
 Say, by what law, what sign, in what respect,
 Canst thou pronounce their motion's line direct?
 Say, by what rule of rectitude, alike,
 Canst thou declare their motion's line oblique?
 What madness seiz'd thee, labouring hard to build
 A Tower, by Time's rude hand untaught to yield,
 To lay so slightly the foundation-stone,
 Which once displac'd, the structure's all o'erthrown?

" My Seeds," you cry, " from boundless Space descend,
 " By Gravity, and toward earth's centre tend."
 A circle, thus, you make of boundless Space,
 In which Earth occupies the central place.
 But this conceit, by shameless Error mov'd,
 False, and absurd, already has been prov'd.

K k

Yet

Yet take th' indulgence; ev'n suppose it true,
 What profit thence will to your scheme accrue?
 When lines to centre from circumference fall,
 The right you'll find the shortest line of all;
 Distort it e'er so little in it's way,
 So far it from the centre goes astray:
 If you your Atoms, therefore, turn aside,
 As through infinity of Space they glide
 From age to age, the chord then of an arch,
 And not a radius, must denote their march:
 Such shock their Gravity can not survive,
 Nor at the centre will they e'er arrive;
 But wandering lawless, in an endless maze,
 No rule can measure their distracted ways.
 Egregious blunder! first, to draw a line
 Apt for your Seeds, then force them to decline!
 To lay on all your absolute commands,
 Then thwart your purpose with your proper hands!
 Is this the flimsy covering thou hast got,
 To hide from view the GRINNING SAGE'S blot!
 By a worse fault a former fault's retriev'd;
 Thus twice thyself thou'ast fruitlessly deceiv'd,

Poor

Poor as such reasoning is, more futile still
 Is what thy dreams have grounded on **FREE WILL**;
 Striving t' establish this fictitious plan
 Of motion, on **FREE AGENCY** in man.
 Thy Logick's new, and curious: "Man is free,
 " Rules all his actions by his own decree:
 " Atoms then fall oblique; for, once bereave
 " Them of that motion, and Man's **WILL**'s a slave."
 But this Obliqueness has by proofs been shewn
 A mere absurd chimera of thine own:
 Should I, howe'er, my reason sacrifice,
 Yet from such root **FREE WILL** could never rise:
 Granting that Atoms all diverge, what then?
 Can hence flow freedom of the will to Men?
 What hidden knot these propositions ties?
 Sure their connection has escap'd mine eyes.
 Nay, I go further; and I dare maintain
 The strictly opposite conclusion plain:
 For, if the Atoms, tumbling through the void,
 No foreign force, no outward cause employ'd,
 By strength innate desert the forward line,
 'Tis through necessity they all decline:
 Or, if by choice this devious route they take,
 By choice the line of rectitude forsake,

Freedom they boast, and may communicate
 Freedom to bodies, which their links create:
 To Man this honour is not then confin'd,
 Which yet ev'n you appropriate to the MIND;
 But every sort of Body that we see
 Enjoys the same pretension to be free.
 Water will not, by Gravity betray'd,
 Headlong, at all times, urge the steep cascade;
 But on the precipice collected stand,
 And crown the summit of the highest land.
 Sometimes o'er straw th' innoxious Flames will rove,
 And spare the tender objects of their love;
 Yet the black forest hasten to consume,
 And rise triumphant, glorying in it's doom.
 Yon solid Stone, which has withstood the rage
 Of time, and tempest, firm through many an age,
 Mov'd of itself, spontaneously will fall,
 And quit the lofty tower's aspiring wall,
 Through mere disgust at being plac'd so high,
 Proudly preferring Parent Earth to sky.
 Please it the Sun, the Sun will never rise,
 Please it the Moon, the Moon her light denies.
 Through the vast Universe whate'er you view,
 Think now no more from accident it grew,

Nor

Nor from essential, necessary force,
Nor yet from motion's vague, precarious course :
But own, convinc'd, that certainly it springs,
From the will, pleasure, or caprice of things ;
If it be true that Nature's lavish hand
Has pour'd profusely, through her wide command,
To every creature Man's elective pow'rs,
Nor fondly made th' exclusive blessing our's.

But, while thus prodigally you bestow
Freedom alike on all, why Man's o'erthrow ?
Well if my faithful memory can retain,
Th' infernal doctrines of the sect profane,
This is the Creed their PROPHET once did preach,
This is the Creed his PROSELYTES still teach :
" Whate'er Man does, though strongly he believes
" He could omit it, he himself deceives ;
" For it is done by matter's force alone,
" By movements dark, and impulses unknown.
" Nor could it have been otherwise : because,
" All Motion's guided by Atomick Laws :
" From Man as strict obedience they require,
" As from his slaves, earth, water, air, and fire :

" Now Atoms do not, of free choice, embrace
 " Th' oblique, or straight, direction of their race."
 'Tis clearly, then, inevitable FATE,
 Which rules that World it's power did first create;
 Almighty FATE, by Poets rais'd above
 The cloud-compelling Majesty of Jove:
 'Tis FATE you bid the Universe obey,
 Howe'er affecting to detest her sway,
 When all creative force your scheme assigns
 To Matter's Motion, bent in transverse lines,
 And makes that Weight, by which your atoms fall,
 The grand, supreme, primæval cause of all.

Thus not with Man alone Fate's empire ends,
 But o'er all things, and all events extends;
 Hence CHANCE must fall, whom you created King,
 The Sire of Gods, and Men, and every thing:
 Where can the Monarch's throne be fix'd by thee,
 If nothing happens, but what needs must be?
 Those boasted elements, which form the world,
 By your strong arm through boundless vacuum hurl'd,
 Which you describe connected in their course,
 By meeting, suddenly, with equal force,

Contain

Contain a certain cause, that latent lies,
Directs their progress, and cements their ties:
Which standing, every atom must be join'd
To that with which already 'tis combin'd.
Such is their law: because each falling seed
Must meet another driv'n with equal speed;
And each must, in some stated point of space,
Another driv'n in equal time embrace.
If each be with a figure apt supplied,
No force, nor cunning, can their bonds divide:
If it be otherwise, 'tis just as clear,
No force, nor art, can bring them to adhere.
And, since each composition, you can make,
Th' ingredients' nature ever must partake,
From your own principles it follows plain,
That o'er all beings DESTINY must reign;
No power the sceptre from her hand can tear,
Nor in her sway can FORTUNE claim a share:
Nor rests a spark of LIBERTY with Man,
If fram'd according to th' atomick plan.
But let no longer desperate ERROR rave;
The haughty WILL disdains to be a slave:
Queen of herself, and conscious of her right,
She holds her empire firm, in Fate's despite;

Scorning

Scorning the iron-handed Tyrant's frown,
 On Freedom's basis she supports her crown.
 Shall then a Being, fraught with gifts like these,
 Be form'd as Chance, and jostling Atoms please?
 Shall she not rise in rank superior far
 To senseless Matter, with itself at war?
 This disquisition here I leave behind,
 Till I shall treat, expressly, of the MIND.
 It now sufficeth amply to have shewn,
 That from your Motion nought could e'er have grown:
 Because, whatever lines your seeds describe,
 Whether direct, or of the transverse tribe,
 They never can be link'd by any chains:
 No profit, then, your forc'd DECLENSION gains.

" But grant unequal SWIFTNES to the seeds,
 " What bands," you say, "that one concession breeds!
 " Such was the thought that did GASSENDI strike,
 " He fancied their VELOCITIES unlike:
 " That sole addition to th' imperfect schemes
 " Of either SAGE, with worlds in embryo teems;
 " Atoms, by it, may form unnumber'd ties,
 " And to new beings every where give rise.

" For,

" For, while in thick prolifick showers they all
 " Through the waste void with various quickness fall,
 " A nimbler seed behind may soon explore
 " The distance travers'd by a seed before;
 " Then, rudely grasping, form one common stem,
 " And seize on others, or be seiz'd by them."
 Why was, alas! this shining light conceal'd
 From him who first th' atomick race reveal'd?
 Then EPICURUS had not been constrain'd
 His lame absurd DIVERGEMENT to have feign'd,
 To drag his seeds athwart through open space,
 Incurring most ridiculous disgrace.
 " Rous'd by the huntsman's shouts, and clangorous horn,
 " When pale AURORA ushers in the morn,
 " The scented Hounds o'er hills and vallies fly,
 " While Woods, and rocks, resound th' harmonious cry;
 " The panting Stag, now cover'd, now in view,
 " With unremitted ardour they pursue;
 " All keen alike, not all of equal speed,
 " The slower follow, where the swifter lead;
 " These first o'ertaking seize the trembling spoil,
 " And reap the bloody harvest of their toil.
 " The murderous Hawk, swift darting from above,
 " Gripes in his cruel fangs the fluttering Dove;

" With sharpen'd wing in vain she 'ad urg'd her way,
 " Grasp'd by the plunderer's claws, an easy prey.
 " So may some Atoms, nimbler as they go,
 " O'ertake those seeds, whose progress is more slow;
 " And, closely clasping, lock them in their arms,
 " As if enamour'd of their bashful charms."

Vain's the evasion here GASSENDI tries,
 Nor to the convict SOPHIST aid supplies:
 Who Atoms self-created strove to prove,
 And taught that only of themselves they move;
 In essence like proclaim'd them all to be,
 Though in their figures they might disagree.
 For, if one individual of them all
 Faster, or slower, be perceiv'd to fall;
 If one behind e'er reaches one before,
 Their essence can be call'd alike no more.
 What cause this new distinction has supplied?
 Lent wings to those, and yet to these denied?
 " I may suppose them all," you answer straight,
 " As in their Figures various, so in Weight."
 Suppose you cannot what I've prov'd untrue,
 If to no parent's care their birth be due:

'Tis prov'd of Figures; what of Weight you say,
 From reason's rule goes just as far astray.
 All body's Weight's proportion'd to it's Mass:
 Some atoms, therefore, must in bulk surpass
 Their dwarfish brethren, if in weight they feel
 The slightest variance motion can reveal.
 And, being form'd of parts, as hath been shewn,
 The heavy seed of numerous parts is grown;
 While every light one evidently grew
 A puny composition of but few.
 The GENERAL MOTHER, thus, you dare accuse,
 Of narrow prejudice, and partial views;
 That, not alike beneficent to all,
 She gluts the larger seeds, and starves the small.
 I grant you, if they recognize a cause,
 They may be govern'd by unequal laws;
 For so are all the bodies that we see:
 If they do not, such variance cannot be.

Nay, ev'n though different Weights thou shouldst assign
 To those imagin'd principles of thine,
 In vacuo falling, free from all controul,
 At the same instant all must reach the goal.

Pump from a hollow cylinder the air,
 And then let fall a stone, and feather, there;
 The stone, and feather, will, with equal pace,
 Keep the direction of their headlong race.
 In open air, the air they've both to cleave
 Varies their swiftness, as we well perceive,
 Giving the feather, certainly thou'lt own,
 Longer, and more, resistance than the stone.
 But nought, in passive, pure, and perfect Void,
 Can for such purpose ever be employ'd;
 Gaping wide open, loudly it devours
 The fruitful fulness of th' atomick powers.
 Besides, from endless ages if they fall,
 Rushing through tracts immense together all,
 In firm array their march they must explore,
 None can be tardy, none can run before.
 Say, by what bolts, or bars, are those confin'd,
 Which in the void you feign to lag behind?
 Saist thou the coast they're launch'd from's more remote,
 Than that from whence the first were set afloat?
 Or were they later sent through the profound,
 Than those that sooner reach the destin'd bound?
 But who can dare, on any fond pretence,
 Measure finite t' apply to Space immense?

Measure finite who can, without a crime
 'Gainst common sense, apply to endless Time?
 Points round the centre fix'd shall I believe,
 When ev'n the centre's self I can't conceive?
 Thou second DÆDALUS thyself hast made
 A labyrinth where thy footsteps are betray'd;
 Whose folds inextricable firmly bind
 The setter'd rashness of thy rambling mind.
 You say, and there precisely we agree,
 In Space immense no central point can be :—
 Yet now, to give the larger bodies birth,
 And fashion sun, moon, planets, stars, and earth,
 You say your Atoms, hurrying through the sky,
 Strongly attracted, to the centre fly.
 No centre, yet a centre all the while!—
 Such contradiction who can reconcile?

Should I suppose, (for purpose of debate,)
 That Atoms differ in their form, or weight,
 In divers ranks acknowledge them to class,
 And vary their velocity, and mass,
 Admit they all to one fix'd centre tend,
 Which having gain'd, their several movements end;

Still

Still they could not, so modified, agree
To form the World in fashion as we see,
For where wouldst thou this common centre fix?
Where the materials of thy fabrick mix?
In midst of Earth no doubt: as you declare
The kernel of the Universe is there;
To which the groffer particles subside,
And there, as dregs, their heavy foulness hide.
To this, then, all the host seminous cleaves,
And Vacuum's wide deserted empire leaves;
Those seeds especially, with bristles rough,
Or hooks, to make th' united mass more tough,
Whose parent sway the mineral kingdom owns,
And whence, you teach us, sand is fram'd, and stones:
Thither in crowds the globules also flow,
Which on swift streams fluidity bestow:
Nor can such various concourse ever cease,
For inbred motion never is at peace;
And grant it endless, in your own defence,
Since you have made their multitudes immense.
Urg'd by the constant pressure of their weight,
Thus, Atoms ever must accumulate;
Increas'd by such accumulation, far,
The EARTH should swell beyond the furthest star.

Why

Why is it, then, in narrow limits bound ?
Why does it suffer bodies to be found,
Such as the SUN, and each celestial sphere,
Form'd on the self same principle elsewhere ?
To frame those bodies as their bulk requir'd,
What heaps of elements must have conspir'd !
Why has the MOON, as surely as the Earth,
From crook'd and jagged seeds deriv'd her birth ?
Why too does SATURN, with his brilliant ring,
Why mighty Jove of lesser stars the king,
Why MARS, why MERCURY, or, yet more rare,
COMETS the same grand source of being share ?
As many Stars as gild th' ethereal plain
So many Centres must the World contain.
How has dismember'd Gravity been torn,
Thus through the Void in mangled fragments borne !
What idle reveries ! what distracted dreams !
What wild confusion ! --- Centres, and Extremes ! ---
Without a CENTRE, farewell GRAVITY ;
No Centre, where no VORTEX is, can be :
And every Vortex still must presuppose
Some liquid body, which for ever flows.
If Weight be, then, th' occasion of their fall,
In different Vortices the Atoms all

Should

Should be distributed, then fairly tend
 To different centres, to achieve your end:
 They might form separate masses, thus employ'd;
 But how can this be, in your tranquil void?

Before your Seeds with Gravity are fraught,
 And thus to seek a centre can be brought,
 A pre-existing fluid must be found,
 With agitation pauseless whirling round:
 But, since your faith assumes, that every thing
 Did from precipitated Atoms spring,
 Th' atomick motion must have been before,
 Or they're the principles of things no more:
 Thus stripp'd at once of all the means we know,
 That can on bodies Gravity bestow,
 Through vast vacancy they wander blind,
 Nor a point central, either seek, or find.
 Some truths, besides, at large I did explain,
 When to INFINITY I tun'd my strain,
 Which now I briefly to thy mind recall,
 Left from it's stores establish'd proofs should fall:
 Be it confess'd then, in unbounded Space,
 That Weight, no more than Measure, can have place.

For there's no stated term to mark descent,
 No high, no low parts, through it's whole extent:
 These great deficiencies most clearly prove,
 Your Atoms neither up, nor down, can move.
 Thus cramp'd, and fetter'd, they renounce their Weight,
 And all become, like *Barbary*, fix'd as Fate:
 For 'tis a settled tenet of your Creed,
 That Motion does from Weight alone proceed.
 Thus your weak seeds at rest must ever lie,
 And, even though they mov'd, could form no tie.
 Now the fam'd System of your *Bard* review!
 Proof brands as false, what *Fancy* painted true;
 Nay, did his paltry premisses prevail,
 Each lame conclusion thence deduc'd would fail.

Oft are our eyes by magick charms deceiv'd,
 Pleasing delusion's easily believ'd.
 Thus nimble-finger'd Jugglers have the flight,
 By rapid change t' elude th' astonish'd sight:
 Now here, now there, the flying wand they turn,
 Fire seems to freeze, and water seems to burn;
 A fluttering Pigeon by the Enchanter shewn,
 Strange metamorphose! hardens to a stone:

M m

Beard,

Beard, voice, and gesture, aid the covert fraud,
 While credulous fools each dexterous cheat applaud,
 And open-mouth'd in stupid ignorance gaze,
 Till the trick known th' Impostor's art betrays.
 So the veil'd BARD, who fascinates thine eyes,
 Dragg'd into open daylight thou'lt despise.
 How can thy reasoning with sound sense agree,
 When yet thou know'st not what is GRAVITY?
 Weight one of Matter's properties you call,
 And, as to Bodies, give it place in all:
 From this false root a false conclusion springs;
 For, finding Weight in all created things,
 The heavy burden awkwardly you bear
 To their first principles, and fix it there.
 Most bodies by experience you have found
 Apt of themselves to tumble to the ground;
 Plac'd on it's surface, centrally they bend,
 And thither with continual effort tend;
 Your Fancy, therefore, gives all bodies weight,
 As force essential, form'd by power innate.
 Thus ever will the Sorcerers, ERRORS, blind
 Who trusts his senses, rather than his mind,
 But ev'n if solely you in Sense confide,
 Why is not LEVITY as well applied.

To

To Matter, as innate, since Bodies rise
 Sometimes before you, and ascend the skies?
 Dost thou not think that justly we may claim,
 Reasoning from sense, that attribute for Flame?
 Are not those fleeting Phantoms, that appear
 Floating, (you're taught,) through air, in wild career,
 Those unsubstantial, empty Forms of things,
 Whose shadowy beings your LUCRETIVS sings,
 That glide before us, both by day, and night---
 Are not, I say, those fleeting Phantoms light?
 Are not the crowds of atoms, that compose
 The grateful odours rising from the Rose,
 The sweet perfume that Fruits delicious yield,
 And all the herbal fragrance of the Field;
 Or those, that fill the Forest's precious veins,
 Where rich ARABIA spreads her happy plains,
 As to our ravish'd sense they upward tend---
 Are they not light? or why should they ascend?
 The golden radiance Sol's bright beams dispense,
 Wide through the planetary world immense;
 The fainter glimmerings Meteors oft display,
 Mocking at night the splendour of the day;
 And, fainter still, the various Fires that burn,
 Cherish'd by art, to make lost light return;

All darting brilliant atoms, as they glow,
 On every side, above, around, below;
 Must you not judge them, reasoning as you do,
 At the same moment, light, and heavy too?
 Light, by your judgement, in perennial streams,
 Flows from the womb that with it's brightness teems:
 O! how prolifick is the source that pours,
 From age to age, such ever plenteous show'rs!
 That from it's substance constant funds supplies,
 To squander wealth profusely through the skies!
 The active force, that bears each rapid ray,
 Over the trackless, and unmeasur'd way,
 You own is native; If the only cause,
 That can give Matter motion, Motion laws;
 Through the whole world, be Gravity innate,
 Then are the Rays borne on by native weight.
 But now observe, how opposite their course,
 To that produc'd by this imputed force.
 From the circumference to the centre all,
 Urg'd by the power of Gravity, should fall:
 From the fix'd centre quite to the extremes,
 Light, by her native vigour, darts her beams.
 But cease t' imagine that, of native right,
 Body can either ponderous be, or light:

Reason

Reason denies it in the strongest terms,
And wise Experience her decree confirms.

All Matter, wheresoever, has been prov'd,
By innate essence, moveable, not mov'd:
Nor does it ever any preference shew,
To right, or left side, station high, or low;
Thither it speeds it's way, wherever press'd,
Indifferent, or to Motion, or to Rest:
Neither ambitioning the ease of sloth,
Nor active power, 'tis capable of both.
Whate'er for ever motionless may stand,
Or take th' impression of a moving hand,
And so precisely such command obey,
As quick, or slow, to steer the bidden way,
Yet all the while it's natural talents claim,
And it's firm essence still preserve the same,
To such a being Reason must refuse
All privilege it's movement's mode to chuse:
That motion only, which from force it gains,
Till force remove, it faithfully retains.
No being of itself can ever move,
Which Reason's quickening influence does not prove;

Th

Th' exertion aptest for it's state to learn,
 And properest paths sagaciously discern.
 Here Matter's seeds inert can ne'er arrive,
 Which you yourself of Intellect deprive.
 Since you see bodies move by certain laws,
 Convinc'd at once confess a motive cause.
 Without some cause it's vigour to excite,
 No being e'er could change it's present site.
 What cause your Atoms headlong downward throws,
 If bodies vex not their secure repose?
 If, from all pressure, from all contact free,
 Say, what can urge them through the void to flee?
 So circumstanc'd, to Reason's eye 'tis plain,
 Wherever plac'd at first they must remain.

But Seas of Matter every where abound,
 And fill the ample Universe around:
 Their constant pressure gives that violence birth,
 All Bodies which precipitates to Earth.
 An Air far finer than the Air we breathe,
 (Which, thick, and heavy, holds it's course beneath,)
 Surrounds and mingles with our atmosphere,
 Moving incessant, as the Air of Air.

Hail!

Hail! subtilest part of elements! whose frame,
 All praise transcending, soars unseen to fame!
 Work of th' expertest hand, in luckiest hour!
 Most honour'd instrument of Sovereign Power!
 To thee the grosser human sense is blind,
 View'd, like thy MAKER, only by the Mind!
 Rich Blood of Matter! which it's veins dispense,
 To every fibre of the mass immense!
 By thee are worlds of endless sloth beguil'd,
 Parent of Motion now, though first her Child!
 Diffus'd through all the members of the whole,
 Thou giv'st it life, and form'st it's inmost soul!
 Thou guid'st the beauteous harmony of all!
 Soon, without thee, would burst this earthly ball,
 And fly disjointed: thou dost gird it round,
 And hold it firm in GORDIAN fetters bound!
 If on it's surface bodies plac'd exert
 A sudden, violent effort, to desert
 Their station here establish'd, and to rise,
 On wings ICARIAN soaring to the skies;
 Thy powers repellent drive them down once more,
 And to their sphere the fugitives restore!
 From thee the force of GRAVITATION flows!
 To thee the CENTRE all it's influence owes!

Th'

Th' Æthereal Matter, spread around the Globe,
 Wraps it completely in it's fine-spun robe,
 Goads the unwieldy lump with impulse strong,
 And, much reluctant, hurries it along:
 While, at the same time, circling round the sun,
 And it's own axis, Æther bids it run;
 The same rotation rapid Æther feels,
 Rolls, it's associate, and directs the wheels.

Yet is it not, I own, to be believ'd,
 That by such movement Gravity's achiev'd!
 For, since the power, that gives Earth's motion birth,
 Turns round the self-same axis with the Earth,
 And all the greater circles, and the less,
 With circles parallel, must ever press,
 Were such the cause, all bodies toward the Ball,
 In lines precisely parallel, would fall:
 Under the Tropicks, then, a ponderous stone
 Would tend, not toward Earth's centre, but their own;
 Things falling, always, such plumb lines would take,
 As with the axis should right angles make.
 This system false notorious facts declare;
 The Cause of Weight, then, we must seek elsewhere.

Now

Now dar'st thou Nature's Sanctuary explore,
And enter paths, untrod perhaps before?
Hard is the task, my QUINTIVS, to display
Creation's deep recess to open day.
Yet this propension, which all bodies feel,
Ardent to know, and eager to reveal,
I'll make the essay: calmly thou observe,
Though from thy fix'd opinion mine should swerve,
How much more easily, and surely, breeds
Our ÆTHER Motion, than your partless SEEDS.

First then; the Sea of Æther, that surrounds,
And, widely circling, Earth's whole surface bounds,
Let strong imagination's force applied
In numerous parts pyramidal divide:
Let all their broad, extended bases rise
Quite to the gulph's circumference next the skies;
While their sharp summits toward the centre tend,
And in a point there all collected end.
All these, endued alike with matter's force,
Preserve an even balance in their course,
Equal in power centrifugal: if e'er
One should inferior to the rest appear,

N n

T' o'er-

T' o'erwhelm it straight they join with one accord,
Till the just equilibrium be restor'd.

Whene'er a moving body enters one
Of these great Pyramids, as much is gone,
Lost from it's force centrifugal, as may
Equal the bulk that body's parts display :
For how can body gross the centre fly,
Swift as th' æthereal fluid of the sky ?

That Pyramid is, therefore, soon depress'd,
Which holds this sluggish matter, by the rest ;
Rising they sink it with incumbent weight,
Because their force centrifugal's more great,
It's station now unable to defend,
The tardy mass it urges to descend ;
With frequent lash chastises it's delay,
And drives it downward headlong on it's way
'Toward it's sharp pinnacle, whose point extreme
Fix'd at the Centre of the Earth we deem.

Th' æthereal Vortex, then, with rapid whirl,
Able through skies this mighty Globe to hurl,
On every side an equal pressure bears,
And wears a Spheroid's form, if not a Sphere's :

Else,

Else, where press'd least, 'twould burst the feeble bar,
 And sweep off Earth to other skies afar.
 But when a Mass, thus spherical, is found
 On all sides equally compress'd around;
 It's force, which on th' united parts depends,
 By all it's radii to the centre tends.
 Thus, toward the centre of the rolling ball,
 The pressure's centre, body's forc'd to fall;
 Thither the Pyramid, in which 'tis pent,
 Urg'd on by others, urges it's descent.
 Thus, when a stone, which nervous manhood heaves,
 With violent speed th' aerial ocean cleaves;
 Celestial matter, from it's highest sphere,
 Bends all it's strength to curb the wild career;
 And with such vigour makes the stroke rebound,
 As sends th' aggressor lifeless to the ground:
 'Tis not by native weight, as you would prove,
 Nor by a common centre's fancied love,
 As others feign, nor motion of it's own,
 That from it's road sublime 'tis rudely thrown;
 But the first effort is subdued at length,
 By Æther's pressure, and superior strength.

Such is the Gravity, that ever reigns,
With stable sceptre, o'er the watery plains;
Ne'er do the faithful waves their bed forsake;
But, leaning hard, continual efforts make
Against it's bottom, while th' united band
In equal columns pois'd exactly stand;
Whence their smooth marble face is always found,
Free from protuberance, cicatrice, or wound:
Immerge with violence, sudden, harsh, and rude,
Deep in their yielding bosom, cork, and wood;
The wood with painful toil can hardly rise,
The cork springs up at once before your eyes:
Because that Water's to the bottom press'd,
With greater violence than th' obtruded guest.
At the first plunge all equipoise is gone;
The column, into which the body's thrown,
Is as much weaken'd, as it's part displac'd
Exceeds in weight the body thus embrac'd:
The neighbouring columns all their vigour bend
T' oblige th' enfeebled pillar to ascend;
Upward it mounts, the lighter bodies share
The rising force, restor'd to native air.

All bodies, hence, that liquid bonds inclose,
Of their own weight as large a portion lose,
As a mass equal of the Fluid weighs;
For just so much it's powers those bodies raise.
This is experienc'd, when from vessel sunk
Industrious labour heaves the plate-fraught trunk,
And drags up buried wealth to open day;
By sailors too, the anchor when they weigh:
The first ascent is easy; for the wave,
Stealing the weight, does half the drudgery save;
But when the heavy burden mounts on high,
And from the sea emerges to the sky,
The toil redoubles; robb'd of breath by pain,
Each nerve the hardy mariner must strain.

QUINTIUS, such powers do grosser Fluids claim:
Th' Æthereal Ocean arrogates the same.
This only difference need thy Reason make;
The parts supreme for Æther's bottom take,
And here the form a pyramid declare,
Which was a straight unangled pillar there.
As Water bodies elevates, so all
Driv'n by the force of Æther downward fall;

A ferment

A ferment similar, in either found,
Hurls to the skies, or dashes to the ground.

There is, at most, but one distinction more,
That nicest art between them can explore ;
'Tis this : some bodies, whose specifick weight

Is more than that of Water, keep their seat,
Low at the bottom, which they once obtain,
Doom'd through all ages ne'er to rise again :
But since, whate'er this earthly region breeds,
Æther in force centrifugal exceeds,
No power, while matter Nature's laws obeys,
Aught to the vortex's extreme can raise.
Turning toward Earth again all things must tend,
With swiftness still increas'd as they descend :
Celestial matter urges on their way,
Pursuing close, nor brooks the least delay ;
With force redoubling, stroke succeeds to stroke,
And blows repeated thick the fall provoke.

Bodies, suspended in the faithful Scale,
To turn the balance, more, or less prevail,
As less, or more, whatever bulk they claim,
Matter celestial mingles with their frame :

Not that a Void, as you have idly thought,
 Stuff'd in each crevice, puffs them up with Nought;
 But that whate'er terrestrial parts they own,
 All drive them headlong to the centre down;
 While all the particles celestial rise,
 And draw them upwards toward their native skies.

Thus Leaves, and Chaff, and Feathers float around,
 Long time in air, before they reach the ground;
 Scarce so much pressure do they ever know,
 As gives them strength to cleave the air below;
 But whirl in various eddies unconfin'd,
 Wafted about, the sport of every wind.
 While bodies dense enjoy but slender pores,
 And room but scanty for ethereal stores:
 To Æther since a passage they deny,
 They must resist it, for they cannot fly;
 But vain the hope it's efforts to elude,
 When contest's flames th' indignant powers protrude;
 Fierce Opposition, from her chariot flung,
 Measures at length the ground from whence she sprung.
 Hence if an equal mass of Gold we lay
 Against a mass of Iron, 'twill outweigh;

Hence:

Hence Iron, as experiment has shewn,
Boasts more specifick gravity than Stone;
Hence different Liquors, which we may compare,
In just degrees, are denser, or more rare.

To sovereign Æther, thus, all bodies owe
The several weights their equal masses shew:
The parts that press the centre of the ball,
'Tis Æther's power accumulates them all;
By it's centrifugal, prevailing force,
Thither it makes all bodies bend their course;
The sea of Air, in which this planet sails,
It presses close, and curbs the flying gales;
Then, by th' incumbent Atmosphere restrain'd,
Are Ocean's waves within it's shores contain'd,
The furious billows know their utmost bound,
Nor Seas run over though they're fashion'd round.

Hence all the parts, that Earth's great globe divide,
Tend at a single point to coincide;
Should any one this general law despise,
And strive to mount, rebellious, to the skies,
Quickly it yields, incumber'd with it's weight,
By power superior hurl'd precipitate:

The

The force it feels is more, or less, intense,
Just as it's texture, more, or less, is dense.
Two bodies, different pressures if they prove,
And in their progress near each other move,
In rival counterpoise, you fondly think,
One seems to rise, the other seems to sink:
Yet is not this, (to urge their various flight,)
By native vigour heavy, nor that light:
But toward the centre both direct their way,
Though not an equal impulse they obey.
Behold the balanc'd Scales suspended stand,
Neither a jot inclin'd to either hand:
But place the smallest grain of weight in one,
Straight the fraternal equipoise is gone;
The loaded scale, preponderant, downward flies,
Drags down the chain, and makes it's partner rise.
These movements opposite have equal laws,
And flow in concert from one simple cause.
Heavy howe'er a body may appear,
'Tis light, when one still heavier passes near:
Taking from mere comparison it's fate,
Weight ever vanishes by greater weight.
Hew'd by the axe, or torn by furious storms
Up from it's root, the stubborn Oak deforms

The mangled forest; while it's fall o'erthrows
 Whate'er the shock impetuous dares oppose:
 Yet launch this Oak upon the silver THAMES,
 Upborne it rides triumphant o'er the streams:
 Relation still these various weights declare;
 Than Water lighter, heavier 'tis than Air.

Air can it's weight demonstrate to our sight,
 Though, with most bodies when compar'd, 'tis light:
 See by it's force the hollow Pump compell
 Water to spring from out the deepest Well.
 Ev'n Quicksilver, which next to Gold commands
 The heaviest weight, by Air suspended stands:
 Clos'd in a tube of glass, behold it flow,
 With motion lazy, indolent, and slow;
 Downward though all it's particles must tend,
 It seems as loth, and dubious to descend:
 While part, escap'd, does in the bason lie,
 Part in the tube remains exalted high;
 There, of it's Gravity forgetful, stays,
 And every change of restless Air obeys:
 A just Barometer, from time to time,
 It points the variance of our faithless clime;

Marks

Marks days serene, foretells th' impending show'r,
 Falls when rough winds the harvest's hope devour.
 Free to the pressure of th' external air,
 It's ponderous column 'tis oblig'd to bear ;
 The air external urges it to rise,
 No air within t' oppose that pressure lies.
 Soon, if ungarrison'd, the fortress falls,
 Where fierce assailants combat naked walls.
 Immerge a Siphon in a liquid bed ;
 Scarce from it's tube th' internal air is fled,
 By constant pumping, when the streams ascend,
 And through the sinuous duct meandering bend ;
 Rising, and falling, gently by degrees,
 Till every volume they have fill'd with ease.
 Complex howe'er this movement may be thought,
 By Air's strong pressure it is simply wrought.
 So in a vessel dip a Cloth's extreme,
 In gradual progress mounts the lessening stream ;
 Now lighter grown ; and with it's plenteous dew,
 The piece entire profusely will imbue,
 Till every glutted pore it's moisture fills ;
 Then o'er the margin, drop by drop, distills.

Heavy, or light, thus Air does still appear,
 As light, or heavy, are the bodies near:
 And, though the stamp, that Æther can impress,
 By force centrifugal, on Air, is less,
 Than that it stamps on fluid Streams; yet Fire,
 Suffering still less impressiion, shoots up higher:
 Nay even Water, rarefied, can move
 Higher in vapours thin, and fix above.
 Thus from the Earth do humid mists arise,
 And, borne insensibly, assail the Skies;
 Such as, we see, each lake and river sends,
 When Sol begins his fiery course, or ends;
 Smoke seems t' involve the heav'ns obscur'd around,
 Issuing from marshy vales, and seas profound;
 Where'er of moisture lies the largest store,
 The cloud expands it's sable mantle more.
 For, at those seasons, Water, grown more rare,
 Feels less th' æthereal despotism than Air;
 Calmly aspiring then, while Air must yield,
 The Fluid gains a far superior field;
 There, proudly rais'd in elevation high,
 Enjoys the freedom of the open sky.
 Then by the faithful Mercury 'tis declar'd,
 Lodg'd in a tube, with wonderous art prepar'd,

To

To serve that purpose, that th' ærial state
Is chang'd by augmentation of it's weight :
For then, incumbent on the open pass,
Air strongly presses the Mercurial mass ;
Which, there by violence rudely driven down,
Up in the end secur'd from air is thrown.
The more Sol's heat the Waters rarefies,
The more the aqueous particles must rise :
His rays, at last, so multiply the crowd,
That separate stations are no more allow'd ;
For freezing Cold, which absolutely reigns
O'er all that region, further rise restrains.
Thus press'd together, and debarr'd from flight,
The slender particles at length unite ;
And, when in swelling drops more dense they blend
Than equal airy portions, all descend.
Air then, it's strength recovering, upward flies,
And re-assumes it's station next the skies.
Quick fall the rattling showers : but, fall'n before,
Th' unsteady Quicksilver your eyes explore,
In the tube's longer branch ; because now less
Ascending Air does on the shorter press.
Nay, ev'n this ponderous Quicksilver, refin'd,
Surmounts the clouds, and leaves dull air behind :

Metallick

Metallick Moisture, thinn'd by heat intense,
 Evaporates soon, eluding human sense;
 For, when it's seeds, so subtiliz'd by fire,
 Excell th' aërial, they're exalted higher.

Thus when, black Winter's howling tempests o'er,
 Drear Desolation wastes the plains no more;
 But sprightly Spring the rigid frosts beguiles,
 And every field, a flowery garden, smiles;
 The blasted Forest vigorous health retrieves,
 And soon prepares to shoot th' expanding leaves;
 Earth yields prolifick sap, in copious seas,
 And from the root impregnates all the trees.
 For when the Moisture, long congeal'd by cold,
 Sol's warm insinuating rays unfold;
 Rich exhalations it emits, involv'd
 With melted Sulphur, and with salts dissolv'd;
 Whence genial juices, trickling all around,
 In large profusion, fertilize the ground,
 Now the brisk Seed, made volatile, attends
 Bright PHOEBUS' sovereign mandate, and ascends:
 Rising in separate particles minute,
 In every plant it meets some veins, that suit

It's slender form, some fibres fine as hair,
In which 'tis closely sheath'd, and lodges there:
These narrow ducts supply the plant with blood,
Gorg'd by the Seed with most luxurious food.
With gaping mouths it's entrance they allure,
But, once admitted, close the folding door;
With valves press'd down detain the welcome guest,
And, mad with joy, devour the luscious feast.
Swelling meanwhile, by kindly radiance warm'd,
Those Buds unlock, which former Suns had form'd:
And now, beneath the sheltering bark prepar'd,
Juices start out, their close retreat declar'd;
The Buds, exposing what before they'd sheath'd,
Shew leaves, and flowers, in wonderous order wreath'd.
These first preludial efforts to produce,
Perhaps suffices the internal Juice;
Which, spar'd by Winter's ice, the Tree retains,
Autumn's thrice precious, most mature remains:
But, to improve th' advance already made,
New stores prolifick must be call'd in aid.
As from the Branches, then, the liquors flow,
The Trunk sucks new-form'd moisture from below,
A fluid series, thus, through all the Tree,
Uninterrupted, Reason's eye can see;

Each

Each drop behind propells a drop before,
 And, as the days increase, the ferment's more;
 Th' abundant Mother, fraught with plenteous show'rs,
 Her fruitful treasures prodigally pours.
 Moist Spring to wintry floods brings fresh supplies,
 When PHOEBUS reigns high-thron'd above the skies;
 Earth catches heat from his celestial fires,
 And ev'ry breeze a warmer breath respires.
 Thus, while each root the vigorous nerve extends,
 With every sprout spermatick virtue blends.
 So many rills, which serpentinely twine,
 At length in one full bodied Stream combine;
 Then, with united strength, the trunk invade,
 Beneath the crufted bark's yet tender shade,
 Through every pore work out a passage free,
 And feed the inmost marrow of the Tree.
 The Stream it's wealth deposite in it's course,
 And with new wealth acquir'd recruits it's force;
 All kinds of forms it's various turns display,
 As through the winding chafms it shapes it's way.
 It's fermentations, mingling every where
 With the old ferment, kindred souls declare;
 Parts it connects with parts, and joins t' explore
 New added seats to those possess'd before.

Now

Now grown exuberant, clos'd within it's veins,
 The Trunk no more the swelling flood contains;
 Proud it bursts forth, each orifice invades,
 Where of the Branches lurk the embryo blades;
 These it unfolds, each puny sapling swells,
 And from the trunk to shoot it's arms impells,
 Till the broad boughs, expanded to the sky,
 Enterance to Sol's transpiercing beams deny.
 Into those cells, with fruits incipient fraught,
 By tides the liquid aliment is brought:
 The fruits increase, their withering blossoms fall,
 Their tastes appropriate soon denote them all;
 While fix'd to each it's congruous figure cleaves,
 And to defend it spread the curling leaves.
 Thus simply by a Liquor's rise, profuse
 Of wholesome nurture, and well-temper'd juice,
 Dragg'd into light, as torn up from the tomb,
 By force from genial Earth's all-fostering womb,
 Yon lofty Tree, which on the Mountain's side
 Erects with stubborn haughtiness it's pride,
 First sprung, thereafter to matureness grew,
 And now does every year it's strength renew:
 While from it's top whole groves of branches rise,
 Pierce through the clouds, and seem to sweep the Skies;

And of it's roots a forest, fix'd in Earth,
Exhausts the bounteous power that gav'd it birth:

See, from the top of yon aspiring hill,
Down to the plain deriv'd, the purling rill;
Soon as we burst the dark, sepulchral door,
The struggling waves their channel holds no more;
Now, from their dreary, leaden prison free,
Direct to heav'n they dart a springing sea:
Repell'd by Air, and Æther's steadfast bars,
Then fall dispers'd, a shower of sparkling stars;
And thus descending, like a silver rain,
With tremulous murmur fret the glassy plain.
The spouting Waters steer their upward course,
With the same force that drew them from their source:
The constant series of their headlong flight,
As before heavy, now has made them light.
Thus, when two Mountains rise, whose adverse feet
Deep in the valley intermediate meet;
Torn by th' impetuous violence of the Wind,
Or by Time's silent pickaxe undermin'd,
A tumbling Rock, with interruptive bound,
From the high summit seeks the vale profound:

The

The vale attaining, there it cannot rest,
But, rudely 'gainst the adjacent mountain press'd,
Lightness from headstrong Gravity acquires,
And to surmount th' opposing bank aspires:
With bold presumption hardily it gains
The steep ascent, and balanc'd there remains;
Till, quite exhausted, all it's darings o'er,
The cumberous ruin sinks to rise no more.

In fine, to Heav'n upturn your aching eyes,
And fix your contemplation on the skies:
Behold the Planets, in their orbits all,
In bodies not unlike this earthly ball,
Through liquid Æther's Ocean ever wheel,
As if no Weight their monstrous masses feel:
Urg'd by perpetual violence on their way,
Like Earth th' impulsive force they all obey;
Imprisoning gulphs of æther keep them bound,
Wrapp'd in their eddying waves, and whirl them round.
Firm in their orbits fix'd, from chance secure,
Their circling movements ever must endure;
No shock from foreign force they apprehend,
The Power that guides, is able to defend.

The Sun's their real centre; every one
 Th' æthereal tumult hurries toward the Sun;
 But since beneath by æther they're sustain'd,
 And certain force centrifugal have gain'd,
 By constant rolling; balanc'd as they move,
 The same for ever must their Orbits prove.
 This wonderous order to your Sect unknown,
 They blindly err'd; or, knowing, would not own:
 In such harmonious mechanism they fear'd,
 Too plain pourtray'd, the Deity appear'd.
 But though each Planet; thus depriv'd of weight,
 Preserves in perfect equipoise it's state;
 And seems, uncheck'd by Gravity, to fly
 At large, suspended in the open sky;
 Not so those bodies, lock'd in it's embrace,
 Which jointly traverse trackless realms of space,
 Which it's peculiar Vortex bears along,
 Press'd to a point, and crowded in a throng.
 For these their proper Streams environ round,
 Of flood celestial, and detain them bound;
 Nor e'er permit them wantonly to leave
 That wandering star, to which at first they cleave.
 Should Violence dare the limits mark'd to pass,
 'Tis soon hurl'd headlong backward to the mass.

Hence

Hence the prerogative the Planets claim,
Still to preserve their magnitude the same.

This axiom, therefore, in your mind repose,
Which Reason teaches, and Experience shews;
No THING HAS REAL WEIGHT: though common speech
Attribute Native Gravity to each.

Oft, in like manner, vague Opinion errs,
While numerous qualities the Sense refers
To stamps innate impress'd on every thing,
Though from extraneous influence they may spring.
Water, thou think'st, to every touch much yield,
By essence liquid; view it now congeal'd:
Still the same sentiment, perhaps thou'lt hold,
And say 'tis turn'd to ice by force of Cold:
An equal answer shall th' assertion meet,
I'll say 'twas liquefied by force of Heat.
Now let the SCYTHIAN judge; whose rigorous sky
Rains frozen snows, and makes an Ocean dry;
Inur'd to hardness, every blast he braves,
And hunts white bears upon the solid waves.
Or let the question for decision stand
Before a native of MAGELLAN'S land:

He

He thinks that Waters innate firmness own,
 Like fusile Crystal, or transparent Stone,
 Hard in their essence, though propense to melt,
 Soon as the charm of foreign warmth is felt.
 Thus we see solid substances become
 Liquid by heat, as Pitch, and Wax, and Gum.
 What if, three years depriv'd of chearful day,
 Our Clime in vain should mourn the absent ray;
 And PHOEBUS, niggard of his genial light,
 Leave fountains, rivers, seas, involv'd in night?
 Think'st thou our Waters, constant in their frame,
 Fluid as now, would then appear the same?
 The natural state we estimate of things,
 By what mere Habit to our Senses brings;
 That we presume a Property to call,
 Which seems to us inherent in them all.
 In Water thus, for instance, neither state,
 Hardness, or Fusion, can be stil'd innate:
 While igneous sparks disturb it's fix'd repose,
 Moving within it's bed, the Water flows;
 Let but those sparks evaporate, in a trice
 The marble plain's congeal'd to solid ice.
 Thus the same body, hot and cold by turns,
 Freezes a solid, or a liquid burns.

What

What can more hard, more stubborn be than Steel?
 Yet Steel by force of Fire may fusion feel.
 What can be found more volatile than Fire?
 Yet will it's sparks within the veins retire
 Of some hard Flint, and there inclos'd remain,
 Till Steel's rude violence burst th' imprisoning chain;
 Then rushes forth, confess'd, the latent Flame,
 Seizes the Metal whence the violence came,
 Melts each small fragment to a liquid star,
 And darts the sparkling particles afar.
 So that no fluid Bodies do we know,
 Which may not fix'd, and firmly solid grow:
 Nor can the hardest Adamant deny,
 By some dissolvent power to liquefy.
 So may each mass grow light, however great,
 And lose by fair comparison it's weight.
 No more for native Gravity contend,
 Nor innate force centripetal defend;
 Own of all Weight that IMPULSE is the cause:
 Weight springs from PRESSURE, and obeys it's laws.
 But in a calm, and ever quiet Void,
 To press your Atoms what can be employ'd?
 Since in their essence, then, how'er inclin'd,
 No principle of Gravity you find;

And

And your ungodly rage will not allow
 A MOVING POWER to give the impulsive blow;
 Confess, where'er their stations first were plann'd;
 For ever motionless they all must stand.

The famous SECT NEWTONIAN, proudly plann'd
 In Numbers Algebraick, has presum'd,
 (IMPULSE o'erthrown by violent dint of arms,)
 To yield the Universe to Magick Charms.
 The Sun, whose power occult each Planet draws,
 From them in turn receives th' attractive laws;
 Great by the bulk enormous of his mass,
 And potent centre, he must all surpass;
 Yet, though thus eminent his power prevails,
 To drag the Wanderers from their Orbs it fails;
 Because from first impression they incline,
 Strongly propense, to mark an even line:
 Besides, by mutual influence warp'd, they shun
 The central point, and strive t'escape the Sun.
 While force with force in opposition vies,
 Behold, a middle movement takes it's rise;
 Whence every planet KEPLER's order keeps,
 Still, as it bends, describing an Ellipse.

This

This System is ingenious, well applies
To every known appearance in the skies,
Respecting Motion; yet, though wisely plann'd,
It's weak foundation rests upon the sand.
The Calculations though we must receive,
We never can the Principle believe;
Because by them the Facts are ascertain'd,
But mere Caprice the principle has feign'd.

First then: what is the Power which thus attracts?

They answer plainly, " 'Tis a force that acts
" On any distant body's mass, impress'd
" By any other body, fix'd at rest;
" Whose secret influence labours to effect
" Approximation in a line direct;
" And does, as from experience will appear,
" In fact oblige the object to draw near;
" Although no kind of channel, or of mean,
" Apt for communication, lies between:
" But some mysterious virtue they contain,
" Occult, and mutual, forms this wondrous chain."
Body we've prov'd to Motion ne'er inclin'd,
Unless spurr'd on by some directive MIND:

Compliant Body no fond preference shews,
 To active exercise, or calm repose;
 The Mind 'tis only can produce the change,
 Desiring Matter in new form to range,
 Pointing the line it's movement must describe,
 (One single line from out th' unnumber'd tribe,
 In which it's cumbersome weight must rise, or fall,
 For Matter is indifferent to them all.)
 Fixing the pace at which the lump must go,
 By it's good pleasure, either fast or slow;
 No Motion springs without such various choice,
 And Mind alone therein can have a voice,
 These truths beyond all controversy prove,
 Body without a Mind could never move.

But even when Intelligence has giv'n
 Th' impulsive stroke by which the Body's driv'n;
 Still, to communicate the motive force,
 Matter must hold uninterrupted course,
 In liquid form, or solid; for we know
 That Motion only can from Contact flow,
 As Motion cannot, but with Impulse, dwell,
 So nothing less than Contact can impell.

The

The bodies mov'd, and moving, then 'tis plain,
Must be united by some common chain.
Thus the fleet Coursers, harness'd to the Car,
Whirl the fierce Hero through th' embattled war.
Thus the tall Mast the subject Vessel sways,
The Mast itself the Sailyards' power obeys,
The Sailyards owe their motion to the Sails,
Which swell impregnate by the driving Gales.

Besides, all movement's principle to own
Fix'd in Attraction's magic charms alone,
'Mongst various bodies, which, on no pretence,
Can claim alliance with Intelligence,
Is to acknowledge Body fix'd as Space,
Unable ev'n to strive to change it's place!
Nought but external Violence, then, can tear
The sluggish mass from it's appointed sphere.
Whence should this Violence come? it cannot sure
Spring from another body, just as poor
In active vigour as itself, and blind,
Since as entirely destitute of mind.
Nought what it has not can communicate:
The bodies, then, must hold their present state,

Of effort still incapable; and both
Sleep in the torpid lethargy of sloth.

Than these deductions what can be more clear
The great SIR ISAAC's answer let us hear.
He cries "Attraction," (mark his voice with awe)
"Is Matter's property, and Nature's law."
Then Nature's law, and Matter's property,
Require a thing impossible to be.
O wonderous principle! whose potent arm
Worthy to rise from Reformation's arm
Incessant Motion springs from fix'd Repose,
From wretched Indigence Abundance flows.
Now let th' ingenious Artists hold their peace,
Who seek by Powers Mechanick to increase
The force of bodies; let them now no more
In Winds, and Waters, feeble aid explore,
Or in the Steed's, or brawny Rustick's nerve,
Impulsion's various purposes to serve.
Why should they vainly labour to invent
Devices quaint, for Motion to be sent
From body into body? why transfuse
By Levers, Pulleys, Wedges, Wheels, and Screws

Why

Why rack their brains by Geometrick art,
 Rude Friction's clog to pare from every part?
 Why foolishly imagine to display
 Their skill, as Nature pointed out the way?
 Thinking that Vessels run before the wind,
 That Earth's torn entrails glut the hardy hind,
 That Mills grind corn, that stately Structures rise,
 That Grapes are press'd, that Streams assail the skies,
 By the same mechanism, whose efforts dart
 The sanguine tide through bodies from the Heart?
 O toil superfluous! labour idly lost!
 Without such waste of trouble, pain, and cost,
 Behold, to work these wonders in the Void,
 Attraction's sole Omnipotence employ'd
 Above, beneath, around this subject ball,
 Though itself Nothing, 'tis the Lord of all.

"All the Phenomena," you'll say, "agree
 "Well with Attraction." Let the fact so be.
 But answer fairly, is it not as true,
 They're all concordant with Impulsion too?
 Attraction's power we cannot ev'n conceive;
 Impulsion's power we see, and must believe.

Earth,

Earth, Sea, and Air, through all their regions shew
 Long chains of movements, which from contact grow.
 Against her own fix'd laws will Nature act?
 And, here impelling, will she there attract?
 Thus self-discordant, prone to sudden change,
 Will she with every blast her plans derange?
 When for th' effect one simple cause will do,
 Can she take pleasure in admitting two?

“Attraction's vestiges,” you cry, “appear,
 “To human sense, by many tokens clear.
 “Two drops of Oyl not far asunder fix;
 “Incorporating immediately they mix:
 “The open ends of two glass-panes, inclin'd,
 “Immerge in Oyl; 'twill rise to those combin'd:
 “Suspended by th' attractive power's command,
 “Water in slender tubes inclos'd will stand:
 “Iron, unapt to run the rapid race,
 “Hastes to the Magnet's ravishing embrace:
 “Straws, chaff, and filings, or of gold, or brass,
 “Fly with swift wings to join th' electric mass:
 “Whose influence keen, conducted by a thread,
 “With ease to bodies far remote is led.

“What

- " What can in trees persuade the Sap to rise,
 " When warm FAVONIUS clears the wintery skies?
 " What can seduce it, springing from the roots,
 " Kindly to swell, in leaves, in flowers, and fruits?
 " Against the laws of Gravity to climb,
 " Spurning the centre, to the top sublime?
 " What but the tendrils that the root surround,
 " Which suck the fruitful moisture from the ground?
 " Then the fine fibres, which the juice convey
 " Up through the trunk, and at th' extremes display;
 " Thus, if the corner of a Cloth you place,
 " Steep'd in the water of an half-fill'd vase;
 " The Water, swelling with unusual tides,
 " Will pour the filtred liquor o'er the sides."

While ostentatiously these facts you state,
 You beg the very question in debate,
 Assuming all to own Attraction's laws:
 We'll prove the process from a different cause.
 Know then, each Body, though involv'd in Air,
 Boasts it's peculiar, proper Atmosphere,
 Compos'd of particles of smallest size,
 Which from it's mass in soft effluvia rise;

Round

Round it they whirl, by Air from flight with-held,
 The swarm compelling, as itself compell'd:
 Whatever meets them in their fluttering course
 They seize, (unless it claim superior force,)
 By simple strength impulsive bear it down,
 Pluck'd from it's orb, to th' centre of their own.
 Thus drops of rain hang trembling on the leaves,
 Where, spite of weight, the pearly fluid cleaves;
 Obsequious to this Atmosphere's commands,
 Thus Water in small tubes suspended stands:
 Thus, intercepted by two plates of glass,
 Oyl will, though slowly, raise it's liquid mass,
 Exploring gradually the close retreat,
 Till it has reach'd the angle where they meet;
 Because the part inclos'd is less compress'd,
 By Air's external violence, than the rest.
 The drops you talk'd of, near each other plac'd,
 Are by consent in mutual links embrac'd;
 Their strong effusions all their powers display,
 And drive the intermediate air away,
 While the superior column joins the fight,
 And, close incumbent, helps them to unite.
 The Magnet, by NEWTONIANS held so dear,
 Gives proofs of Impulse, still more strong and clear:

Behold

Behold how dust, minutely scrap'd from steel,
Will round the Stone in eddying currents wheel;
Forming concentrick circles through the whole,
It marks th' effusion's course, and either pole.

A mass of Iron, thrice as heavy, springs
To meet th' embrace magnetical, and clings,
Held, as you think, by some mysterious charm,
All opposition able to disarm:

Not so: the eddying currents that surround,
Absorb it's powers, and hold it firmly bound.

Your other instances, condemn'd before
On trial fair, attention claim no more.

We now conclude, ingenious though it seem,
Your famous System a delusive dream.

"I frame no Systems," NEWTON dares exclaim:

T' adopt a vicious System is to frame.

Pilfer'd from ARISTOTLE's World of Words,
Where pompous Sound no spark of Sense affords,

Virtue occult, and Sentiment he brings

Hid in the essence of corporeal things;

To these he adds the waste, unbounded Void,

By EPICURUS long before enjoy'd;

R r

Then

Behold

Then of these mighty Nothings, which he stole,
 For his own use he forms a monstrous Whole.
 War 'gainst DESCARTES he thunders forth, who draws
 All his conclusions from mechanick laws;
 Who thinks Impulsion keeps the world from Rest,
 Impulsion by Intelligence impress'd.
 Some things to be amended he let fall:
 From one man's genius could we hope for all?
 Day following day, and age succeeding age,
 With new discoveries gild the learned page.
 The Sun has spots; oft sinks behind a cloud,
 Or wrapp'd by Luna in a sable shroud:
 Yet, though th' Eclipse obscure th' obstructed ray,
 Still he's the Sun, the splendid Sire of day.
 DESCARTES's principles shall they condemn,
 Who nought but Sorcery substitute to them?
 All NEWTON's Geometrick skill sublime
 Can ne'er redeem so capital a crime:
 That can the Mode of Action only shew,
 But not the Agent's Nature lead to know.
 Just Calculations ALGEBRA may frame,
 On an Hypothesis, absurd, and lame.
 Effects alone these Sciences explore,
 And, when they've fully scann'd them, ask no more:

But

But proud PHILOSOPHY will never bound
 Her deep researches, till the Cause be found.
 While toward Truth's fountain-head her steps she bends,
 Her faithful Sister, MATHESIS, attends;
 Their wholesome labours they delight to share,
 And make th' instructive task a common care;
 Nature entire, united, they embrace,
 But either, singly, leaves a vacant space.
 Celestial movements should I yield to CHANCE,
 Or teach that LOVE compos'd th' harmonious dance;
 Or in each planet fix a Charioteer,
 A JEHU-GOD, to guide it's wild career;
 (All which rude fictions, as by fame we'retold,
 Have had their Patrons in the times of old;) 308
 Or, like chaotick PTOLEMY, should I
 With Epicycles crowd th' embarrass'd sky;
 Each of these false Hypotheses to suit,
 In Numbers justly I could now compute.
 But what avail th' effects that Number draws,
 If Error's glass misrepresent the Cause?
 Such were the clouds, that hid the world in night,
 When first DESCARTES diffus'd his dawning light;
 Dire foe to darkness, soon he chas'd away
 The vapours foul, and spread abroad the day;

Exact Geometry his trusty guide,
 To Truth's bright shrine the road he open'd wide:
 He shew'd, through all the vast expanse of Heaven,
 Æthereal gulphs in whirling eddies driv'n,
 Flying the centre, in their wild career,
 And pushing thither each reluctant sphere;
 Each sphere resists, supported by a stream,
 Whose centre-flying fury is the same:
 Thus do the Planets, balanc'd in their course,
 Steer a mid way, compell'd by either force.
 No problem this Hypothesis contains,
 But what all movement circular explains,
 And what by equilibrium's power is shewn,
 As sure experiments their laws make known:
 No knotty problem, hard to understand,
 No spot that Inconsistency can brand.
 Not so his Scheme, whose Fancy has employ'd
 Imagin'd Force, in an imagin'd Void:
 Presumptuous Man! who on ideal ground
 The stedfast Universe has dar'd to found!
 Great NEWTON! measure, calculate, reform:
 Who can the task more happily perform?
 Add truth to truth: your praises, charm'd, we'll sing,
 And make heaven's vault with loud encomiums ring.

O'er

O'er Æther's globules dart your keen regard;
Try their consistence, whether soft, or hard;
See whether, following KEPLER's settled law,
An oval compass round the Sun they draw;
In the vast Vortex, that surrounds the Whole,
Examine how the Vorticles must roll.
When your bright Genius truths like these displays,
We listen; rapt in transport and amaze!
But, Sage illustrious! never vainly strive,
Th' exploded Art of MAGICK to revive:
O'er Motion God, not Matter bears the sway;
No Sovereign can it, but a Mind, obey.

Now, QUINTUS, let thy memory reckon o'er
All the deceptions we've expos'd before;
Thou'lt see, collected in one point of view,
How far thy FAVOURITE's figments are from true:
Atoms he feigns, in number, shape, and size,
Such, and so many, as could never rise:
And then commands th' imagin'd host to move,
Though this their fabled attributes disprove.
Polite LUCRETIUS! spread thy tinsell'd page,
That glittering screen to hide thy baffled Sage!

Behold,

Beho'd, immoveable his Atoms stand,
 And mock the power of his creative hand!
 How vast a pile of Matter! yet how vain!
 Helplessly bound in sloth's lethargick chain!
 (Though Space, expanded, open lies, and free,
 And sure the Void no obstacle can be :)
 For this he fear'd the Universe to fill:
 Lo! in his Vacuum TORPOR haunts him still!
 But if to Verse the wonderous charm is giv'n,
 From hills to drag their woods, it's stars from heav'n;
 Why for their movement Gravity require?
 Why not, like Orpheus, lead them by your Lyre?
 Begin th' enchantment: sweep the sounding string;
 Rouse the dull drones from sleep, and quickly bring
 Of crowded elements a clustering swarm,
 Sun, Moon, and Stars, and massive Earth to form;
 Some scatter lightly high above the ground,
 Refin'd to Air, this globe to gird around;
 In heavier fluids down let others roll,
 And wash it's surface o'er from pole to pole;
 In cumbersome heaps let some to Mountains rise,
 Some in aspiring Forests pierce the skies;
 Some, breath'd in Beasts, at random range the ball,
 With Man, the lordly Tyrant of them all.---

Cease,

Cease, Charmer, cease : suspend thy fruitless pain;
Fix'd is each Seed, and fix'd must still remain.

When great ALCIDES rais'd his mighty arm,
To free his wasted Country from alarm;
And bravely dar'd on LERNA's banks engage,
The head-fraught Hydra's unexhausted rage;
Scarce had one head, demolish'd, felt it's doom,
When, lo! another starts up in it's room;
Arm'd at it's birth with tushes sharp and strong,
And all the forked lightning of the tongue.
(Doubtful long time the victory must depend,
When Strength, and Valour, both untir'd contend.)
Fierce, and more fierce, the Patriot Hero stood
Against the foe, reviving from his blood:
When flames, at length, the fruitful wounds explore,
The Monster falls, to rise renew'd no more.
'Tis thus the Atheist, from presumption's car,
Proudly provokes the Deity to war:
Though each weak effort's easily subdu'd,
By Malice soon the combat is renew'd;
Till one pure spark of Reason's heavenly fire
His impious soul compells him to expire.

Were

Were ev'n your Atoms capable to move,
 Useless their Motion to your scheme would prove.
 You think, whenever in their fall they strike
 Rudely 'gainst other Atoms, shap'd unlike,
 With which, discordant, they can form no ties;
 Recoiling instant from the shock they rise.
 'This vain opinion, seen in every view,
 Appears directly opposite to true.
 First, not uniting, did your seeds rebound,
 Through the whole world no Fluid would be found.
 For you have taught, (indeed it must be so,)
 That polish'd seeds fluidity bestow:
 'The lax, unsettled, state of any thing
 From it's Mobility of parts must spring:
 Rob them of that, and, instantly congeal'd,
 A rigid hardness on the mass is seal'd:
 And were they not in molds of smoothness cast,
 Scarce could their violent agitation last.
 But did no ties unite the gathering swarm,
 A mass of liquor they could never form;
 Such as the Æther, or the Air we breathe,
 The Seas that roll o'er Earth, or sink beneath,
 Whose fluctuant waters shore from shore divide,
 Varying incessantly th' alternate tide.

And all assembled from the common central point unite: **Say**

Say then, when, wandering through th' unbounded Void,
 So many globules separate states enjoy'd,
 How could they ever casually be link'd,
 And roll in many a fluid mass distinct?
 All hooks, and clasps, to these thy SAGE denies,
 Which other seeds connect in mutual ties;
 From whose strict union bodies hard, and dense,
 Solid, and firm, their vigorous growth commence.
 But all these globules have a surface plain,
 No mutual hold they ever then can gain,
 Unapt to catch, untoward to be caught:
 Rare gifts! with which Rotundity is fraught.
 Then globule, striking globule, should rebound,
 Straight to the summit of the Void profound.
 Discord must reign entire throughout the class,
 Ne'er can round atoms join to form a mass:
 And, what, perhaps, will wonderous strange appear,
 The more alike the less they can cohere.
 Hence EPICURUS has, unwitting, hurl'd
 All kinds of Fluids, from his fancied World.
 Foil'd in the first attempt, shouldst thou pretend
 By native Gravity they re-descend,
 And all assembled from the second flight,
 Around one common central point unite:

I thus retort: thy fabulous tongue restrain;
 Shall Fiction, once subverted, rise again?
 We try not here the actual State of things,
 But sift those Principles, from which it springs.
 In Void no Gravity I've prov'd before;
 That proposition, therefore, urge no more.
 Now that your globules, howsoe'er they move,
 Can ne'er attain consistence, thus I prove
 If no supreme Director guides their course,
 But they move only by their proper force,
 At every touch repulsive they must fly,
 And seek opposing quarters of the sky.

Thus does the Postulatum of your Sage
 Against it's Author fiercely turn it's rage.
 But, QUINTIUS, now in truth I must insist,
 Such feign'd Recoilment never could exist.
 Here too the false Philosopher betrays
 The blindest ignorance of Nature's ways;
 Rebel to Reason, abject Slave to Sense,
 Still forging errors, on some fond pretence.
 The strenuous youth at Tennis hurls the ball,
 With well-brac'd raquet, toward the destin'd wall;

Thence

Thence quick repuls'd, behold the ball rebound,
 Again leap up when fallen to the ground.
 Wherefore?--- Because the wall, with stubborn force,
 And broad-flagg'd pavement, both oppose it's course;
 For of it's moment they receive a share,
 So small as terms are wanting to declare:
 'Th' assailing ball, which dares their power provoke,
 They render flat, where it has giv'n the stroke;
 But straight recovering, on elastick wings,
 Light from the solid marble mass it springs.
 But this can never happen to the ball,
 In the loose net if it should chance to fall;
 Because the meshes of the net countroul
 It's rapid movement, and absorb the whole.
 So when a leaden bullet strikes a Stone,
 Straight all the bullet's power of motion's gone;
 Because the yielding softness of the Lead,
 By rigid hardness press'd, is forc'd to spread,
 And all it's shatter'd particles, derang'd
 By the blow's violence, have their places chang'd.
 A globe of Iron likewise is debarr'd
 From such a power, because too stiffly hard.
 Hence two united Causes are requir'd,
 To furnish body with the force desir'd;

So With well-plac'd raduct, toward the destin'd wall;

So as by quick **Reflexion to explore**
 The track direct it measur'd just before;
 Or into a path diagonal to strike,
 Were it's true line of Incidence oblique.
 These are the Causes: pliant it must be,
 And pertinacious, in a given degree:
 Thus sooth'd by softness, and by hardness steel'd,
 In part resisting, it in part will yield.

From these establish'd principles 'tis plain,
 Your Seeds, once fall'n, can never rise again.
 If in the Void an Atom nought impedes,
 T' o'ertake a tardier Atom which precedes;
 How can that Atom, though it move more slow,
 Resist, repell, much less return the blow?
 Their strength is equal, equal is their mass,
 On the same route with common aim they pass:
 Ev'n were it fix'd, 'twould want reflecting force;
 Already falling, what should stop it's course?
 What, then, by Movement's laws must be decreed?
 Either in union blended they proceed;
 Or, if averse by nature to combine,
 Still they pursue, distinct, the unalter'd line.

Thus

Thus when abroad, unchain'd, rude Boreas flies,
Thick showers of Hail come rattling from the skies.

You can't on ELASTICITY depend,
Backward the course of either Seed to bend:
For all your Atoms you've describ'd to be,
Hard, and unyielding, in th' extreme degree.
To strike, then, e'er so often though they're found
Against each other, ne'er can they rebound.
But on th' Hypothesis, that I've maintain'd,
Elastick Virtue's easily explain'd:
While in the Vortex, which the whole absorbs,
Whirl countless Vortices their lesser orbs.
The air-puff'd Football, forc'd by blows to fly,
Sinks to the ground, then, bouncing, mounts on high.
The lofty Branch, by violence dragg'd to earth,
Resumes, when freed, the station of it's birth.
Stubborn, and hard, a twisted plate of Steel
With anguish seems the harsh restraint to feel,
Struggling for freedom; let it once escape,
It starts out sudden in it's pristine shape.
See from the bow the sounding arrow spring,
And leave at liberty the loosen'd String;

and T

Which

Which yet, compell'd, once more becomes as tight,
 When the strong bow restores itself to right.
 By Air compress'd, then suddenly set free,
 Huge globes of Iron from the wind-gun flee.
 Wide-wasting Gunpowder, (infernal fire)
 Of Man's invention monument most dire!
 Great, standing miracle! --- Could aught surprize,
 By common use familiar to our eyes ---
 With black seeds nitrous, and sulphureous fraught,
 Mounts in a blaze, when'er a spark is caught;
 Soon as the subtile stranger has releas'd
 Th' aerial particles within compress'd;
 And, than the flame fulmineous fiercer far,
 Splits rocks, and bursts the battlements of war.
 All these phænomena sound Reason solves,
 By Æther's fluid, which the world involves:
 Quick every new-made opening it explores,
 And works a passage through the smallest pores;
 Thus having gain'd an absolute controul,
 With furious Violence agitates the whole.
 But, not admitting Æther in your Void,
 All power elastick you've at once destroy'd.

Thus,
 And hurling proud defiance at his foes,
 Then from behind them aiming deadliest blows,
 Entering the strong-built Citadel, and there
 And makes each heartick Citizen tremble
 Still the brave Governor keeps his post,
 And the fierce soldier bands upon the wall,
 When torn by engines down the battlements fall,
 And all the external bulwarks are a shew,
 But as when Armies press the gates of tow'ns,
 Till conquering truth recall him to the tow'ns,
 Mute, and abash'd, his trophies set him down,
 Or strives to move the unmanacled tow'ns,
 Whether he toils his elements to form,
 Alike absurd, ridiculous, and vain,
 Thus have we prov'd the poet's moon-foolish dream,
 At once excludes all hope of casual fire,
 Motion insists Matter who denies,
 No Body can the barren Helicon press,
 Of granting Gravity to every seed,
 For all your Atoms fly to every need,

Thus, arm'd by Reason, PIETY o'erthrows
 The Atomick System, with redoubled blows:
 For, if denied the native power to fall,
 Perpetual languor must benumb them all;
 Or, granting Gravity to every Seed,
 No Body can the barren Helpmate breed:
 Motion innate in Matter who denies,
 At once excludes all hope of casual ties.
 Thus have we prov'd the Poet's moon-struck brain,
 Alike absurd, ridiculous, and vain;
 Whether he toils his elements to form,
 Or strives to move th' unanimated swarm:
 Mute, and abash'd, his trophies let him yield,
 Till conquering truth recall him to the field.
 But as when Armies press the destin'd town,
 And all th' external bulwarks are o'erthrown;
 When torn by engines down the ramparts fall,
 And the fierce Soldier hangs upon the wall;
 Still the brave Governor keeps hope alive,
 And makes each heartless Citizen revive,
 Entering the strong-built Citadel, and there:
 New ramparts raising with assiduous care;
 Then from behind them aiming deadliest blows,
 And hurling proud defiance at his foes.

So

So when no more IMPIETY can stand,
 Beneath one vanquish'd Leader's weak command;
 Some happier Chieftain still she hopes to chuse,
 And, with his auspices, the fight renews.
 But wheresoe'er the Fiend for shelter flies,
 We'll trace her steps with Reason's piercing eyes,
 Boldly assault the new-erected mound,
 And lay each fortress level with the ground.

If now in Matter's separate parts no more
 Th' efficient Cause of Motion you explore;
 But from that vain inquiry, baffled, pass
 To seek it solely in the th' assembled mass;
 And thus, deserting your ATHENIAN CHIEF,
 Beg at XENOPHANES'S tent relief,
 Or to SPINOZA'S tottering towers repair;
 You'll find no succour, no protection there:
 'Gainst their conceits, where'er we turn our eyes,
 From every quarter arguments arise.
 Treasure this truth, thou oft hast heard me prove,
 That MATTER CAN BUT BY IMPULSION MOVE.
 While paths innumerable gape on every side,
 And to receive the Body open wide,
 Through

Through all indifferent to direct it's course,
It can't select one by it's proper force :
Unless, then, shov'd by some impulsive hand,
Fix'd in it's station it must ever stand.

" I grant," you'll say, " Impulsion : but, perhaps,
" Motion keeps Matter in perpetual lapse :
" And, in it's very frame by Nature fix'd,
" Is with it's essence intimately mix'd :
" Whence movement's endless propagation springs,
" While things impell'd impell the neighbouring thin,
" And Body, struck by Body, sends the blow
" Through the whole Scale, around, above, below :
" So that this Circuit, which was ne'er begun,
" The Mass of Matter ne'er can cease to run."

How quickly, QUINTIVS, dost thou fly the light ?
How suffer truth t' escape thy lessening sight ?
Successive Impulse ne'er can be believ'd,
Unless each Body gives what it receiv'd ;
One shouldst thou find that never felt the stroke,
Snapp'd at that link, the Chain of motion's broke.
Motion this property does, therefore, own,
To be continually transmitted down :

T t A moving

A moving power it ever must require,
 As every Son must issue from a Sire.
 It's being, then, in Matter's Mass it draws,
 By close transfusion, from some higher Cause:
 Which higher Cause we cannot, sure, conclude
 Corporeal, dross, irrational, and rude:
 For, to point out the line there must be choice;
 In this can aught but Reason have a voice?
 Matter it's motion either did commence,
 From unembodied, pure Intelligence;
 Or some superior part of it you raise,
 Which on the throne it's sovereign power displays,
 And to all other bodies grants the loan
 Of movement, which itself receiv'd from none.
 But Motion, we agreed, must be transfus'd:
 Why then without an Author here produc'd?
 Is not that part of Matter, which you've rais'd,
 However cloath'd, adorn'd, exalted, prais'd,
 Devoid of Reason? like what you confess'd
 Unfraught with motive powers, unless impress'd?
 Matter's each part is Matter: none can rise,
 Beyond the limits of material ties:
 None, self-erected, can superbly tower,
 Above the heights of mere material power:

None

None then is able Motion to convey,
But as the servant of Superior Sway,
One only Being, infinitely great,
Motion, and Matter, could at once create.

We see, with whirl vertiginous, the Sun
From west to east around his axis run:
Why, if superior power had thought it best,
Might not his rolling be from east to west?
What could the line's precise direction draw?
His own Free Will? or Matter's native Law?
If to Intelligence the Sun you raise,
Fond fabulous GREECE with thanks the boon repays:
Or fix his course by Matter's Law confin'd,
That general Law should every portion bind;
Variance of course there could not be the least,
But all the Mass must tend from west to east.
Now every day's confirm'd experience shews,
That movement's stream from every quarter flows.
This dogma, then, sound Reason must reject,
That Matter's Laws the channel can direct:
And since rude Matter must for ever rest,
Without direction, howsoe'er impress'd;

(Your sophisms all at length detected,) own,
 Absolute Motion sprung from *HIM* alone,
 Whose power prevails it's current to confine,
 Pointing to every mass the separate line.

Whate'er by Nature so compos'd we see,
 That all it's parts together cannot be;
 But, some decaying, others newly rise,
 Dancing successive rounds before our eyes,
 In gradual progress---No man, not infant,
 Eternal such a Being dares to feign.
 Whate'er a total we are taught to call,
 From each part's essence varies not at all:
 Let the swoln total e'er so great become,
 'Tis but of all it's several parts the sum.
 Does Motion, thus, eternal seem to you?
 Then all it's parts must be eternal too.
 But every point of time distinctly shews
 Bodies just rous'd, and issuing from repose!
 Such movements clearly did begin; then own
 Eternity the attribute of none.
 Nothing eternal, therefore, now believe,
 Whose parts their being gradually receive.

Mankind

Mankind, by births continually repair'd,
 Why, not eternal, hast thou well declar'd?---
 Because, renew'd, the race must have begun,
 And every Sire must first have been a Son :
 'The Son deriv'd his being from a Sire,
 So that we still look up to something higher.
 Seed, by Earth's moisture nourish'd, Forests breeds,
 Forests, in turn, shower down their plenteous Seeds :
 Trees, then, and Seeds, 'tis plain to common sense,
 Did their existence at some time commence.
 So Day, and Night, did once begin to be,
 Since in Succession regular they flee :
 Both of Eternity are thus beguil'd---
 Which shall we stile the Parent, which the Child ?
 Nor to eternity can Time lay claim,
 Since fleeting particles compose it's frame,
 Which, (to your memory once again recall,)
 Rise for a moment, instantly to fall.
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, link'd appear,
 And in progressive Chain lead on the year ;
 Thus amply proving on Succession's plan,
 A time when first the Universe began,
 When parts in regular succession rise,
 None in priority can claim the prize :

No

No Season, therefore, by it's proper force,
 Has held through all eternity it's course:
 None ever could have been, had Sovereign Power
 Not call'd it forth, at his appointed hour,
 Giv'n it a being, by his hand impress'd,
 And plac'd it's rank precedent to the rest,
 Which their distinct allotted stations know,
 And thence in sure alternate order flow.

You'll ask, perhaps, in glaring proofs despite,
 " Why may not bodies move by Native Right?
 " Suppose them all with motive powers endow'd,
 " As an essential attribute allow'd;
 " No Impulse, then, they ever can desire,
 " Nor need we motion's Origin inquire."
 Such was the futile sophistry you brought,
 To prove your seeds with native Figure fraught:
 Without a MAKER as your Atoms grew,
 You'd have them act without a Mover too.
 My former trusty weapons I'll employ,
 And this old Sophism, now reviv'd, destroy.
 If in each body Motion be innate,
 With Matter blended by the laws of Fate;

I'd ask, what quantity? and of what kind?
 To which known quarter of the world inclin'd?
 Say, in what line does it's exertion flow?
 Direct, or crooked? — Is it fast, or slow?
 Of all these several movements, one alone
 Can to all matter's action give the tone.
 Chuse this, or that, among the numerous tribe,
 Fixing on one, all others you proscribe:
 (What Nature plants, strikes in so deep a root,
 It never can admit a Substitute;) —
 But Body's freedom shall thy dreams enthrall,
 Though seen alike susceptible of all?
 How then, indifferent, or to that, or this,
 All other movements did it come to miss?
 And it's direction, scrupulous, confine,
 To what we see is now it's motion's line?
 If to itself it does it's movement owe,
 'Tis then essential, and no change can know:
 But Motion's ever varying in it's state;
 In Matter, then, 'tis clearly not innate.
 'Tis vain t' object that, "as each Body bears
 "Some certain Figure, which it's bounds declares,
 Although

" Although it's nature arrogates impress'd
 " None in particular above the rest;
 " Some kind of Movement must attend it's frame,
 " Though no peculiar Species it can claim:
 " And that such movement must obey the laws,
 " Impos'd at will by each external cause,
 " A wheel, thus, by the stream's directive force,
 " Around it's axis shapes it's whirling course."

See'st thou how far this supposition goes?

It robs at once all bodies of Repose:

Motion, as Figure, must with each remain---

Thou dar'st not such a paradox maintain.

In body Figure must be always found,

Stamp'd by the limits, which it's mass surround:

But constant Motion we may well refuse;

It may stand still, nor yet it's essence lose:

Mov'd, or quiescent, 'tis the same in fact,

Of the same clustering particles compact.

Did not ev'n you suppose, that native Weight,

With which you fabled all your Seeds replete,

When to the centre any one should drop,

Would there compell it forcibly to stop?

On this foundation surely you conceiv'd,

That Atoms might be from their race reliev'd,

That

That crippled Motion might sustain a pause,
Yet they survive, unhurt by such a cause.

A body too, as Sense and Reason prove,
Press'd equally on all sides, cannot move.
'Twas this idea made your Sage so loth,
T' admit the PLENUM, lest, immers'd in sloth,
All things should slumber; yet he never thought,
Bodies by this would be reduc'd to nought.
Equal in magnitude, with force alike,
Two adverse bodies, each the other, strike;
Their motion, instantly, is seen to cease,
The violent conflict terminates in peace.
Matter does not require, 'tis then confess'd,
'Motion innate; for bodies often rest:
Nor does it arrogate, as hath been prov'd,
Perfect Repose; for bodies oft are mov'd.
Rest, then, and Motion, adventitious things,
Neither, entwin'd, to body's essence clings:
Mere Mode is all the attribute they claim,
Absent, or present, Body's still the same.
Thus, whether softly lolling on the mead,
While the green turf supports his languid head;

U u

Or

Or mounted on a courser, free from rein,
 Whose eager speed devours the lessening plain;
 Essence unchang'd by either different plan,
 A Man is still the same identick Man.
 Thus, no new property does Air acquire,
 Nor from it's Substance any part retire;
 Whether serene, and silent, calm, and clear,
 It lends new beauties to the opening year;
 Or, rous'd to rage, in wintery tempests roars,
 Strewing the dales with woods, with wrecks the shores.
 Mid SABINE Rocks behold the ANIO rise,
 And peaceful flow where pleasant TIBUR lies;
 Then, on a sudden failure of the ground,
 Rush headlong, thundering through the gulph profound;
 While it's white foam in clouds ascends the sky,
 And sparkling shews the Rainbow's various dye:
 Then, in new chasms precipitated, roll,
 Through mazy labyrinths winding to the goal;
 Each yawning cavern's lowest depths assail,
 While hideous bellowings rend the echoing vale:
 Now, ris'n to light, along the sloping side,
 Of a green hill, it's silver stream divide
 Into an hundred rivulets; then fall
 Down to the bottom, and unite them all:

Thence

Thence smoothly gliding, with collected wave,
 The fertile plains of smiling LATIUM lave.
 But all these changes alter not it's frame,
 The individual River is the same;
 Or headlong thundering through the gulph profound,
 Or when it's floods in frothy clouds rebound,
 Or when absorb'd in caverns' depths it hides,
 Or when in rills it's silver stream divides,
 Or, re-uniting, with collected waves,
 The fertile plains of smiling LATIUM lave.
 The only difference Body ever owes,
 To fleeting Motion, or to fix'd Repose;
 Is this; it's site that, resting, it preserves,
 Moving, incessant from it's site it swerves.
 If much in little time the motion's flow,
 The movement's quick; in much if little, slow.
 From the respective Routes that bodies take,
 And from the Figures in those routes they make,
 Distinctions various their progression claims,
 Which all are noted by appropriate names.
 Continued fix'dness of Position's REST;
 MOTION, continued change, how'er impress'd.

Uu 2 But,

But let this Situation fix'd remain,
 Or vary, still 'tis manifestly plain,
 But that of MODE, no title it can bear,
 Since Body may possess it, or can spare:
 Hence it appears, that Sites, as Figures, all,
 Within the same predicament must fall.
 Two sorts of FIGURES Body make finite,
 By curve lines terminated, or by right:
 So are two Species of POSITION mix'd,
 To form the Genus; mutable, and fix'd.
 As no one Figure girds all Matter round,
 So to no one Position is it bound:
 None, to the rest preferring, can it chuse,
 None, undervaluing by the rest, refuse:
 None by self-power to self can it impart,
 None lose, or vary, with it's utmost art.
 It's present state it never can forego,
 Unless disturb'd by some external blow.
 Some kind of FIGURE Body still must claim;
 But curve, or rectilineal, 's all the same:
 Body cannot exist without a SITE;
 But, chang'd, or permanent, is equal quite.
 Since of Position MOTION is one kind,
 Which no firm ties to Matter's essence bind;

Body

Body it never guides, unless impress'd,
To Matter's Mass, a Stranger, and a guest.

Body

ANTI-LUCRETII.

BOOK V.

ANTILUCRETUS

ANTIBLOCKRETUS

B O O K V.

THOUGH mar'd by pleasure, ill-instructed Youth
I think thee fond, of justice and of truth.

Unlike to those, who build aerial temples,
Or, rapt in magic of delusive dreams,
Dress the dawning of Aurora's ray,
Bless the black night, and curse returning day,
How can bright Sol's resplendent beams display'd
Please the dark tenant of the sultry shade?
How can the radiant form of Truth divine
Delight the votary chain'd at Error's shrine?

X x

Clasp'd

ANTI-LUCRETIVS.

B O O K V.

THOUGH snar'd by pleasure, ill-instructed Youth!

I think thee fond, of justice and of truth.

Unlike to those, who build aërial schemes;

Or, rapt in magick of delusive dreams,

Detest the dawning of AURORA's ray,

Bless the black night, and curse returning day.

How can bright Sol's resplendent beams display'd

Please the dark tenant of the fullen shade?

How can the radiant form of Truth divine

Delight the votary chain'd at Error's shrine?

Clasp'd in Illusion's soft encircling arms,
 Blind is the libertine to Virtue's charms;
 And when to nought the flattering reverie falls,
 With sighs it's shadowy image he recalls.
 Shouldst thou, my QUINTIUS, Rebel to my care,
 Lament thy kind deliverance from the snare;
 Fill'd with fresh wonder, I must more admire
 Th' unbounded power of that foul fiend DESIRE.
 Whate'er the Sect, that warr'd against the Skies,
 Could to support their hope forlorn devise,
 Crush'd by my hand, I dare proclaim aloud
 Of such a victory Meekness may be proud.
 Th' immortal Host of Atoms is destroy'd,
 Ruin has, ruthless, seiz'd th' enormous Void,
 Essential Motion's utterly o'erthrown,
 And all with Nature's faithful aid alone.

His arms no longer now thy CHAIR retains;
 They lie in pieces, scatter'd o'er the plains;
 None can they wound, but such as blindly stray,
 In willing folds, from Reason's even way;
 Who, sons of Idiocy! their breasts expose,
 To mortal passes from the feeblest foes.

Now

Now let LUCRETIVS in those Gardens dwell,
 His hands have toil'd to cultivate so well!
 But let him there, ingloriously obscure,
 The irksome pangs of solitude endure!
 There let him every idle art employ;
 And cull those flowers, which VENUS' favourite Boy
 Ting'd with his blood, when erst the savage boar
 With tushes sharp the helpless stripling tore.
 Or HELICON's high summit let him gain,
 Where, jointly, BACCHUS and APOLLO reign;
 In the recess of some refrigerant cave,
 With rapture listening, hear SILENUS rave;
 As, every vein while Nectar's juice inflames,
 With stammering tongue the drunken God declaims.
 Of Seeds dispers'd through vacuous realms he sings,
 And how from Hazard's sport all Being springs;
 While Satyrs leud, and wanton Dryads round,
 In antick measures beat th' enchanted ground.
 Then let his phrenzy ev'n those Gods invoke,
 'Gainst whom he 'as aim'd destruction's deadly stroke!
 Of MARS and VENUS paint th' adulterous loves,
 And all the pains that hapless passion proves!
 Pleas'd let his pencil dwell on rural joys,
 On calm retirement, free from strife and noise;

Where flocks and herds enjoy the juicy blade;
 While the gay shepherd chaunts beneath the shade:
 With these contrasting all Man's foolish cares,
 War's dire alarms, and wealth's heart-narrowing snares.
 Let him describe, then, how the crowd immense
 Of things around affect each human sense;
 How the rough winds, let loose from adverse caves,
 With blasts tumultuous agitate the waves;
 How from Earth's womb collected vapours rise,
 And with red lightning cleave the cloud-wrapp'd skies;
 Wild in the woods, estrang'd from hopes and fears,
 How the first mortals pass'd their harmless years:
 What cause at length compell'd them huts to build,
 And with the plough upturn the stubborn field:
 Then let contagion swell his bloated page,
 While ATHENS falls by pestilential rage;
 Thus shall his numbers charm th' admiring throng,
 And all PARNASSUS echo to his song:
 Though grave Philosophy reject his claim,
 The Muse shall stamp her sanction on his fame,
 Who can deny the Poet's high renown?
 Ev'n I myself will bear the laurel crown,
 Wreath round his temples never-fading bays,
 And swell the loudest chorus of his praise.

But

But let him ne'er assume didactic pride,
 And lay down lessons moral acts to guide;
 Nor, like a SYREN, tune the vocal charm,
 To wheedle lull'd credulity to harm.

To err is human. Sav'd from many a storm,
 From whirlpools, rocks, and quicksands, that deform
 The smooth sea's marble surface, safe return'd
 From poles that froze him, from the line that burn'd,
 Behold the Sailor, on his native shore,
 Founder in port, and sink to rise no more.
 Thus they who dive in nature's secret springs,
 And seek the deep-laid principles of things;
 Whom painful labour strives in vain to scare,
 While, urg'd by thirst of truth, they nobly dare,
 Though black abysses open to their view,
 Each track that leads to Science to pursue;
 We must not wonder, on the thorny way,
 Their faltering steps should Error's wiles betray;
 Or, by continual toil at length o'ercome,
 Fatigue oppressive close the eyes of some,
 Who by Truth's lamp long led through paths opaque,
 Her light through mere satiety forsake.

But

But view, astonish'd, that vainglorious Man,
 Whose vaunting Muse proclaim'd his pompous plan,
 All Nature's darkest mysteries to disclose,
 And trace the fount whence Truth's pure current flows,
 Left hapless Mortals causelessly should groan,
 Yok'd by a mere invention of their own—
 View him, I say, against Religion arm,
 While Atheism's trumpet spreads the loud alarm,
 Yet with himself so idiot-like at war,
 That his own body bleeds by every scar,
 Aim'd at Religion's breast; and thus the foe,
 His hand protects, his heart would fain o'erthrow
 Like the old Giants, all his weapons sped,
 'Gainst Heav'n, fall down in ruin on his head.
 Not the Deliverer him of lost Mankind,
 But the poor servile Eulogist you find,
 Of that vain GRECIAN, falsely stor'd the Sage,
 Who first inspir'd his God-dethroning rage.
 In sounding words he made his boast to prove,
 That Atoms all by native vigour move:
 We've seen how well this high-professing Guide,
 Perform'd the princely promise of his pride.
 With like presumption did Spinoza dare,
 Motion innate in Matter to declare:

He

He too the fate he merited has found,
 By reason's lance laid level with the ground.
 In Matter since 'tis manifestly plain,
 That Motion's principles are sought in vain;
 To gain a clear discovery of their source,
 To other powers we now must have recourse.

MINDS have existence. Every Man, untaught,
 Thinks, and is conscious to himself of thought:
 As propositions pass him in review,
 Denying false ones, he affirms the true.
 When through the senses objects entrance find,
 They then sustain the strictures of the Mind;
 Which all their obvious properties declares,
 And with each other carefully compares,
 Ransacks at will th' accumulated hoard,
 And marks th' ideal difference or accord.
 At length, observing many various swarms,
 Some certain Archetypes within the forms,
 Internal Models, ne'er to be remov'd,
 By which all things are censur'd or approv'd---
 Nor will I here the question agitate,
 Whether Man's first ideas be innate,
 Or

Or from the mental operations rise:
 That they exist is clear; let that suffice.—
 Balanc'd by different reasons, oft the Mind
 Stands in suspense, to neither side inclin'd;
 In quest of knowledge, fluctuates, doubts, demurs,
 Because no proof demonstrative occurs:
 In gradual progress often truths unknown
 By light of truths already learn'd are shewn:
 The manly chace her active powers pursue,
 Hoarding old treasures, and acquiring new;
 To her sound judgement we may firmly trust,
 And tell the false conclusion from the just;
 To apt arrangement all our thoughts she brings,
 Fixing th' exact comparisons of things.
 'Tis thus by dint of labour she ascends,
 And crowded objects clearly comprehends;
 Then, by reflection's retrospective aid,
 Considers every painful step she made.
 Nay, ev'n when ignorant most, her knowledge gains;
 Thus far at least, her ignorance that she knows;
 Whene'er she doubts, that doubt a thought supplies,
 When she denies, she knows that she denies,
 And when a latent verity's attain'd,
 Exulting feels her favourite quarry gain'd.

Hence

Hence Man his knowledge o'er the world expands,
 And by his Mind the Universe commands:
 He sees the elements whence body springs,
 And traces out the origin of things:
 Earth's globe he measures; mounting thence on high,
 Describes the starry regions of the Sky.
 Then the dark Cone through heav'n's expanse display'd,
 Form'd by the solid Earth's projected shade,
 As to the Sun oppos'd it whirls around,
 He follows close, and marks it's utmost bound;
 Justly foretelling, at what hour of night,
 What part of heav'n, 'twill rob the Moon of light;
 Nay, pointing out fair CYNTHIA's forc'd disguise,
 For years on years, for ages yet to rise.
 He then surveys the tracts of sea and land,
 Which CYNTHIA's shadow can in turn command,
 While she removes her Brother's beams away,
 And with her convex body breaks the day;
 Reckoning the digits, with precision sure,
 Of Sol's broad disk th' intrusion must obscure.
 Then darting onward to the realms above,
 He towers among the Satellites of JOVE;
 Sees how they wage perpetual civil war,
 Hiding from each by turns their common star;

Hence

Y y

With

With adverse fronts encountering throu'd the rays,
 Though each the Sovereign Planet's power obeys.
 All these stupendous wonders to explore,
 Man's active Mind from world to world can soar;
 Prophet infallible, he names the hours,
 When Orbs celestial shall exert their powers,
 With far more sure prediction, nor less bold,
 Than fam'd SIBYLLINE oracles of old.
 Fix'd in the humble station of his birth,
 This clay-form'd frail inhabitant of earth,
 Within his narrow lowly cot confin'd,
 Can, by the sole exertion of his mind,
 Measure this World, define it's shape and size,
 Mark every spot that on it's surface lies,
 Divide it's climes, by regular degrees,
 From burning tropicks to the poles that freeze:
 And though 'twixt pole and pole no points appear,
 Where radiant PHOEBUS gilds the varying year;
 No stated points, impress'd by Nature's hand,
 And giv'n for ever motionless to stand;
 By which the distances of place and place,
 With them compar'd, he might distinctly trace;
 Such his sharp Mind supposes, and supplies,
 By strength of genius, thus, what Heav'n denies.

Adventurous

Adventurous Mariner, he spreads his sails,
 And trusts his bark to the capricious gales;
 By them o'er all the depths of Ocean hurl'd,
 He draws a trackless circle round the World;
 Dauntless he lands where'er his vessel's blown,
 Nor fears night's perils on a coast unknown:
 But, by the needle guided o'er the waves,
 All the rough sea's tempestuous broils he braves;
 For gold th' ATLANTICK Ocean's rage he stems,
 Crosses rich INDIA's gulphs for precious gems,
 Dreads not for gain his puny frame t' expose,
 To Southern calentures, and Northern snows:
 Curious he steers by unexperienc'd ways,
 And seeks new countries, promontories, bays;
 While with his plummet dragg'd along the ground,
 The various depth he, careful, strives to sound;
 Thus in his skill 'gainst every chance confides,
 And mocks the angry tossing of the tides.

All Arts already learn'd his toils pursue,
 Improving old ones, and inventing new:
 The firmest compositions he dissolves,
 Severing th' ingredients which their frame involves;

Y y 2

Th'

Th' internal mass of Fluids he explores,
Draws salt and sulphur from their inmost pores,
Directs the seeds in other forms to blend,
Imitates Nature, nay, ev'n dares to mend.
Plundering bright Sol, unpunish'd, of his rays,
He with a glass collects the burning blaze,
Till each refracted beam of light conspires,
Press'd to a point, to dart consuming fires:
Heav'n, of it's purest radiance thus bereft,
Remits, unpray'd, th' audacious felon's theft;
Nor, like PROMETHEUS, chain'd from age to age,
Feels he, transfix'd, the ravenous vulture's rage,
While his swoln liver endless feasts supplies—
If fabulous GREECE gave birth to aught but lyes.
Skilful Optician, he extends his sight,
Contriving glasses to dilate the light,
Reflected from each body; thus appear,
Distinct confus'd ones, and obscure ones clear;
While all their images, at his command,
Unfold their opening figures, and expand:
The hidden's shewn, the smallest grows in size,
The far remote approaches near his eyes:
Then through the microscope their beams convey'd,
Behold parts wrapp'd in secrecy display'd,

Pierce

Pierce through th' interior mechanism of things;
 And wondering view their most mysterious springs:
 Thus Nature's art, industriously conceal'd,
 By Man's acute invention stands reveal'd.
 The numerous nations dwelling round the ball,
 His powers articulate connect them all:
 His skill th' instructive pleasing commerce wrought,
 Which yields by words an interchange of thought;
 His skill the voice in magick fetters bound,
 Gave form to air, and permanence to sound.
 Man's MENTAL IMAGE, starting from the soul,
 Flies all abroad o'er Earth from pole to pole,
 Cloath'd in the cincture of the painted page,
 Transmits th' effusion pure from age to age,
 Survives the fall of realms, the wreck of time,
 And breathes her PARENT MIND through every clime.

Searching on causes how effects depend,
 Man traces out his Being's aim and end;
 Nature's recess with curious eye pervades,
 And strips her darkeft mysteries of their shades,
 To Sense impervious passages pursues,
 Till all th' arcana of her state he views.

On

On wing sublime he soars above the sky,
 Heav'n's right to power supreme presumes to try;
 "Rose the vast Universe from self-accord?
 "Or does it owe it's being to a Lord?"
 Adjusting then the various social claims,
 Fix'd rules of moral rectitude he frames,
 Just from unjust, as true from false divides,
 And points the path to Happiness that guides;
 Widely he separates honest acts from base,
 Courts Honour's charms, and reprobates disgrace,
 Profit with loss contrasted strongly sees,
 And things that hurt the mind with things that please,
 Hopes, wishes, fears, approves, and disapproves,
 Hates, and (O! noblest, best of passions!) loves.
 Studious again to scrutinize his breast,
 All his desires and deeds he brings to test,
 Each thought with strict severity revolves,
 Pronounces judgement on his own resolves,
 His vices, errors, foibles, faults detects,
 Then weighs, examines, censures, and corrects.

Superior far to her associate Clay,
 Mind over Body bears despotick sway;

Directs

Directs the members manifold to move,
Just as her high and mighty powers approve:
By her commanded rolls the ready eye,
The feet and hands at once obsequious fly;
Each muscle bends as her behests ordain,
And every organ owns her lawful reign:
To speak, or walk, thus, thinking Man is free,
Driv'n by no impulse, but his Will's decree;
On neighbouring bodies, then, the shock impress'd
Shoves them along perforce, and they the rest:
If but a foot we lift up from the ground,
Air wheels in rapid circulation round.
Sound the shrill trumpet, all the fluctuant Air,
Rous'd by the noise it's trembling waves declare;
Rudely repuls'd from off the bordering hills,
The echoing vale their agitation fills.
By powers mechanick, which his Reason sways,
The feeblest Man enormous weights can raise;
And from the lowest quarry's depths require
A stone to tip the loftiest temple's spire.
Horses and Oxen stoop to his command,
Yok'd to assist the labours of his hand;
Deep-laden vessels, upward dragg'd by them,
The fiercest stream's rapidity can stem.

Thus

Thus, by his active Spirit's single force,
Man begets Motion, and directs it's course.

'Tis then, uncontrovertibly, the Mind,
That motion gives to Matter, weak and blind:
Nor does she, poorly passive, propagate
Seeds she receives, but principles innate.
We seldom know, nor is indeed there cause,
Our proper movement's organs or it's laws:
Ignorance is here as capable as skill;
'To move our bodies we have but to will.
Can we then doubt, if these amazing pow'rs,
Which we all feel at every moment our's,
Created Minds did from themselves acquire,
Or owe the benefit to something higher?
Some Being, who all matter's essence knows,
And all the springs of movement can dispose;
Who then, indulgent to our wishes, grants
What each conceits he has, but really wants?
Whether, how'er, this guidance of the reins,
We think Man's mind by native strength obtains,
Or if, more justly, we suppose it lent
By some superior power's benign consent,

Thus

Thus much is certain, that so rich a prize
 From nothing less than Intellect could rise.
 Motion no power could e'er impress or guide,
 Unless by Will enabled to preside:
 But nought can will, unless it understands;
 Some thinking Being motion then commands.
 Mind, therefore, is the first and only cause
 Of motion's essence, and of motion's laws.
 And, as a Mind, imperfect and finite,
 O'er human bodies claims this sovereign right,
 So through the mighty, universal frame,
 The World's great body, holds it's sacred claim
 A perfect Mind and infinite, that warms
 Matter to life, and all it's seeds informs.
 Now does the Cause omnipotent appear,
 Of Matter's movement, manifestly clear;
 That Mind which Matter into being brought,
 By HIS ALMIGHTY FIAT rais'd from nought.

Prov'd now beyond a doubt I should suppose
 This truth, which pure from reason's fountain flows;
 Did I not still a prejudice suspect,
 Rooted in thee, which friendship must correct;

That every thing is Body that exists,
 And ev'n the Mind of particles consists.
 But has it not by fairest proofs been shewn,
 That sluggish Matter cannot move alone?
 Then, by clear consequence, it cannot give
 Motion to aught, unless it first receive.
 Is not a wide distinction thus assign'd,
 Between it's torpid essence and the Mind?
 The Mind, prolific Motion's lively spring,
 Who scorns from foreign sources aid to bring,
 But in herself has all the power and skill,
 And generates Motion solely by her Will!

All Matter's properties, whatever plight
 It's senseless parts may offer to your sight,
 Within these three predicaments are pent,
 Namely, Position, Figure, and Extent.
 This truth shall be ev'n by yourself confess'd,
 With Reason's light that it was never bless'd.
 For if rude Body's mere material frame
 The Mind's transcendent honours e'er could claim,
 By power innate, all Bodies must enjoy
 Sense and Intelligence without alloy.

These

These gifts from stocks or stones couldst thou withhold?
 Or from thy seeds, when wandering uncontroul'd
 Through the wide vacuum's womb? no longer blind,
 But every particle must be a Mind:
 Matter's each part is Matter; 'tis but fair,
 Each part all Matter's properties should share.
 In Body, thus, as many Minds we view,
 As it has parts, and those immortal too:
 For while from death your Atoms you defend,
 Can added Reason bring them to an end?
 No: on this footing every one may be
 Happy, or wretched, to eternity.
 Thus when in Matter you contend for Sense,
 Your weapons fail you in your own defence;
 For then clear logick in your Body finds,
 Not one, but numberless immortal Minds.
 Discovery, QUINTIUS, to your hopes how dire,
 Who but annihilation's fate desire!
 Who nothing can more horrible conceive;
 Than after death eternally to live!

But if each Atom such perfections fill,
 By strength innate impower'd to think and will;

Apt, or to good or evil, each may chuse
 Fair Virtue's gifts, and those of Vice refuse;
 Or the reverse, deprav'd, since free the choice,
 And form it's morals by it's proper voice.
 Nay, every part the seed minute contains,
 O'er it's own scheme of life supremely reigns;
 And must from Sovereign Justice, in the end,
 It's due reward or punishment attend;
 If virtuous, sure to gain bright honour's crown,
 Vicious, to meet the angry Judge's frown.
 Hence though the BARD immortal life supplies
 To all his seeds, yet reason he denies.
 DEMOCRITUS, more liberal, dar'd to feign
 Some o'er the rest by nature born to reign,
 Endow'd with talents far beyond the crowd,
 Of sense and reason eminently proud.
 As in some countries, where the generous plan,
 Chalk'd out by native Liberty to Man,
 Torn by the art and violence of a few,
 Has robb'd the injur'd Many of their due,
 The scornful Peer, in titled pomp array'd,
 Contemns th' industrious tenant of the spade,
 Thinks Nature form'd his haughty soul for sway,
 The vulgar herd to suffer and obey.

This

This dangerous tenet terrifies the school,
Which makes o'er minds mortality to rule;
So from DEMOCRITUS they all retire,
Condemn the doctrine, and desert their Sire.
In truth, could shameless arrogance maintain
Aught more absurd, ridiculous, and vain,
Than among seeds, in essence all the same,
Reason for these, yet not for those to claim?

Now let us see, if what the slavish Muse,
Who toils to serve th'ATHENIAN SAGE's views,
On the same point has chaunted in her song,
Than this incongruous thesis be less wrong.
"Matter," she cries, (and this we well believe,)
"By nature is unable to perceive;
"Atoms, the seeds of all things, equal all,
"Blindness and sloth essentially enthrall.
"But when by chance some certain seeds are plac'd
"In certain order, each by each embrac'd,
(Though she declares not what peculiar fort,
Nor what the ranks assign'd by hazard's sport;)
"Then, from such union of the blind and blind,
"Springs up by effort magical a Mind."

She

She thinks, how'er, "that something may arise,
 " From air, pure blood, and fire's most subtle ties,
 " Which, though corporeal, may have thought and will,
 " And which th' assemblage when dissolv'd may kill."

From some strict tie that Matter's parts may know,
 'Tis your opinion, then, a Mind can grow.
 Can Combination operate such a change,
 By the mere form in which th' ingredients range,
 That where no Mind before had any part,
 Sudden from out the mass a Mind should start
 A being, skill'd to think, and understand,
 To feel, to will, to judge, and to command?
 Bodies to move, and shape their varying course?
 Richly endued with every active force?
 For when a power foresees, reflects, and moves,
 Attacks, flies, follows, hates, resists, and loves;
 Can there remain the smallest doubt in fact,
 That such a power may well be said to act?
 Can Combination offer to your view
 Aught in the particles of matter new,
 Unless, if separate, union to restore,
 Or fix an order they had not before?

Does

Does such mutation to the portions add
A spark of essence more than what they had?
No: surely nothing, but to each a place,
And the whole mass a figure to embrace.
By such creation if the Mind exists,
In figure, or position, it consists;
And as a cube or cylinder is made,
So are the mental faculties display'd.
Thus then on Matter, in it's essence blind,
A certain figure shall bestow a Mind,
Which from no other figure it could claim;
A certain place, too, shall bestow the same.
Should wanton Hazard kindly on the right
The chance-collected particles unite,
At once they're fraught with every power of will,
With motive force, and reason's subtilest skill;
Had her caprice combin'd them on the left,
Of sense for ever, then, they were bereft.
Essential principles shall Contact change?
Shall Nature vary as they're taught to range?
Who can attempt to make such nonsense clear?
Thou with thyself art inconsistent here.
NOTHING FROM NOUGHT, is thy first boasted law,
Yet Minds from nought thy Muse presumes to draw;

Creation's

Creation's doctrine first thou dar'st explode,
Then giv'st creative virtue to a Modell.

Bodies may thus, I freely will declare,
Become transparent, or condens'd, or rare;
So fluid, soft, or hard, each mass we find,
Just as it's elements have been combin'd:
These but from site arise; the body's frame,
Nought new acquiring, still remains the same.
As wove, or twisted, Hemp we can prevail
T' extend, a Rope, or spread, a canvas Sail.
'Tis still but Hemp, how'er it's parts we range,
Appearance only indicates a change.
Enormous weights the Rope has strength to raise,
The Sail each impulse of the wind obeys.
These different functions nought repugnant breed,
Nor naked Matter's native force exceeds.
In either state 'tis passive, nor, alone,
Exerts a single effort of it's own.
By rigid Iron, lengthen'd to a Sword,
Man's blood-fraught heart is with a thrust explor'd;
This Iron, on the hammer'd anvil put,
And flatten'd to a Faulchion's breadth, will cut;

If, like th' Herculean Club, 'tis fashion'd round;
 With mangling bruises only will it wound.
 'Tis thus a plate of Glass the light transmits;
 But, broke by frequent blows to smallest bits,
 It then denies a passage to the rays,
 And Sol's bright image backward driv'n displays;
 This powder dipp'd in water, as before
 Instant becomes diaphanous once more.
 The heat of fire has power to soften Gold,
 Which ever keeps it's hardness while 'tis cold;
 By fluid salts dissolv'd, it's substance flies,
 Exhal'd in vapour, and escapes our eyes.
 While, through our limbs dispers'd, our daily food
 Throbs in our nerves, and riots in our blood;
 Lo! in how many various forms 'tis rang'd,
 It's texture, only, and it's figure chang'd:
 Though thus disturb'd unalter'd in it's frame,
 The Matter constantly remains the same;
 With all the Modes that may affect it's mass,
 It never can it's natural bounds surpass.

Nor can it thence by any means aspire
 A Mode that's not corporeal to acquire;

A Mode from body's properties detach'd,
 A Mode with body's essence e'er unmatch'd.
 This is the law of Modes: you cannot view
 A Mode unless you see it's Substance too.
 A Mode is nothing but a thing endued
 Precisely with that form in which 'tis view'd.
 Rest, thus, or Motion, when we see confes'd,
 We see a Body moving or at rest:
 That is, it's station changing without cease,
 Or else preserving constantly in peace.
 To Figure if attention fix'd I give,
 A Body limited I straight conceive,
 Closely confin'd within some certain bound,
 By right or curve, lines girded firmly round;
 Long, broad, and deep, in every part alike,
 Or as the various parts those measures strike:
 From such variety in shape and size,
 May all diversities of Figure rise.

Whate'er from Motion, or from Rest, can spring,
 Or of the whole, or parts of any thing,
 Whate'er from change of Figure, or of Site,
 Or from their still preserving equal plight,

Must

Must be corporeal, since it takes it's tone,
 And rise, from Body's properties alone
 'Tis thus the hardest bodies fram'd appear,
 When cubick parts, nought thrust between, cohere;
 Or but by gum and viscous glue combin'd,
 Or laid in layers, and by their weight confin'd:
 Whence their respective fites they hold the same,
 Till some sharp Liquor penetrate the frame,
 Or subtile Fire between the fastenings glide,
 And force the mass, disjointed, to divide:
 Then, burst asunder, off the portions fly,
 Hard bodies soften, nay, ev'n liquefy.
 Fluids of ever moving parts consist,
 The slightest shock unable to resist,
 Each other's frames they break without controul,
 And in perpetual agitation roll;
 Roundness, though close, forbids them to unite,
 And Friction files their surfaces polite.
 Soft things of natures opposite partake,
 The hard and liquid join'd such bodies make;
 Parts they contain of either species mix'd,
 And in precise alternate order fix'd;
 Stiff cubes, and slippery globules, interrang'd,
 Preserve a mean between unchang'd, and chang'd,

The fluid urging motion, while the hard,
With strength inflexible, their course retard.

These Principles establish'd, nothing new
Can PROTEAN Matter offer to our view,
Which we may not account for, as impress'd
By Figure, Bulk, Position, Motion, Rest.
To various purpose FIRE, for instance, burns,
Stones it calcines, and wood to ashes turns,
Black rugged flints refines to clearest glass,
Of shining ores melts down the solid mass,
Yet, having drawn each particle away
Of moisture from it's bosom, hardens clay.
Fire, of all Bodies opening all the springs,
Extracts the inmost principles of things:
In flames o'er oily substances it plays,
And lightly scatters round a quivering blaze:
Some bodies, burning, redden to the view,
Some receive heat, nor ever change their hue.
Water oppos'd, however fierce the flame,
It's fury fails not instantly to tame.
In the hard conflict 'twixt the flint and steel,
Lo! sudden sparks their hidden fires reveal;

Nay,

Nay, some cold liquors mingling, we administer gain'd The fluid urging
To see thence issue smoke involv'd with fire, with strength inflexible
With roar tremendous when the thunders roll,
How swift the lightning darts from pole to pole, These Principles of solid
How strong, and active, (wonderous to record) Can Protean Moulds
Unhurt the scabbard, when it melts the sword, Which we may
All these Phenomena, and many more, By Figure, Bulk, Position
Too tedious now distinctly to run o'er, To various purposes
Are clearly solv'd, as soon as it is known, stones it calcines, and
That every spark's a Pyramid or Cone; Black rugged things
Whirling with rapid speed on every side, Of shining ones
Through the whole world they're scatter'd far and wide, Yet, passing
What can repell such penetrating darts? Of moisture from
Of every body they explore the parts, Fire, of all bodies
Shake, tear, burst, loosen, all they find inclin'd, Extracts the
Just as the different textures are dispos'd, In frames of
Whatever body's parts are close compress'd, And highly
And fix'd in calm uninterrupted rest, Some bodies
Entrance in them the darts can hardly gain, some receive
But work their way with labour and with pain: Words appear
Are the parts scatter'd? nought to urge their stay, In
They pierce the body through without delay: In
On bodies freely moving they impress, In
With ease the motion they themselves possess.

To parts sulphureous firmly they adhere,
 Till with rude force accumulate they tear
 Them from the mass to which they did belong,
 And bear them off surrounded by the throng:
 Then are the darts on all sides seen to fly,
 For to the smoke exhal'd they all apply,
 That numerous parts combustible contains,
 Which they will never quit while one remains,
 But fiercely plundering, with incessant toil,
 Pursue the quarry till they've spent the spoil.
 Mean while they shine; for, rapid as they whirl,
 Through Æther rays continually they hurl,
 Which when Refraction's and Reflection's force
 Has driv'n through vast variety of course,
 Fix on the retina, and there describe
 Such objects as they met of every tribe;
 The lively Image as a Picture glows,
 And various forms, and various colours shews.

When bodies no sulphureous parts infold,
 Of which the fiery matter may take hold,
 It acts insensibly, obscurely creeps,
 And through the mass it's silent passage keeps:

If

If few sulphureous particles remain,
It yields a light, but feeble, faint, and vain:
For to our sight it cannot ever shine,
Unless a ray emitting, in a line
Direct upon the pupil of the eye,
Which there it's lively brightness may apply.
While serpentinaely twining, out of sight,
Bodies it warms indeed, but gives no light.
Bodies, thus warm'd, grow cold when all the fire
Into the air does through their pores retire;
Or when within their solid mass compress'd,
And there imprison'd, 'tis oblig'd to rest:
The sudden shock of water's fluid, then,
Restores it all it's pristine strength again.

Fire through the ample Universe around,
In every region, every sphere, is found;
And, though perchance it may not always move,
'Tis always ready motion's force to prove.
Hence, when two solid bodies, flint and steel,
Th' impetuous shock of hard collision feel,
Fire sparkling flies abroad, it's prison broke,
Seizing the steel-dust scatter'd by the stroke.

Two liquors mingled straight will catch a flame,
 If salt and sulphur combat in their frame;
 Through the whole mass tumultuous ferments spread,
 And kindle fires within the watery bed;
 The adverse fluids hotly thus engage,
 Till lost in fumes they dissipate their rage.
 Fire darts it's influence through the deepest mines,
 And every gross metallick ore refines;
 Earth's hidden caverns penetrates, and there
 Pent up for ages, rarefies the air:
 Should some huge Mountain's mouldering fragment fall,
 And the pent Air, so rarefied, enthrall,
 Closing each passage which it might explore,
 To join the parent Atmosphere once more;
 It's violent struggles shake the trembling ground,
 Spread sudden fate, and horror all around.
 Thus in the azure regions, far above,
 Is form'd the boasted thunderbolt of Jove;
 By scatter'd seeds of subtle fire instill'd
 In clouds with water and bitumen fill'd,
 Which, when cold's violence has condens'd the air,
 Press'd to the centre of the cloud repair,
 And there, impatient of the harsh controul,
 With furious rage vertiginously roll:

The

The hot bitumen catches soon the flames;
 The air expanded native freedom claims;
 Then, proudly swelling, with tremendous sound,
 Bursts the firm barrier that detain'd it bound;
 With hideous crash the ice in pieces flies,
 And shoots it's frozen fragments through the skies:
 All Æther thundering shakes; on rapid wing,
 See from the cloud the forked lightning spring,
 With speed unrivall'd shape it's tortuous way,
 And all the piercing powers of fire display.
 Warlike Invention has of late combin'd
 VULCAN and MARS, in close alliance join'd;
 And mortal thunders counterfeited can vie,
 With all the deep-mouth'd ordnance of the Sky;
 While from beneath the ground Art's deadly powers
 Make ruin rise in forg'd Ætnæan showers.

No wonder, then, that Air should lend it's aid,
 The force of flame to nourish, and to spread:
 As when a single spark is caught by wood,
 Swift o'er the forest pours the fiery flood,
 Huts, villas, towns, it's wasteful waves consume,
 And the whole Region trembles for it's doom.

3 B For

For the vast crowd of particles of fire,
 That idly float, embrac'd by Air, conspire,
 And in offensive league with those engage
 Already flagrant with destructive rage:
 The sparks contiguous thicken to a throng,
 And, while they've fuel, urge the tide along;
 The sulphur spent, at length the flame decays,
 And want of food extinguishes the blaze.
 Hence blasts of Wind provoke the burning war,
 And spread th' infernal ravages afar;
 Hence air-fraught bellows, in Cyclopick caves,
 Prevent the ebbing of the fiery waves:
 For thus fresh fuel, added to the flame,
 Forbids the barbarous Savage to grow tame.
 'Tis thus the Air our pliant lungs receive,
 As ever playful up and down they heave;
 Pours through our veins the salutary flood,
 Full fraught with fire to animate the blood:
 The genial juice, with igneous sparks replete,
 While it divides them, moderates their heat;
 Thus warmth and moisture, kindly blended, serve
 The vital functions vigorous to preserve.
 These soft and subtile vapours entrance gain,
 Through all the fine-spun region of the brain;

To

To every nerve, and organ of the sense,
Benign, the friendly nourishment dispense;
While, with infusion sweet, the most refin'd
Bedew the tender tablets of the Mind.

From all the different forms it may receive,
Behold the whole that Matter can achieve,
I see it's bulk and figure often chang'd,
I see it's parts in various order rang'd;
But through all change, of figure, station, size,
I see no Mind, nor Mind's Effect arise.
I cannot bear to hear thee still maintain,
That Mind is form'd in Body, like the brain,
Of certain finer particles combin'd,
Though each, when single, destitute of Mind;
The gross idea shocks me, Reason too
Indignant frowns, disgusted at the view.
For if the Soul can not exist alone,
But of the Body's members be but one,
It's growth, like other members, it must owe
To proper food, and like those members grow:
By sudden metamorphose, then, the food,
Just as it mingles with the mass of blood,

Freed from it's gross terrestrial clog's controul;
 Becomes a real portion of the Soul;
 If then the particles of bread we eat,
 Mix'd with the blood, be carried toward the feet,
 Senseless they still remain; but should they rest,
 Lodg'd in the middle region of the breast,
 There dwell by kindred particles embrac'd,
 Where you the temple of the Mind have plac'd,
 Quick fraught with reason, they will then contend,
 About the world's beginning and it's end,
 Search for the power that gave the body breath,
 Extend, or bound, the drear domain of death,
 Of bliss, or misery, seek th' efficient cause,
 Adorn and rule the universe with laws
 The force, which Nature's envious thrift denies,
 Position merely casual, thus, supplies:
 What themselves have not Matter's parts can give,
 And what the givers never had, receive.
 O Blunder, obvious to the meanest fool!
 Is this the vaunted Wisdom of your School!

Perhaps you'll say, "Though Atoms never claim

"Such power, the Body may, which Atoms frame;
 "That

" That subtile texture, and a rapid course,
 " May be the parents of this wondrous force."
 Loudly I answer, What can Body be,
 But the mere seeds to form it which agree?
 To rank what can be, or position, due,
 But new position, or arrangement new?
 Say, when the seeds, uniting close, conspire
 To form a body, what can it acquire?
 What can, from all their variegated ties,
 But certain texture, certain figure, rise?
 These are in fact, ev'n you yourself allow,
 The only properties that bodies know:
 These are the ruling qualities alone,
 Which every difference cause that bodies own;
 All the relations various they can claim,
 While in their substance still they are the same;
 Whether a texture loose or firm they bear,
 Whether a figure nearer round or square,
 Body from Body no distinction shews,
 Which is not well reducible to those.
 In all thy keen researches canst thou find
 Texture, or Figure, apt to form a Mind?
 Is it sufficient knowledge to bestow,
 That Bodies should from subtile atoms grow?

What

What can be subtiler ~~than a single one?~~
 And that ev'n you yourself ~~confels has none.~~
 Add Motion, then, as swift ~~as you desire;~~
 What moves more swift ~~than æther, light, and fire?~~
 Yet is it certain, æther, fire, and light,
 Swift though they move, ~~are dull and senseless quite.~~
 Their Texture granted ~~useless to the end,~~
 Wilt thou for Figure only ~~now contend?~~
 This last weak tower ~~may yet the siege delay;~~
 Where will not Error ~~fly to shun the day?~~
 But we, where'er she ~~flies, will close pursue,~~
 And drag her gloomy countenance ~~to view.~~
 By solid proof demonstrated ~~thou'lt find,~~
 That Matter's Figure ~~cannot make a Mind.~~

For, were this so, not all that fill the swarm
 Of various figures, Mind could join to form;
 But some, the rest excluding from a share,
 Alone this high prerogative would bear.
 As the sharp figures piercing Fire must claim,
 With those of Water cannot be the same;
 As those that softness to the Air dispense,
 Differ from those that make Earth's body dense.

By various figures as we may describe
 Each element of the corporeal tribe,
 As Fire from pyramids it's sharpness takes,
 Air elasticity from slender flakes,
 As cubes on Earth solidity bestow,
 And smooth round globules make all Fluids flow,
 So all the various faculties of Mind
 By various figures might be well design'd:
 Some should denote the subtle reasoning skill,
 Some mark the Sentiments, and some the Will;
 Every most secret movement of the Heart
 In this entablature must bear a part.
 Say then, what figure would thine art point out,
 Confirm'd Persuasion to divide from Doubt?
 Tell me in what material form appear
 Ambition, Envy, Hope, Opinion, Fear?
 What QUINTIVS, dost thou pause for want of words,
 Such numerous shapes though figure's change affords?
 How comes it none occur throughout the whole,
 T' express the least affection of the Soul?---
 Nothing corporeal can thine art apply,
 Th' internal feelings e'er to signify:
 Nothing in Matter canst thou ever find,
 That bears the least proportion to the Mind.

Shouldst

Shouldst thou within the pale of PYRRHO fall,
Denying Matter to exist at all;
Against plain Sense's testimony deem
Substance a shade, Extent an idle dream;
Th' immortal Mind, still feelingly alive,
This total wreck of Matter would survive.
Ne'er to destruction can the Mind be brought,
Holding existence firm from conscious thought;
Your being's part, whereby you understand,
It's essence proves by absolute command;
Body's existence 'ere thou couldst perceive,
Thine own thou couldst not even disbelieve;
Previous to Sense this truth was clear to thee,
For thou hadst Thought, and HE WHO THINKS MUST BE.
When first you felt the pungent sting of pain,
It's cause unable, yet, to ascertain,
With such sensation did a scruple spring,
Whether you then had felt a real sting?
Captive and novice, then, the infant Mind,
To every thing but her own Being blind,
Matter's rude mass in every part unknown,
Held social converse with herself alone.
Since Mind and Matter separate we can find,
'Tis clear that Matter is distinct from Mind.

Come

Come now, the functions of the Mind compare
 With Matter's properties, and then declare,
 What thou canst find calm reason's eye to strike,
 In both, as common, congruous, or alike.
 You'll say that "Matter forms our very sight,
 " That every kind of Colour dwells in light,
 " That all their various species are disclos'd,
 " As this or that ray, in the things oppos'd,
 " Can gain admittance, or is driven back,
 " Bluntly compell'd to mark it's former track;
 " Whence certain traces to the eyes adhere,
 " And truly note the various objects there;
 " As in a mirrour man's whole form is found,
 " Or as a footstep's printed on the ground."
 I well believe it: here you but impute
 To light and colour Body's attribute.
 Thus Smell, and Savour, Sound, and Heat dispense,
 By smallest feeds, their influence to our sense:
 From site, and motion, these sensations rise,
 And strokes from darts not obvious to our eyes;
 The trembling nerves' extremes the shock sustain,
 And send it upward quickly to the brain.

Far different are the workings of the Mind,
 Considering objects by each sense consign'd
 To her reflection, while their natural stores
 By native light internal she explores:
 Nor does she only reason's rays dispense
 To objects handed to her by the Sense,
 But thoughts and feelings from within she draws,
 Quite pure, and link'd with no material cause.
 Goodness, and Truth, thou wilt not, sure, declare
 In figure round, triangular, or square:
 Nor in a site, or movement, canst thou see
 The love of Virtue, or of Liberty.
 So of no Figure can it be discern'd,
 Whether unjust or just, unlearn'd or learn'd;
 Nor can to Figure ever be applied,
 Rashness or Prudence, Modesty or Pride:
 No Motion, no Position we conceive,
 One of these attributes can ever give.
 Thus all relation reason soon explodes,
 Between such qualities and matter's modes.
 Yet these three modes must be confess'd the most,
 Extended substances can have to boast:
 All the variety that bodies know,
 To these three simple modes alone they owe.

The

The parts of Matter, agitated, move,
 And, thence resulting, some arrangement prove,
 Which gives a certain figure to controul
 The mass, and mark the limits of the whole.
 In figure, motion, site, and nothing more,
 The Mind, if Matter's Mode, we must explore.
 On her our thoughts could, therefore, never fall,
 Unless those properties we should recall;
 And when those properties we call'd to view,
 The Mind would still accompany them too:
 For each must each reciprocally draw
 To light, such is of Modes th' establish'd law.
 But since thou canst not plausibly contend,
 'That these distinct ideas ever blend;
 Acknowledge now the difference thou must see,
 'Twixt Mind and Matter, in th' extreme degree;
 And whether separate, or conjoin'd, they dwell,
 Grant that the former ever must excell.

No certain kind of mode can Matter claim,
 Nor for itself a certain order frame;
 These things from Motion only can arise,
 Which not within the power of matter lies:

Motion from Impulse senseless matter draws,
 Impress'd at will by some external cause.
 That Cause impellent, whose decisive voice
 Of all the different movements fix'd the choice,
 The Choice itself, by which one kind impress'd
 On matter's mass excluded all the rest,
 Must actual motion palpably precede,
 And every thing that motion e'er could breed;
 All that within that category fall,
 Modes, figures, sities, they must precede them all.
 Since matter's parts at no one time could stand,
 Without some order, howsoever plann'd;
 Not ev'n when Chaos, spread from pole to pole,
 In blind confusion's mist involv'd the whole;
 The moving Cause, whose clear effects are seen,
 Before all matter, surely, must have been;
 And from all body varies, as a Cause
 From which a Consequence sound reason draws:
 But this first moving Principle assign'd
 We have already prov'd to be a Mind.

Th' ALMIGHTY INTELLECT, whose power commands
 O'er worlds on worlds, the fabrick of his hands,
 Each

Each Mind beyond comparison excells,
Which pent within frail mortal Body dwells;
Possessing all perfections in th' extreme,
Immense, eternal, infinite, supreme!
While human Minds were into being brought,
Poor weak dependents! by his power from nought.
Yet ev'n from our's, faint images of His!
We learn th' allperfect Mind of Him who is.
Pois'd in the firmament behold the Sun,
Round whom great worlds their annual circuits run,
While to them all his genial rays dispense
Their influence bland through æther's seas immense;
He, unexhausted, pours th' effusion round,
Explores the bottom of the vast profound,
Old Night's dominion drear his beams destroy,
And fill th' enlighten'd Universe with joy:
Yet ev'n the waxen taper, which displays
Just on it's point a trembling quivering blaze,
As round the room it's weak effluvia run,
Affords a faint idea of the Sun.
Along the side of yonder verdant hill,
With gentle murmur creeps the glassy rill;
It's slender stream, as quietly it flows,
In miniature a mighty River shews:

The

The mighty River, swoln with autumn's rains,
 Which rolls luxuriant o'er the fruitful plains,
 An image, though inferior far, supplies,
 To bring the boundless Ocean to our eyes;
 The boundless Ocean, which the world surrounds,
 Itself unbounded, every region bounds;
 In whose vast bosom every copious Stream
 Pours all it's wealth from pole to pole's extreme,
 Nor all this tribute, added to the store,
 Augments the riches it possess'd before.

Perhaps by reasons from experience drawn
 Thou'lt strive to prove the Mind and Body one:
 "Natures," thou'lt say, "so close and firm allied,
 "Nor art nor violence ever can divide;
 "But through the Senses, nothing e'er can find
 "An open passage to the human Mind:
 "Lull them to sleep, or let a fever's rage
 "In conflict fierce th' organick tubes engage,
 "The Mind distraction sympathetick proves,
 "Or burns with fury, or with wildness roves;
 "Nay, by some dire disease's sudden stroke,
 "It's powers are often radically broke.

"It

- " It grows with Body, wastes it's tender years,
 " In childish sports, and idle hopes and fears;
 " It's age adult by slow degrees it gains,
 " And manhood's vigour with the limbs attains;
 " Then, like a transient vernal flower, grows old,
 " Infirm, decrepit, languishing, and cold.
 " How many hapless mortals have been born,
 " Of Reason's radiance utterly forlorn!
 " How many more by accident have lost
 " That Mind, whose high pre-eminence you boast!
 " A certain order wanting in the brain,
 " Man's vaunted mental powers no more remain,
 " From Brutes he differs but in outward frame,
 " His acts of fell ferocity the same.
 " As when the poisonous canine slime, instill'd
 " Deep in the wound, the blood's hot mass has fill'd,
 " Fixing in every tortur'd nerve a dart,
 " And kindling fires unquench'd within the heart;
 " Point out a mental difference, if you can,
 " Between the Beast ferocious, and the Man:
 " Madness extreme in each alike is found,
 " And equal lust with ravenous teeth to wound."

Thus

Thus by examples, **QUINTIUS**, ill explain'd;
Thou rashly think'st thy point completely gain'd;
And, struck with mere appearances, wouldst seem
O'erturn'd the strongest arguments to deem.
Shall the Philosopher, whose keen desire
In search of knowledge prompts him to aspire,
Hoodwink'd by Indolence, remain below,
Poorly content with mere external show?
Shall he not boldly trace the highest springs,
And there unveil th' original of things?
Shall each light breath of air, each whiffling gale,
Drive back to shore his vessel in full sail?
Rouse thine attention, exercise thy thought,
Weigh every reason by **LUCRETIVS** brought,
And as they may preponderate in the scale,
Fairly oppos'd, let his or mine prevail!
His reasons all examin'd, we shall find,
They prove the ties of Body and of Mind;
No more: for no pretension can they claim,
To prove them both essentially the same.
'Tis thus when **ORPHEUS** strikes th' harmonious Lyre,
While crowds of listening savages admire,
His soul-fraught fingers animate the strings,
Till all th' enchanted grove responsive rings;

Yet

Yet to the Lyre so much his art is bound,
 Without it's aid 'twere vain t'attempt a sound.
 Once burst the shell, no musick it affords ;
 Or if too tight, or too remiss the chords,
 If there be wanting ev'n but one alone,
 The Lyre has lost the fulness of it's tone ;
 In vain the Lyrift tries his utmost skill,
 He plays no more, or if he plays, but ill.
 Wilt thou suppose th' harmonick art to dwell,
 Lodg'd in the brittle body of the shell ?
 Or wilt thou, blending either various frame,
 Pronounce the Lyre and Lyrift both the same ? --
 Thus of two substances is Man compos'd,
 Of Mind's pure light in Body's bonds inclos'd :
 The only difference reason here can find,
 'Twixt Lyre and Lyrift, Body and the Mind,
 In their respective unions ; is, that those
 At the Musician's will may part and close ;
 While, straightly link'd through life's continuance, these
 Can't join and separate as the Mind shall please.

The Lyre has gifts peculiar to it's frame,
 Of which no portion can the Lyrift claim :

Arch'd as a vault it's jointed sides are bound,
 From which it's bosom yields a hollow sound;
 Within the deep recess loud Echo dwells,
 And every tone with tones responsive swells:
 From the position various of the strings,
 And various thickness, base or treble strings;
 Acute or grave thus all the notes are made,
 And Modulation's compass stands display'd
 Thus by the place and form of every part,
 The Lyre must second the Musician's art.
 He, on his side, has talents, which require
 No presuppos'd connection with the Lyre:
 He by his art exact the time divides,
 In him the Soul of Harmony resides;
 For he precisely knows the utmost bounds,
 Both of concordant, and discordant sounds;
 Nor from the Lyre can aught melodious rise,
 But what his finger masterly supplies.
 To both the Lyre and Lyrick, then, we owe
 The heavenly strains their union can bestow:
 First to the Instrument, which yields the tone,
 Though wrapp'd in sullen silence when alone;
 But to the Player chiefly, who inspires
 The heavy wood with his scraphick fires,

Though

3 D 2

To

To vocal song who rouses senseless boards,
 Informs the shell, and animates the chords.
 This in Man's frame exemplified is seen,
 Where the Mind actuates Body's dull machine;
 And Body, sluggish of itself and blind,
 Yet answers every impulse of the Mind.
 Though thus submissive to her stern controul,
 It's native form it owes not to the soul;
 Fram'd by the happiest, best mechanick art,
 Completely organiz'd in every part,
 It takes the boon of natural life from none,
 But moves by nerves and muscles of it's own.
 The blood in tide alternate ebbs and flows,
 The trunk increas'd by kindly nurture grows,
 The limbs, as branches of a tree, receive
 Their growth, nor want the aid of Mind to live.
 So does the Mind her separate functions learn,
 In which the Body can have no concern:
 As when collected Numbers she compares,
 Splits into equal, and unequal shares,
 Now toils to multiply, and now divide,
 And gains Infinity on either side:
 Yet Numbers have no Body, nor dispense
 The smallest influence obvious to the sense.

Though in her nature narrow and finite,
 Through vast eternity she takes her flight;
 A space immense and infinite surveys,
 And dares to trace th' ALL-PERFECT SOVEREIGN'S ways.
 Are these corporeal? do the senses here
 Afford a rudder such a course to steer?
 Ev'n thou thyself, as often as employ'd
 In contemplation of thy boundless Void,
 However little thereunto inclin'd,
 Distinguish strongly Body from the Mind;
 For does not then thine active Spirit rise,
 Unclogg'd unfetter'd by material ties?
 The Mind, reflecting by her power of thought
 On every object by the senses brought,
 From individuals to the species soars,
 And general abstract notions thus explores.
 How causes differ from effects she learns,
 Mode clear from substance, means from ends discerns;
 Knowledge of bodies from themselves divides,
 Knowledge, which only in herself resides.
 So that of functions as there is a class,
 Appropriate to the mere corporeal mass,
 Which from the mental powers no succour draws,
 But takes it's orders from mechanic laws.

The Mind of others is the native source,
Which borrow nothing from the Body's force.

Though, then, it cannot be with truth denied,
That Man with knowledge is by Sense supplied;
Yet things, no image sensible that shew,
Pure simple Intellect alone can know:
How should corporeal organs e'er take hold
Of things not cast in gross corporeal mold?
The Sense, indeed, her organs well applies,
To figure, colour, sound, smell, taste, and size;
Hardness and softness, cold and heat, she feels,
And each repugnant quality reveals:
But what analogy can science find,
'Twixt Matter's modes, and reasonings of the Mind?
Conviction must constrain thee now to own,
Our knowledge rises not from Sense alone.

A compound, fort 'twixt Sense and Mind appears;
'Tis the Whole Man, that walks, tastes, fees, and hears:
In these the Body and the Mind concur,
The first obeys, the second gives the spur;
As the deep-sounding, soul-enchanting Lyre,
From skilful fingers borrows all it's fire.

Sensation rises from this mutual league,
 At once the fruit, and proof of the intrigue.
 No sense could Body, robb'd of Mind, reveal,
 Nor could the Mind without the Body feel.
 In vain our organs what they catch from sense
 Through all the body's channels would dispense,
 Unless within there did a being live,
 Each quick transmission able to perceive:
 For by the organs is no sense possess'd,
 They but communicate what'er's impress'd,
 Through pipes of lead inert as waters flow,
 Or as man's image polish'd mirrors show.
 'Tis not the Eyes themselves in fact that see,
 But that internal being, whose decree,
 Where'er a favourite object stands display'd,
 Directs their labour, and commands their aid.
 So is it not the dull organick Ear,
 That sounds articulate has power to hear;
 But that internal being, only hears,
 Whose sway superior rules th' organick ears.
 What sight and hearing binds by firm decrees,
 Is the sole being that both hears and sees.
 When thy rack'd joints are swell'd with gouty pains,
 Or the sharp stone torments thy bleeding reins;

'Tis

'Tis not the foot arthritick pangs torment,
Nor do the kidneys feel the stone there pent;
No; 'tis the Mind to which each sense appeals,
The Mind alone, with body cloath'd, that feels.

He, whose sound leg some trivial hurt has bruise'd,
By Fraud and Ignorance barbarously abus'd,
When the sage Doctor dares no more prescribe,
Made over to the amputating tribe,
Who, to the Butcher's mangling knife secur'd,
Think human limbs, till lopp'd, are never cur'd,
With vacant face, unmov'd, who can sustain
The piercing strokes of agonizing pain,
From the torn flesh who part the vital blood,
With hearts remorseless, for their Trade is Blood,
Who but by tortures, graves, and gibbets thrive,
Who cut up groaning animals alive,
Their quivering entrails curiously explore,
With savage looks, and fingers smear'd with gore,
Then, far from shuddering at the horrid deed,
On each rack'd nerve a tedious Lecture read—
He, thus by callous hands for ever main'd,
Feels in the perish'd limb his pangs untam'd,

Damns

Damns every Doctor whom he ever knew,
And curses all th' anatomizing crew.

While, wrapp'd in meditation most profound,
Nature's mysterious depths thou striv'st to found;
Should from the fire a sparkle burn thy skin,
Or but a needle prick thy tender skin,
Instant thy reasoning powers forsake thy brain,
And every thought's absorb'd in sense of pain:
Because the thing which thinks within thy frame,
With that which feels, precisely is the same.
In blackening clouds when angry tempests lour,
And Ocean's gulphs are yawning to devour,
The labouring billows rise as mountains high,
While red-wing'd lightning cleaves the rended Sky;
The fear-struck Mariner beholds the storm,
Heav'n's azure face with sulphurous streaks deform,
Sees all the foaming sea's tumultuous rage,
Hears blast with blast in conflict fierce engage,
Feels his toss'd ship now rise upon the swell,
Now, by the wave deserted, sink to hell,
While the pale Crew, with loud despairing cries,
Complete the horrors of his ears and eyes:

O'er

O'er his shrunk lips, all natural moisture fled,
 A taste of baneful bitterness is spread;
 From the foul pump while exhalations dire
 Through his vex'd nostrils odious fumes inspire;
 With cold intense his shivering limbs are chill'd,
 With Death's dread form his fainting soul is fill'd:
 Though terrors thus consummate shake his mind,
 A glimmering ray of hope remains behind;
 His eyes with keenest eagerness explore
 Some friendly plank to bear him to the shore;
 To Heav'n he breathes pathetick pious prayers,
 Address'd to Him, whose wrath when highest spares,
 Land, Land, he begs, detests the faithless Main,
 And vows he'll never tempt his fate again.
 Lo! from the Body's agitated frame,
 While all it's parts their different functions claim,
 What various feelings may at once controul
 The single Mind that animates the whole!

Single I call the Mind. It must be so,
 So many divers sentiments to shew,
 It's powers in channels opposite employ,
 At the same moment feel both grief and joy,

Sensations different studiously compare,
 And such comparison's result declares
 Parts in the Mind of man there then are none,
 'Tis a pure simple Being, strictly One;
 For were the Mind of many parts compos'd
 However small and subtle, 'twere suppos'd
 Each in it's office occupied alone
 Would know no other business but it's own,
 Nor could at once the various senses victor,
 And give the preference where it might be due;
 One part discordant harshly would deny
 The truth on which another would rely;
 One part discordant harshly would refuse
 The very thing it's neighbour part would choose:
 For though by chance or choice they might unite,
 Each must enjoy it's free and separate right,
 As of the portions, which the Eye composes,
 Each it's distinct and several duty knows,
 And each it's fix'd appropriate force displays,
 While one collects, another parts the rays:
 Thus the divided portions of the Soul,
 Each other's influence never could controul;
 Repugnant offices they would discharge,
 Each of it's proper power possess'd at large.

The Mind were then a Commonwealth: like those
 Well-order'd states which Ants or Bees compose;
 Where, labour parted into proper shares,
 Each member his proportion'd burden bears;
 Or by mad tumults and seditions vex'd,
 With all the plagues of Anarchy perplex'd:
 Internal peace and concord to restore,
 Some favour'd particle we must explore,
 Chosen among congenial parts alone,
 And rais'd above her equals to the throne,
 Arm'd with the sceptre of despotick sway,
 Whom all the rest must worship and obey.
 But what superior portion shall we find,
 To crown as Queen? as Monarch of the Mind?
 (Besides that this seems not unlike the scheme,
 Which so absurd you once thought fit to deem,
 When the DROLL SAGE, who turn'd the world to jest,
 Some seeds exalted far above the rest)
 This very Queen, no fond exemption claim'd,
 Of lesser parts must equally be fram'd,
 With those rude atoms of th' inferior class,
 Whose union forms the Body's rugged mass.
 Say, to what part must all the others yield,
 Th' imperial sceptre form'd by birth to wield?

What Royal Particle, contain'd within
 Th' atomick Queen, shall be the real Queen?
 Which of the various particles, combin'd
 The Mind to frame, shall be the real Mind?
 How easy, QUINTIUS, is the task to feign!
 How hard by proof the fiction to maintain!
 A Being, which can will, and can conceive,
 Simple, and single, Reason must believe.
 Since, then, no part of Matter stands alone,
 A simple, single, individual ONE;
 No part, or singly, or with others join'd,
 Can ever be exalted to a Mind.

Thus, arguing ev'n from Sense, the Mind we see,
 Unclogg'd by matter, from division free.
 How far from truth seems now th' aerial scheme,
 Phantastick offspring of thy Poet's dream!
 Whose genius light, by gross deceits abus'd,
 Thought through our limbs a Vapour thin diffus'd,
 Whose province was to regulate the senses,
 And to each member motion to dispense;
 Yet ev'n this Influence subject to controul,
 Though Sense's Mistress, Servant of the Soul:

The

'The Soul's supreme dominion he confess'd,
 Inthron'd within the centre of the breast;
 Whence by her will this arbitrary Queen
 The springs directed of the whole machine:
 But this imperial Ruler of our hearts,
 He fram'd of matter, and compos'd of parts.
 We've hear'd of vain Philosophers, who thought
 The Mind by concord of the Body wrought;
 Believ'd it's essence merely to arise
 From some apt order of corporeal ties;
 A certain Harmony throughout the whole,
 They idly feign'd to constitute a Soul.
 Reason at once such doctrine must explode:
 What is this boasted Harmony? --- a Mode.
 Such Concert needful to man's life we find,
 But can there ever thence result a Mind?
 Can such a Mode be fraught with mental skill?
 Can such a Mode, or act, or think, or will? ---
 The Mind, of separate parcels uncompos'd,
 Though in dividuous Body now inclos'd,
 Wants not the help of matter's dross to thrive,
 But Body's utter ruin may survive.

To reason's rule these principles applied
 Will quickly teach thee, why the Mind, allied
 To frail caducous Matter, should sustain
 A share of all it's labour and it's pain;
 Feel each affection of the Body's frame,
 Though not in manner perfectly the same.
 Their league, whence this conclusion we must draw,
 Is founded on a firm establish'd law;
 That certain changes which the Body proves,
 In certain lines as often as it moves,
 Certain ideas in the Mind excite,
 Which with such movements we may well unite;
 And that, reciprocally, when the Mind,
 Of her own free spontaneous will inclin'd,
 Directs her powers to mark a certain thought,
 A certain movement's in the Body wrought.
 Suppose two Bodies so together link'd,
 That neither could a movement prove distinct,
 But both in every one must still conspire;
 Such union wouldst thou not pronounce entire?
 Suppose two Minds join'd by such perfect ties,
 That each idea which in one should rise,
 At the same instant must the other meet;
 Such union wouldst thou not pronounce complete?

Thus

Thus Mind and Body, though by nature far
 Afunder plac'd, and ever born to jar,
 Forc'd by Omnipotence to join their hands,
 Are closely knit in wedlock's sacred bands;
 Beneath such awful sanction reconcil'd,
 They feel th' essential dissonance beguil'd,
 Become one person, lend their mutual aid,
 To guard the union Power Divine has made,
 And act, at least throughout this mortal life,
 Th' harmonious part of Husband and of Wife.

Since, then, ideas of a certain class
 Serve certain movements of our earthly mass,
 No wonder, when the Body's plight is chang'd,
 It's native powers organical derang'd,
 Whether by sickness, accident, or sleep,
 The Mind no longer should her temper keep:
 Chief, if invading the cephalick cells,
 Where deep engrav'd each object's image dwells,
 The dire disorder that rich source o'erthrow,
 Whence through the nerves the lively spirits flow:
 Then on the soul no figures are impress'd,
 Or if, imperfect and confus'd at best;

Nay,

and T

Nay, by th' inverted organs often bent,
 In forms reverse to what they represent;
 Whence dull delirium, driveling dotage rise,
 And furious Phrenzy rolls her savage eyes:
 For, while Heav'n's sacred ordinance shall bind,
 And in rude clay incarcerate the Mind;
 Her prison-laws she strictly must observe,
 Nor, till releas'd, can from th' alliance swerve.
 As this compacted Body things around
 Or sweetly titillate, or harshly wound,
 Either distinct impression she receives,
 Pleasant, or painful, and is glad, or grieves:
 Although the Body, whence she takes the tone,
 Remains as wood insensible or stone;
 And whether soft things soothe, or harsh annoy,
 Perceives no pain or pleasure, grief or joy.
 When Death the lamp of life, with icy hand,
 At last extinguishes by Heav'n's command;
 The vital spark of pure coelestial fire
 From these rude limbs rejoices to retire:
 To longer now with Body's dross involv'd,
 But free, untrammell'd, constant, undissolv'd,
 Death's dreaded dart the Mind secure defies;
 WHATE'ER CAN BRAVE DIVISION NEVER DIES.

The Mind does not in Infants therefore grow,
 By gradual progress, regular and slow:
 The amplest being she can ever claim,
 From her first origin attends her frame.
 If at that time a proof she scarce can give,
 By which she even may be known to live,
 But buried seems in lethargy profound,
 How can she act in infant fetters bound?
 How can she shew the sparks of essence pure,
 A Novice yet in body immature?
 The figures, which must actuate her, remain
 As yet quite uncollected in the brain;
 Exterior objects have not furnish'd yet
 Th' ideal stores which Age is sure to get:
 Ev'n now, how'er, some sentiment appears,
 By childish cries, and screams, and smiles, and tears.
 When the Machine by gradual growth shall thrive,
 And at consummate Manhood's strength arrive;
 When order reigns in each cephalick cell,
 And Memory's treasures by Experience swell;
 Soon, her vast powers admiring, shall we view,
 What Mind, with such auxiliaries, can do.
 By them unaided, every effort's vain---
 Without an host what General could campaign?

The

What valiant Soldier fight without his arms?
What hand, unpencill'd, paint my * * * * s charms?
Soon heavy chains again the Mind enthrall,
With Body ris'n, with Body doom'd to fall:
Age quickly bends the temporary frame,
A few short years the limit of it's claim;
By casual shocks, and use continual worn,
It waxeth uselefs, like a garment torn,
The lazy blood moves joylefsly, and flow,
The vapid lymph, congeal'd, forgets to flow;
The tottering knees each stumbling step retard,
The nerves grow flaccid, and the fibres hard;
No more the spirits fly on rapid wing,
The trembling heart has lost it's sprightly spring;
The joints in rigid stiffness are inroll'd,
The hands and feet are tremulously cold;
With hard-fetch'd breath the breast laborious heaves,
A misty cloud of sight the eyes bereaves;
The ears in vain attempt to catch a sound,
The voice is sought for, but no longer found;
Age's hoar-frost has blanch'd the head and chin,
While rugged wrinkles seam the furrow'd skin:
The frail Machine grows feeble as before,
The Old Man dwindles to a Child once more.

All

All these infirmities oppress the Mind,
 While with the Body's fragile frame combin'd:
 Not that the Mind feels infancy or age,
 But Body's organs her consent engage.
 Yet, though in commerce with corporeal things
 She must rely on mere corporeal springs,
 No aid she wants from matter's mass to know
 What may advantage on herself bestow,
 To hope for every good, each ill to fear,
 And the true course of Happiness to steer.

Objections still thy fruitful genius finds;
 Vain is Truth's light, where Prepossession blinds:
 " Matter's essential powers, not clearly found,"
 Thou saist, "'tis rashness thus by guess to bound;
 " Man's crippled knowledge never should aspire,
 " To point out what it can, or can't acquire.
 " Creeping with slowness, diffidence, and care,
 " Of all his native feebleness aware,
 " While he proceeds with hand out-stretch'd, to try
 " Each object's temper, 'ere he dares draw nigh,
 " Dreading the dreary dangers of the night,
 " Or worse disasters by deceitful light,

- " Shall he attempt, presumptuous, to disclose
 " The latent root whence every Being grows?
 " Shall he, self-plac'd on Wisdom's sacred throne,
 " Mark other Natures, ignorant of his own?
 " Matter, to which already we ascribe
 " The triple order of th' extended tribe,
 " Why may it not the property command,
 " The added power, to will and understand?
 " Then all the difference Fiction fondly makes,
 " Between the substances which Man partakes,
 " Merely ideal, Reason would explore,
 " Nor Man be stil'd a double Being more.
 " Neither Extent, nor Thought, perhaps may be
 " Matter's first-born essential property;
 " But something higher, mightier still than those,
 " From whose mysterious fountain either flows:
 " As from a tree two spreading branches shoot,
 " Perhaps unequal, though from one great root.
 " Such was SPINOZA's doctrine; and, if true,
 " Who now from Matter Mind distinct can view?
 " Although Extension still must be defin'd
 " A different sort of property from Mind.
 " Light is a quality distinct from sound,
 " Yet in one Body both these Modes are found :

" Figure

" Figure and Colour equal difference bear,
 " Yet the same Body may be red and square.
 " By this plain reasoning we are clearly taught,
 " One simple Mode of Matter may be Thought;
 " Within the same specifick substance pent,
 " Though far in excellence beyond Extent;
 " More or less perfect, as the organs claim,
 " Form'd for it's use, a worse or better frame."

Good Heav'n! what gloomy horror, what fell rage,
 Unnatural, 'gainst their being, can engage
 Desponding Mortals madly to desire,
 Born for the grave, to perish there entire?
 Why, this infirm Machine no more alive,
 Does terror shake them lest the Soul survive?
 Is it the fear of future woes alarms?
 Or, monstrous! has Annihilation charms?
 When the frail Body, destin'd to the urn,
 Yields up it's breath, let dust to dust return:
 But shall we with destruction to the Mind,
 Dispers'd like smoke, or vanish'd like the wind?
 Ah! QUINTIUS, QUINTIUS! banish from thy brain
 A thought at once so horrid and so vain!

Figure

But.

But since unhappy prejudice disturbs
 Thy mind, and reason's generous ardour curbs;
 Mine be the task to tear the veil away,
 Which from thine eyes excludes the beams of day.

Here, then, permit me to repeat once more,
 Briefly, what I've explain'd at large before.
 Whate'er does link'd with native essence spring,
 And may be said to constitute the thing,
 Separate from it that thing can never be,
 Nor such disunion can ev'n Fancy see:
 This is the only settled rule we know,
 The natural powers of Substances to shew.
 By this firm rule refusing to be bound,
 All beings, all ideas, we confound;
 All things may to all properties aspire,
 Earth become Air, and Water league with Fire:
 Reason discerns no longer right from wrong,
 Vain is the useless jargon of the tongue.
 What to the Substance as mere Mode is join'd,
 Hurts not it's essence, separate or combin'd;
 Without th' addition of it's feeble aid,
 Th' essential Substance amply stands display'd:

But

But from the Substance once divide the Mode,
 It's Being even Fancy must explode.
 Thus Mode on Substance faithfully attends,
 And on it's essence totally depends;
 But Substance from it's Mode entirely free,
 May be conceiv'd, may absolutely BE.
 As when a Figure, of whatever kind,
 Imagination offers to thy mind;
 Say, does not instantly before thine eyes,
 Cloath'd in that fancied form, a Body rise?
 Motion's idea when thy thoughts pursue,
 Does not a Body move within thy view?
 Can thy fix'd mind on Combination dwell,
 And not observe the parts it's bulk that swell?
 Oft-times, I own, when Science points the road,
 Fancy from Substance may detach the Mode:
 Such feign'd abstraction Reason's powers employ,
 The Substance not to cloud, much less destroy;
 But it's idea merely to suspend,
 Which Mode in real fact must still attend.

Perhaps you'll ask then, "How Extent should class?
 "As Mode, or Essence, join'd to matter's mass?"

What!

What ! still uncertain ! yet to go to school!--
 To solve your doubts at once, consult the rule.
 Long since have proofs invincible been brought,
 To shew that Matter ne'er can rise to thought,
 But with th' idea of Extent embrac'd,
 As fram'd of parts without each other plac'd;
 Nor can the utmost stretch of mental pride,
 Bold in abstraction, these two thoughts divide,
 Nothing in Matter can Extent precede;
 Let what will follow, it must take the lead.
 Extent is, therefore, not a simple Mode,
 But from the first with matter's stream has flow'd;
 Nor, as an adjunct, on caprice depends,
 But with it's Essence intimately blends.
 If Mind to matter as a Mode be lent,
 Mind must a mode be also of Extent:
 As oft, then, as you meditate on Mind,
 Extent with such idea is combin'd;
 As every Mode to thought it's Substance brings,
 And every Branch the Stock from whence it springs.
 But every man is conscious, while he weighs
 The Mind, and all her faculties surveys,
 Sees how they rise, what different ranks they hold,
 Their various talents labours to unfold,

Th'

Th' unruly checks, and gives the sluggish spurs,
That no idea of Extent occurs.
Wrapp'd in myself I studiously debate,
What is the first perception things create?
Then what is judgement? whence the wonderful charm,
Whereby strong proof can every foe disarm,
Subdue the passions, bend the stubborn will,
Force the proud mind to yield her baffled skill?
These questions all, my Intellect revolves,
And, without thinking of Extension, solves.
Now doubt, and certainty, distinct I view,
And from conclusions false discern the true;
To metaphysick doctrines I apply,
Define, divide, propose, affirm, deny;
Opinion, Faith, and Demonstration shew,
In regular gradation as they grow:
Yet, through all these discussions, nought I find,
That ever brings Extension to my mind.

If from Intelligence I pass to Will,
Tracing it's springs, Extension flies me still.
When I inquire, why each man's proper Soul
Bears for itself a love beyond controul?

So fond a predilection what inspires?
 Why blifs the only aim of it's desires?
 What real blifs can constitute possess'd?
 What 'tis ev'n in opinion to be blest?
 Whence Envy, Vanity, Ambition spring?
 Why Man o'er Man affects the power of King?
 Or wherefore, jealous of despotick sway,
 Indignant Freedom murmurs to obey?
 Contempt, Oblivion, Calumny's foul breath,
 Why Spirit shuns as evils worse than Death,
 Pronouncing Life not Life, without a name,
 For ever grasping at immortal fame?
 Whence Popularity acquires her charms?
 That fickle Phantom, false ev'n in your arms,
 Whence that determin'd Obstinacy flows,
 It's purpose fix'd which never once foregoes;
 Against whose callous heart, and rigid brain,
 Entreaty, reason, prayers, and tears are vain?
 What is that Pride, which ever will postpone
 All judgements, all opinions, to it's own?
 That Weakness what, which can so grossly err,
 As Flattery's voice to Friendship's to prefer?
 What tempts the Wretch, who every law defies,
 To breathe rank poison, slander, malice, lyes?

Like

Like HERACLITUS, when such scenes appear,
I drop o'er frail humanity a tear;
Yet, ranging thus through passions unconfin'd,
Extended substance never strikes my mind.
Thus ev'n it's Errors clearest lights afford,
To prove the Soul the subject body's Lord.
While all the mental powers we thus pursue,
Since nought corporeal rises to our view,
The doctrine false my QUINTIVS must explode,
Which made him think that Mind was Matter's Mode.
Vainly in Matter's essence hast thou sought,
As innate properties, Extent and Thought:
Leave this strange paradox, this monstrous plan,
To impious sophists, foes to God and Man!
Not, as two several branches often shoot,
In growth fraternal, from one parent root;
Nor, in one Body as are often found
Figure combin'd with Colour, Light with Sound;
Are in th' essential frame of Matter wrought,
And with it's texture wove, Extent and Thought:
No: they're of adverse natures, closely link'd,
In separate chains, with Substances distinct;
Whereof the one is passive and inert,
The other always active and alert;

Like

One's form'd of parts, which ever mouldering fall,
T'other, immortal, has no parts at all.

I grant our knowledge narrow and confin'd,
And Matter still a Mystery to the Mind:
Whose power finite with vain attempt pursues
The PROTEAN Mass in all it's various views;
And to thick darkness rashly oft betray'd,
Laments her light extinguish'd in the shade.
But though our mental faculties should fail,
A Being's essence wholly to unveil;
Thus far at least they often have arriv'd,
To mark those powers of which it is depriv'd.
Perhaps we cannot yet a knowledge claim
Of the constituent principles of Flame;
Yet we are sure they differ far from those,
Which Water's slippery element compose;
And their respective properties, we know,
But from such difference in their figures flow.
The Magnet's wonders unexplain'd remain,
Yet that 'tis not an Animal is plain;
Nor through a Love, inherent in it's race,
Draws heavy Iron to it's warm embrace.

What

What the Magnetick Needle can controul,
And force it trembling to forsake the pole,
Now toward the west, now toward the east inclin'd,
We know not yet, but know 'tis not the Wind.
In vain Geometry's unwearied care
Has toil'd to turn the Circle to a Square;
Yet Square's and Circle's different forms we see,
And all the powers that with those forms agree.
Thus Mind we fairly fet from Matter clear,
'Ere all their various attributes appear.

One more distinction places farther still
Matter and Mind asunder; 'tis FREE WILL.
That Bodies move by settled laws alone,
Without the slightest effort of their own,
But merely borrowing motion, as impress'd
By foreign agents, is by all confess'd:
But every Man is conscious of his pow'r
To act, or not to act, at every hour;
And, if he acts, his Reason has a voice,
Of each free action to decide the choice.
Deaf to conviction, point me out the Man,
Who long deliberates, doubtful of his plan;
Who,

Who, eagerly solicitous, attends
 To the kind counsel of his candid friends;
 Reason with reason weigh'd, and fact with fact,
 Who calmly then determines how to act,
 On most mature reflection---say, can he
 Doubt for a moment if his Will be free?
 Man, urg'd by publick, or by private cares,
 Employs entreaties, menaces, and prayers;
 Good actions praises, and their authors loves,
 Misdeeds condemns, their instruments reprovess;
 To virtue's paths endeavours to entice
 By just rewards, heaps punishment on vices;
 His faults in publick labours to defend,
 And yet in secret studies to amend,
 Anxious, howe'er from rectitude he swerve,
 His character unspotted to preserve,
 Yet in himself unsatisfied with fame,
 While conscience stings him with remorse and shame,
 To various ends his talents he applies,
 Observes the duties of the social ties,
 By moral precepts regulates the ways
 Of all o'er whom his power or influence sways:
 Can he, who thus his faculties employs,
 Doubt whether mental freedom he enjoys?

Can

Can he disclaim the rights that Nature gave,
And, blind to truth, pronounce his Will a Slave?

Nor can the general sense of all Mankind
Be as a vulgar error here assign'd;
While each man, conscious that his will is free,
Concludes of others in the same degree:
No: 'tis of Nature's light a sacred ray,
Guiding the Mind from darkness into day:
If active Man, like sluggish Matter chain'd,
His power of movement but from impulse gain'd;
If he, subjected to tyrannick laws,
Obey'd the mandates of some foreign cause;
Vain were the workings of his heart and brain,
His reason, counsel, thoughts, and feelings vain:
Useless were then the Legislator's skill;
Useless the Patriot's labours to instill,
By every eloquent persuasive art,
His Country's love in every loyal heart:
Not threats, nor prayers, but strong compulsive force,
Restrain the swelling Flood's impetuous course;
When huge ORION's watery star prevails,
To curb it's rage ev'n force compulsive fails,

The

The waves rebellious burst th' inclosing mounds,
 And widely deluge all th' adjacent grounds:
 Thus would each Nation, spurning every bar,
 Of faith, or justice, spread the plagues of war.
 Vain were it then to educate our youth
 In the strict school of virtue and of truth;
 But, like the curling tendrils of the vine,
 Prun'd, and expanded where the sun may shine:
 The cautious hand each bending sprig bereaves
 Of all superfluous luxury of leaves;
 Then, by the sun and soil's kind aid alone,
 Lol to a tree the tender sapling's grown;
 More to the clime indebted, than to care,
 Delicious fruits it's boughs, unconscious, bear.

What could we reap from Reason's subtlest skill,
 Without that glorious attribute Free Will?
 Why good and ill distinguish'd to our view,
 But ill to shun, spontaneous, good pursue?
 Rob the free Mind of it's elective right,
 It shrinks to mere inanity from fight.
 Th' undaunted Hero, when by perils press'd,
 Feels rising courage swell within his breast;

Singly

Singly, thus fortified, he dares oppose
 Th' united violence of surrounding foes;
 Calm ev'n amidst the thunders of the war,
 He darts his penetrating eyes afar,
 Examines every quarter of the field;
 Firm Resolution forms his ample shield:
 If bound by Fate's inextricable chain,
 Vain are his cares, his fortitude is vain;
 While, grossly flatter'd, he expects to find
 For every ill a med'cine in his Mind,
 Prudence but makes his hapless state the worse;
 Unfruitful knowledge ever is a curse.
 Hence all the glory that from Science springs,
 The Patriot's praise, the best renown of Kings,
 Lost in one common gulph, to nothing fall,
 Mere glaring meteors, ignes fatui all;
 Nor a pretension can they urge to fame,
 More just than that which Youth or Beauty claim.
 Reason, on Fate's determinative plan,
 Becomes a burden to the Mind of Man.

Let the base Wretch, in these degenerate days,
 Who Man's most high prerogative betrays,

Meanly resigns th' inestimable prize,
 And perfect freedom to his Will denies,
 By which rewards may righteousness pursue,
 And virtue hold a happier life in view,
 Lament his lot, arraign th' unjust degree,
 That made his Will impetuous, yet not free,
 While partial Nature guides by instinct blind
 Her favour'd sons, of each unthinking kind:
 Ev'n plants and fossils, which derive their birth
 From the warm bosom of the fostering earth,
 Than short-liv'd Man more durable, must share
 A larger fund of her parental care;
 For these grow up, unstung by sharp desires,
 Safe from the rage of Love's tormenting fires,
 To every soul-inflaming passion cool,
 Which man's weak Reason fees, but cannot rule;
 While Life, alas! by constant labour wears,
 The helpless victim of a few short years.

Your much-lov'd Poet never once presum'd,
 Although the Soul of man to death he doom'd,
 It's native right to Freedom to dispute,
 That right which Man distinguishes from Brute:

He

By Jove th' AVENGER, terrify the world;

He labour'd ev'n it's principle to find,
So gave the word, and, lo! his Seeds declin'd.
This senseless doctrine we've expos'd before,
Let DECLINATION, then, be nam'd no more.
But since, of thought incapable or skill,
No part of Matter e'er can boast Free Will;
Free, though Material, when he made the Mind,
How could he be to such repugnance blind?
More wonderous still, for Gods of Matter fram'd
Immortal life th' inconstant Bard has claim'd;
And yet condemn'd the human Soul to death,
Blown to destruction with the Body's breath:
Why thus distinguish essences the same,
And differing but in fineness of their frame?
The Body dead, he fear'd the Soul alive,
Nor could endure his funeral to survive.
O! how absurd the mental powers to praise,
If with it's mouldering shell the Mind decays!
The Mind! the vilest, sure, of all things vile,
If fleeting time it's essence can beguile;
If at the mercy of disease it lies,
And, when the Blood has stopp'd it's current, dies,
Great ALEXANDER, like red lightning hurl'd
By JOVE th' AVENGER, terrified the world;

And quickly perish'd, like the rapid flame,
 Leaving but ashes, and an empty name:
 If ALEXANDER perish'd then entire,
 His Medal more than him I must admire;
 The Medal lives, withstands time's deadly rage,
 And triumphs o'er the ravages of age.

I see 'tis over: vanquish'd in the field,
 By Reason's prowess, thou'rt compell'd to yield.
 Joy, QUINTIUS, Joy! while Victory smiles on me,
 Ev'n I, thy Foe, congratulate with thee:
 Truth to discern is Conquest---Still remains
 A doubt how Mind is bound by Body's chains?
 Still dost thou ask, "Whence can such union rise?
 "Matter with Motion how the Soul supplies?
 "Two things, which such disparity divides,
 "To hold combin'd what SOVEREIGN POWER presides?
 "Can mental ligatures the Body bind?
 "Or ties corporeal fasten on the Mind?"
 On this grand point thy steadiest thoughts bestow,
 I feasted not thine eyes with empty shew;
 But open'd thus at large the mental powers,
 A God's existence to deduce from our's.

Three points, I think, are manifestly prov'd:
 The first, that Matter but by Mind is mov'd;
 Next, that the Mind of Man, as not compos'd
 Of parts corporeal, howsoe'er dispos'd,
 Ne'er can, resolv'd, in several fragments fly,
 And, undivided, cannot ever die;
 Lastly, that in the most supreme degree,
 In every sense, the Will of Man is free;
 That Fate can't force, nor Matter's clog controul,
 The thoughts, designs, or actions of the Soul:
 Hence that, while sensual organs it sustains,
 It's deeds may merit recompense or pains;
 And that, when Time has yielded up his sway,
 And mouldering Worlds like Shadows pass'd away,
 The Souls of just and unjust shall survive,
 In blifs or misery endlessly alive.
 Nor on the principles we've amply shewn,
 Are these conclusions consequent alone;
 One more important yet remains behind,
 Drawn from th' imperfect knowledge of the Mind:
 Lend then thine ear, while I proceed to prove
 A truth I've barely glanc'd upon above.

Charg'd

Charg'd with the guidance of a rude machine,
 Whereof the secret springs are all unseen,
 Whereof to her the texture is unknown,
 And wonderous means whereby it's parts have grown,
 The Mind can motion through the mass instill,
 And bend the limbs-compliant to her will:
 The Mind, of motion being thus the Cause,
 To every movement she creates gives laws;
 But since she's ignorant whence the motion flows,
 Which she by sovereign power herself bestows,
 Finds it obedient still to her command,
 Yet knows not by what hidden art 'tis plann'd,
 Nor executed how, it follows plain,
 Some CAUSE EFFECTIVE must supremely reign,
 Who darts through Nature's depths his piercing eyes,
 Who every failure of the Mind supplies,
 Kindly conspires to aid Man's feeble Will,
 And stamps each movement with all-perfect skill.

When in the Land to Liberty most dear,
 Where laws that bind the peasant bind the peer;
 Whose chosen Monarch, powerless to distress,
 Enjoys the high prerogative TO BLESS;

Some

Some Mushroom Minion, vers'd in flattery's wiles,
 Dares to monopolize his Sovereign's smiles,
 Affrights with menaces, corrupts with bribes,
 Insults, displaces, persecutes, proscribes;
 The stedfast Patriot, fearless of his frown,
 True to the people, reverent to the crown,
 Firm 'midst defection, 'midst corruption found,
 His eyes indignant slowly casts around,
 Then in full senate rises to propose
 Death for the Author of his Country's woes:
 Must he, his heart with struggling passions wrung,
 The fate of millions resting on his tongue,
 'Ere he can speak a sentiment, decide,
 How to his teeth the tip should be applied?
 How nose, lips, palate, furnish each their share?
 And how his labouring lungs eject the air? ----
 To utterance previous, if these problems must,
 With care minute, be one by one discuss'd;
 For ever dumb, in vain the Patriot rose,
 To blast the Author of his Country's woes;
 Still through the Land shall publick clamour ring,
 Still specious falsehood fascinate the King.

Man,

Man, by an effort of his will, can run;
 Soon as he wills, behold the race begun!
 A different movement o'er his limbs bear sway,
 From that, which, simply walking, they obey;
 Yet what his pace accelerates, or makes slow,
 He knows not now, nor e'er can hope to know.
 The Air he breathes his heaving bosom swells;
 But can he trace it through it's several cells?
 Can he define the order of it's course,
 Or mark the moderate medium of it's force?
 The dull Machine his voice nor understands,
 Nor he how it performs his Mind's commands:
 Enough that, o'er it's functions while he sways,
 Obedience prompt to his behests it pays.
 Deeply whene'er to meditate inclin'd,
 All objects start up sudden to the Mind;
 Her powers can penetrate the gloomiest shade,
 While Nature's inmost secrets stand display'd;
 At once appear before her radiant eye,
 Sun, Moon, and Stars, Earth, Ocean, Air, and Sky.

The SORCERESS thus, as vulgar fables tell,
 Calls up pale spectres from the depths of Hell;

Incircled

Incircled round by incantations dire,
 Braves the fierce fiends, and mocks the sulphurous fire:
 The trembling Ghosts in ranks around her stand,
 Compell'd to execute each harsh command;
 Strong magick spells, till morn's first dawning hour,
 Subdue th' infernal legion to her pow'r;
 Vain is each murmuring Slave's rebellious rage---
 Such potent Charms has WOMAN, ev'n in Age!

But when at once, with all it's rolling spheres,
 To my Mind's eye the Universe appears;
 Absorb'd in thought, the power I seek in vain,
 Searching through every region of my brain,
 The Power, whose wisdom, providence, and care,
 Form'd all those images, and fix'd them there:
 My life's duration would not ev'n suffice,
 To view distinctly, with corporeal eyes,
 The various crowds of objects, which I find
 By Power unseen impress'd upon my Mind.

Thou too, my QUINTUS, must observe the same,
 As different movements agitate thy frame;
 Thy Mind with equal power thy Body sways,
 Yet knows not how or why the slave obeys:

'Tis clear, then, both pay homage to the laws;
 Of some impressivè, all-superior Cause;
 Who all thine organs, all thy wishes knows,
 And these effectuates still by means of those;
 Thy weakness succours by his arm alone,
 And gives thy Will a vigour not its own.

So when, amidst a vast surrounding crowd,
 The valorous Knight, of high achievements proud,
 In virtuous Chivalry; whose conquering arms
 Defend from force the spotless Virgin's charms;
 Champion of Innocence, whose righteous blow
 The rude presumptuous Ravisher lays low;
 Who lives the softer tenderer Sex to guard,
 Pure SENTIMENTAL LOVE his sole reward---
 When at the Court of some romantick King,
 Whose warlike ardour burns but in the Ring,
 This puissant Knight, for tournament prepar'd,
 (His prowess first in pompous phrase declar'd,)
 With adverse Knights encountering---not to kill---
 Shews all the various efforts of his skill;
 Assaults, retreats, repulses, flies, pursues,
 The bloodless combat o'er and o'er renews;
 While

While every movement of his frame's design'd,
 By some directive impulse of his Mind;
 He yet is ignorant how the sceptre sways,
 The mental sceptre, that each nerve obeys:
 'Tis then most clear that Power DIVINE presides,
 And every secret spring of body guides.

Adore with me th' INTELLIGENCE SUPREME,
 My trembling Muse's latest, earliest theme
 By whose all-wise Omnipotence is wrought
 Each movement apt to Man's impulsive thought:
 Whate'er Man's weak dependent Mind requires,
 'Tis HIS alone t' accomp'ish her desires.
 Nor does His Power each wish alone fulfill,
 But acts without, nay, ev'n against the will:
 Such efforts all on providence depend,
 Agnize their cause, and aim at some good end.
 'Tis HE, who Mind with Body has entwin'd,
 Which of themselves could ne'er have been combin'd:
 In perfect unison, they own the laws,
 Impos'd by one all-harmonizing Cause;
 Whose single Word could execute his plan,
 And form of two contending natures MAN;

That

That truth with mental eyes he might discern,
By sense the qualities of body learn,
And rise from both to view the heavenly throne,
Where shines the world's CREATOR and his own.
Since ev'n this mouldering tenement of clay
A Mind finite is requisite to sway,
How vast must be that Power, whose nod commands
O'er worlds on worlds, the fabrick of his hands!
That puny Man's diminutive machine
Moves but by counsel, has been clearly seen;
Then that the wide-spread Universal Frame,
The Sum of Matter, active force can claim,
Without some Spirit, some Superior Soul,
To govern, guide, and animate the WHOLE,
Though manly Reason never can conceive,
The Herd of EPICURUS may believe!



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